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LORD BEACONSFIELD'S

LETTERS

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LONDON

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LORD BEACONSFIELD'S LETTERS

1830—1852

'FORTI NIHIL DIFFICILE'

NEW EDITION
OF
'HOME LETTERS' AND 'CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS SISTER'
WITH ADDITIONAL LETTERS AND NOTES

WITH A PORTRAIT

Edited by his Brother

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1887

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

THE DEAR SISTER

O WHOM SO MANY OF THESE LETTERS WERE ADDRESSED

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

PREFACE.

I HAVE been persuaded to publish for a wider circle a popular edition, combining in one volume the 'Home Letters' and 'Correspondence of Lord Beaconsfield with his Sister.'

The long letter from Granada, so descriptive of Spanish life, which had been mislaid, is now included, and in these days of easy travel the whole of this foreign tour reads almost like a romance. One or two other letters, and some notes explanatory and interesting, I have also added to the 'Correspondence.'

I must again remind my readers that these letters were never written with the slightest thought of publication; they are strictly 'Home Letters,' intended only for the family circle, but I feel that in this lies their great charm, forming as they do almost a diary of over twenty years of the earlier part of my brother's life, and showing how by his strength of will and quiet determination of character he attained, against all drawbacks, that high position which had been the dream of his youth.

RALPH DISRAELI.

ONSLOW SQUARE: *March*, 1887.

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LETTERS

1830.

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Royal Hotel, Falmouth: June 1, 1830.

MY DEAR SA,

We arrived here this morning at four o'clock, instead of Sunday evening, having had a very rough passage indeed, the wind ahead the whole time. I was not only not ill, but did not even feel a qualm. Meredith [1] also pretty well, but he cannot match me as a sailor. So far, so good: but for the rest the steam packet is a beastly conveyance, and the total absence of all comfort, decency, and refinement is trying. We made acquaintance in the packet with a Spanish officer, Colonel Avala, who is going to Cadiz—a very knowing fellow, exceedingly polished and Parisian, having long resided in France. We were introduced to him by the captain as interpreters, being the only men on board supposed to know French. Consequently a certain degree of intimacy took place, and as we repaired to the same hotel we mess together. We cannot make out what he is, as though excessively complaisant he is very close. We suppose something political, but none of your sherry merchants, as his costume is remarkable, his conversation very refined, and moreover *beaucoup d'argent*. In the meantime our French improves, and perhaps he may be of use to us in Spain.

---

[1] William Meredith, an old family friend, who was my brother's companion.

Here at Falmouth—which, by-the-bye, is one of the most charming places I ever saw (I mean the scenery around)—I met a Mr. Cornish, who I believe is a medical man here, and one of the corporation. He found me out, and introduced me to the casino or club, something like Frankfort, having in his library an American edition of 'Vivian Grey,' compressed in three volumes, and full of admiration, &c. But this is nothing. Would you believe it? he has every one of my father's works except 'James' and 'Charles,' which however he has read through the book society, interleaved and full of MS. notes, and very literary ones. He has even the Bowles and Byron controversy all bound up with the review, and a MS. note to prove that Disraeli was the author of the review from parallel passages from the 'Quarrels,' &c. You never saw such a man. He literally knows my father's works *by heart*, and thinks our revered sire the greatest man that ever lived. He says that Byron got all his literature from Padre, and adduces instances which have even escaped us. You never met such an enthusiastic votary. I really wish my father could send him a book. Unfortunately he has even the *last* edition of the 'Literary Characters:' he has three or four editions of the 'Curiosities,' and among them the first. I told him that when I wrote home I should mention him. I have not even hinted at my father sending him anything, but really these ardent admirers of the united genius of the family should be encouraged. But I do not see that we could do anything, 'Charles' of course being out of the question to give, and 'James' not being exactly the thing, even if practicable. Meredith will write when we leave Falmouth, which I think will be Friday. If I have anything more to say about Cornish, I will then let you know. I have of course nothing particular to say, but I thought you would like to hear, therefore I write, though I fear you will all grumble at postage for such empty letters, but in time you will have fuller ones. We are very glad to have got rid of Louis Clement, and are in very fine condition indeed. Love to all.

Your most affectionate Brother,
B. D.

Gibraltar: July 1.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I write to you from a country where the hedges consist of aloes all in blossom: fourteen, sixteen feet high. Conceive the contrast to our beloved and beechy Bucks. I say nothing of geraniums and myrtles, bowers of oranges and woods of olives, though the occasional palm should not be forgotten for its great novelty and uncommon grace. We arrived here after a very brief and very agreeable passage, passed in very agreeable society. You have already heard of our detention at Falmouth for a week. As from the change of my plans Gib has become to me what I had intended Malta to have been, conceive the awkwardness of my situation, when the only person to whom I had a letter, Colonel Falla, is in England; but the introduction to Broadfoot has counteracted all inconvenience. He is here really a person of the first importance, and has treated us with the most marked consideration, so I could not have been better off if I had had letters to all the authorities.

This Rock is a wonderful place, with a population infinitely diversified. Moors with costumes radiant as a rainbow or an Eastern melodrama; Jews with gaberdines and skull-caps; Genoese, Highlanders, and Spaniards, whose dress is as picturesque as that of the sons of Ivor. There are two public libraries—the Garrison Library, with more than 12,000 volumes; and the Merchants', with upwards of half that number. In the Garrison are all your works, even the last edition of the 'Literary Character;' in the Merchants' the greater part. Each possesses a copy of another book, supposed to be written by a member of our family, and which is looked upon at Gibraltar as one of the masterpieces of the nineteenth century. You may feel their intellectual pulse from this. At first I apologised and talked of youthful blunders and all that, really being ashamed; but finding them, to my astonishment, sincere, and fearing they were stupid enough to adopt my last opinion, I shifted my position just in time, looked very grand, and passed myself off for a child of the Sun, like the Spaniard in Peru.

We were presented by B. to the Governor, Sir George Don, a general and G.C.B., a very fine old gentleman, of the Windsor Terrace school, courtly, almost regal in his manner, paternal, almost officious in his temper, a sort of mixture of Lord St. Vincent and the Prince de Ligne, English in his general style, but highly polished and experienced in European society. His palace, the Government House, is an old convent, and one of the most delightful residences I know, with a garden under the superintendence of Lady Don, full of rare exotics, with a beautiful terrace over the sea, a berceau of vines, and other delicacies which would quite delight you. Besides this, Sir George has a delightful pavilion, modestly called The Cottage, at the extreme point of the Rock, and a villa at San Roque, in Spain, about ten miles off. Thus, by a constant change of residence, he counteracts the monotony of his situation. He possesses a large private fortune, all of which he here disburses, and has ornamented Gibraltar as a lover does his mistress. The

Alemada here is superior to that at Cadiz, with banks of pink geraniums, truly delicious. But Gibraltar is a limited theatre for his Excellency, and he has civilised Spain for twenty miles round by making roads at his own expense, building bridges, and reforming posadas. He behaved to us with great kindness, asked us to dine, and gave us a route himself for an excursion to the Sierra da Ronda, a savage mountain district, abounding in the most beautiful scenery and bugs! We returned from this excursion, which took us a week, yesterday, greatly gratified. The country in which we travelled is a land entirely of robbers and smugglers. They commit no personal violence, but lay you on the ground and clean out your pockets. If you have less than sixteen dollars they shoot you; that is the tariff, and is a loss worth risking. I took care to have very little more, and no baggage which I could not stow in the red bag which my mother remembers making for my pistols. We travelled on horseback, rising at four and stopping, on account of the heat, from ten till five in the evening, and then proceeding for three more hours. There are a number of little villages in this Sierra, entirely inhabited by robbers and smugglers, all of which boast a place called a posada. This is in fact a caravansera. The same room holds the cattle, the kitchen, the family, and boards and mats for travellers to sleep on; one or two have small rooms with beds, for the chance of an officer from the garrison, and these were always clean; indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the delicacy and the cleanliness of the lower orders in this country, and the precautions which they universally take, by frequent whitewashing, to guard against vermin; but nothing can succeed against this generating sun, and I have suffered severely, though not as much as I expected. These posadas are, I say, mere caravanseras; they afford no provisions, and you must cater as you proceed, and, what is more, cook when you have catered, for that is a science not understood in Spain, or known only as an abomination. You will wonder how we managed to extract pleasure from a life which afforded us hourly peril for our purses and perhaps for our lives, which induced fatigue greater than I ever experienced, for here are no roads, and we were never less than eight hours a day on horseback, picking our way through a course which can only be compared to the steep bed of an exhausted cataract, and with so slight a prospect of attaining for a reward either food or rest.—I will tell you. The country was beautiful, the novelty of the life was great, and above all we had Brunet. What a man! Born in Italy of French parents, he has visited, as the captain of a privateer, all the countries of the Mediterranean: Egypt, Turkey, Syria. Early in life, as valet to Lord Hood, he was in England, and has even been at Guinea. After fourteen years' cruising he was taken by the Algerines, and was in various parts of Barbary for five or six years, and at last he obtains his liberty and settles at Gibraltar, where be becomes Caçador to the Governor, for he is, among his universal accomplishments, a celebrated shot. He can speak all languages but English, of which he makes a sad affair—even Latin, and he hints at a little Greek. He is fifty, but light as a butterfly and gay as a bird; in person not unlike English at Lyme, if you can imagine so insipid a character with a vivacity that never flags, and a tongue that never rests. Brunet did everything, remedied every inconvenience, and found an expedient for every difficulty. Never did I live so well as among these wild mountains of Andalusia, so exquisite is his cookery. Seriously, he is an artist of the first magnitude, and used to amuse himself by giving us some very exquisite dish among these barbarians; for he affects a great contempt of the Spaniards, and an equal admiration for the Moors. Whenever we complained he shrugged his shoulders with a look of ineffable contempt, exclaiming, 'Nous ne sommes pas en Barbarie!' Recalling our associations with that word and country, it was superbly ludicrous.

Alas! my sheet has already disappeared, and I have said nothing. I will write you another letter by this post.

Gibraltar: July 1.

My dear Father,

I have already written to you by this post, and although I do not think that I have sufficient intelligence to warrant me in sending you another letter, nevertheless by doing so I err on the right side. To conclude the slight character which I gave you of Brunet in my last, let me tell you that he is at present making me a travelling suit of stuff, for he is a very good tailor. I heard only of one traveller among the Sierra da Ronda, and he was of course an Englishman. I made his acquaintance at Ronda, our ultimate point, and a town on the other side of the mountains, a town with a garrison and some slight marks of civilisation. The traveller was Colonel Batty,[2] sketching, a gentlemanly person and very courteous: he wished me to join him to Granada. I never knew any one sketch with such elegance, precision, and accuracy; long practice has made him unrivalled in this art, and far superior I should think to any professional artist. In the Sierra every man was armed. We returned through a country which reminded me of the Apennines; the rest was unlike anything I had seen, and decidedly characteristic. Here at Castellar we slept in the very haunt of the banditti, among the good fellows of José Maria, the Captain Rolando of this part, and were not touched. In fact, we were not promising prey, though picturesque enough in our appearance. Imagine M. and myself on two little Andalusian mountain horses with long tails and jennet necks, followed by a larger beast of burthen with our baggage, and the inevitable Brunet cocked upon its neck with a white hat and slippers, lively, shrivelled and noisy as a pea dancing upon tin. Our Spanish guide, tall, and with a dress excessively *brodé* and covered with brilliant buttons, walking by the side and occasionally adding to the burthen of our sumpter steed. The air of the mountains, the rising sun, the rising appetite, the variety of picturesque persons and things we met, and the impending danger, made a delightful life, and had it not been for the great enemy I should have given myself up entirely to the magic of the life; but that spoiled all. It is not worse; sometimes I think it lighter about the head, but the palpitation about the heart greatly increases, otherwise my health is wonderful. Never have I been better; but what use is this when the end of all existence is debarred me? I say no more upon this melancholy subject, by which I am ever and infinitely depressed, and often most so when the world least imagines it; but to complain is useless, and to endure almost impossible; but existence is certainly less irksome in the mild distraction of this various life. You and all, I trust, are well and happy. Let me hear from you a great deal at Malta. I shall not be there, I dare say, till the middle of August, so you can write by that packet; and indeed you had better always direct your letters to me at Malta, and they shall be forwarded to me from that place, which is a fine central position.

---

[2] Colonel Batty's sketches were well known in their day.

Well, to return. In spite of our frequent inquiries after the robbers, my being told 'that is one of them,' or that 'José Maria was here two nights ago,' or 'is expected here to-night,' I was a little disappointed, I confess, to return quite safe, and really began to believe we had been half mystified. Judge then our feelings when, on re-entering the hotel, the first sight that meets us and the first news that greets us are two Englishmen just arrived from Cadiz, utterly rifled and stripped. They were attacked near a village at which we had been, not far from Gibraltar, by nine men in buckram. The robbers did not even ask for their keys, but *cut* open their portmanteaus and sacks, literally ripped them open, divided their new Geoghegans[3] on the spot, took even their papers, and with barely clothes to cover them, dismissed them in the most courteous manner with two dollars for their journey. 'Quelle aventure!' as Parry says. They are now, poor devils, inmates of Griffiths' hotel, Gibraltar, where they are about to be again plundered, if I may judge from my own experience, though not professionally.

---

[3] Geoghegan, the shirtmaker of the day.

Meredith maintains the high character he won in former days in Germany, and is a most admirable travelling companion. I have had more than one offer of that sort at this place, which allows me to pay him a compliment publicly, &c.

Tell my mother that as it is the fashion among the dandies of this place—that is, the officers, for there are no others—not to wear waistcoats in the morning, her new studs come into fine play, and maintain my reputation of being a great judge of costume, to the admiration and envy of many subalterns. I have also the fame of being the first who ever passed the Straits with two canes, a morning and an evening cane. I change my cane as the gun fires, and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful the effect these magical wands produce. I owe to them even more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it?—I forget!

These Straits, by-the-bye—that is, the passage for the last ten miles or so to Gib, between the two opposite coasts of Africa and Europe, with the ocean for a river, and the shores all mountains—is by far the sublimest thing I have yet seen. We are now preparing for another and longer trip into Spain. The part we intend to visit is the south of Spain, that celebrated Andalusia of which you have heard so much, comprising all the remains of the once famous kingdoms of the Moors. We propose returning to Cadiz to our friend Alava, who turned out to be a person of much distinction; ascending the Guadalquivir to Seville, thence to Cordova, Granada, and Malaga. Look at the map and get W. I.'s Chronicle.[4] I do not think much of it as a literary production, for the character he has assumed too much restrains him, though his humour sometimes breaks out; but you will find it most interesting when you remember I am wandering among the scenes. When I beg you to write, I mean my beloved Sa, because I know you think it a bore; but do all as you like. To her and to my dearest mother a thousand kisses. Tell Ralph I have not forgotten my promise of an occasional letter; and my dear pistol-cleaner, that he forgot to oil the locks, which rusted in conveyance. I thank the gods daily I am freed of Louis Clement, who would have been an expense and a bore. Tell Irving he has left a golden name in Spain. Few English visit Gibraltar. Tell Lord Mahon, inquiries made after his health. Adieu, my beloved *padre*.

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[4] *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.* By Washington Irving. 1829.

Your most affectionate Son,

B. D.

Tell Irving,[5] if you see him, I go to Mrs. Stocker, at Seville, through Batty.

Cadiz: July 14, 1830.

MY DEAR FATHER,

H.M.S. 'Messenger,' in which I went out, is, I hear, expected at Cadiz to-day on its return from Corfu, and therefore I send you this letter, though I doubt whether anything justifies me writing except the circumstance of your so speedily receiving it. We passed a very pleasant week at Gibraltar, after our return from Ronda. We dined with the Governor at his cottage at Europa, a most charming pavilion, and met a most agreeable party. Lady Don was well enough to dine with us, and did me the honour of informing me that I was the cause of the exertion, which though of course a fib, was nevertheless flattering. She is, though very old, without exception one of the most agreeable personages that I ever met, excessively acute and *piquante*, with an aptitude of detecting character, and a tact in assuming it, very remarkable. To listen to her you would think you were charming away the hour with a blooming beauty in Mayfair; and, though excessively infirm, her eye is so brilliant and so full of *moquerie* that you quite forgot her wrinkles. Altogether the scene very much resembled a small German Court. There was his Excellency in uniform covered with orders, exactly like the old Grand Duke of Darmstadt, directing everything ; his wife the clever Prussian Princess that shared his crown ; the aides-de-camp made excellent chamberlains, and the servants in number and formality quite equalled those of a Residenz. The repast was really elegant and *recherché* even for this curious age. Sir George will yet head his table and yet carve, recommend a favourite dish, and deluge you with his summer drink, half champagne and half lemonade. After dinner Lady Don rode out with the very pretty wife of Colonel Considine, and the men dispersed in various directions. It was the fate of Meredith and myself to be lionised to some cave or other with Sir George. What a scene, and what a procession ! First came two grooms on two Barbs ; then a carriage with four horses ; at the window at which H. E. sits, a walking footman, and then an outrider, all at a funeral pace. We were directed to meet our host at the cave, ten minutes' walk. During this time Sir G. tries one of the Arabians, but at the gentlest walk, and the footman changes his position in consequence to his side ; but it is windy our valiant but infirm friend is afraid of being blown off, and when he reaches the point of destination, we find him again in the carriage. In spite of his infirmities he will get out to lionise ; but before he disembarks, he changes his foraging cap for a full general's cock with a plume as big as the Otranto one ; and this because the hero will never be seen in public in undress, although we were in a solitary cave looking over the ocean, and inhabited only by monkeys. The cave is shown, and we all get in the carriage, because he is sure we are tired ; the foraging cap is again assumed, and we travel back to the Cottage, Meredith, myself, the Governor, and the cocked hat, each in a seat. In the evening he has his rubber, which he never misses, and is surprised I do not play 'the only game for gentlemen ! You should play; learn.' However, I preferred the conversation of his agreeable lady, although the charms of Mrs. Considine were puzzling, and I was very much like Hercules between —you know the rest.

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[5] Washington Irving, who had lately returned from Spain.

I am sorry to say my hair is coming off, just at the moment it had attained the highest perfection, and was universally mistaken for a wig, so that I am obliged to let the women pull it to satisfy their —— curiosity. Let me know what my mother thinks. There are no wigs here that I could wear. Pomade and all that is quite a delusion. Somebody recommends me cocoa-nut oil, which I could get here; but suppose it turns it grey or blue or green! I made a very pleasant acquaintance at Gibraltar, Sir Charles Gordon, a brother of Lord Aberdeen, and Colonel of the Royal Highlanders. He was absent during my first visit. He is not unlike his brother in appearance, but the frigidity of the Gordons has expanded into urbanity, instead of subsiding into sullenness—in short, a man with a warm heart though a cold manner, and exceedingly amusing, with the reputation of being always silent. As contraries sometimes agree, we became exceedingly friendly. He asked me to dine with him, and to go to Ceuta on the African coast, but I was engaged. I met him, however, at Sir George's, and also at Colonel Harding's where I dined, and he called on me at Griffiths'. He is going to Constantinople, and expressed a wish that we might be travelling companions, but our plans do not agree. The Judge Advocate at Gibraltar is that Mr. Baron Field who once wrote a book, and whom all the world took for a noble, but it turned out that Baron was to him what Thomas is to other men. He pounced upon me, said he had seen you at Murray's, first man of the day, and all that, and evidently expected to do an amazing bit of literature; but I found him a bore, and vulgar, a Storks without breeding, consequently I gave him a lecture on canes, which made him stare, and he has avoided me ever since. The truth is, he wished to saddle his mother upon me for a *compagnon de voyage*, whom I discovered in the course of half an hour to be both deaf, dumb, and blind, but yet more endurable than the noisy, obtrusive, jargonic judge, who is a true lawyer, ever illustrating the obvious, explaining the evident, and expatiating on the commonplace. We travelled here on horseback in two days, and passed on either side Medina Sidonia and that Zarifa which Valdes took to our cost. The English Consul here maintains a very elegant establishment, and has a very accomplished and amusing family. He prides himself on making all English 'of distinction' dine with him every day. Fortunately his cook is ill, for being French and a very good one I should have sunk under it. But Mrs. Brackenbury 'receives' every evening, and whenever one is at a loss, it is agreeable to take refuge in a house which is literally a palace covered with pictures, where the daughters are all pretty and sing boleros. I have met here Mr. Frank Hall Standish, once a celebrated dandy, and who wrote a life of Voltaire, you remember. We have heard of the King's death, which is the destruction of my dress waistcoats. I truly grieve. News arrived last night of the capture of Algiers, but all this will reach you before my letter. My general health is excellent. I have never had a moment's illness since I left home, not counting an occasional indigestion, but I mean no fever and so on. The great enemy I think is weaker, but the palpitation at the heart the reverse. I find wherever I go plenty of friends and nothing but attention. Pray let me hear from home. My love to all. I hope to find letters at Gibraltar when I return there, which will be a month, it may be. I like this horse travelling very much. On an average I am eight hours a day on horseback. The great thing is to avoid the sun. We have had rain only one day since we have been out, and that was among the mountains, otherwise a cloudless sky; the nights are delicious. I have literally heard nothing of England since I left, and long for letters.

Your most affectionate Son,
B. D.

I have quite forgotten to say a word about Cadiz, which is charming! Brilliant beyond description. 'Fair Florence' is a very dingy affair compared with it. The white houses and the green jalousies sparkle in the sun. Figaro is in every street; Rosina in every balcony.

Seville: July 26, 1830.

MY DEAR FATHER,

The Sevillians say that *Cadiz es toda facada*, by which they endeavour to conceal their envy at the superior beauty of a modern rival. The old proverb, 'Qui non a vista Seviglia non a vista maraviglia,' must have been founded on its reputation in the time of the Moors, for its exterior appearance and general effect are certainly not its most striking qualities. It is ancient and rambling, but populous and wealthy. Its internal architecture is imposing. The houses are all (at least the principal ones) built round a quadrangle or *patio*. This is quite Moorish. There are two suites of apartments, and at this time of the year the family reside in the lower and cooler one. The place is fearfully hot, hot enough even for me, but the heat certainly agrees with my constitution, and even my head is better. The improvement, however, is very slight, and it will at the best be a long affair. If I could get on as well as I have done this fortnight, I should have hope. My general health is most remarkable. I do not suffer from any of the complaints of which my countrymen are the victims. Cadiz I left with regret, though there is little to interest except its artificial beauty. It is not unlike Venice in its situation, but there the resemblance ceases. Cadiz is without an association—not a church, a picture, or a palace. The family of the Consul is a most agreeable one: you must not associate with this somewhat humble title a character at all in unison. Mr. Brackenbury is great enough for an ambassador, and lives well enough for one; but with some foibles, he is a very hospitable personage, and I owe many agreeable hours to its exercise. You see what a Sevillian *écritoire* is by this despatch. I have already expended on it more time than would have served for writing many letters. I am almost in a state of frenzy from the process of painting my ideas in this horrible scrawl. It is like writing with blacking and with a skewer. Mr. Standish returned to Seville, where he resides at present, and called on me the next day. We dined with him yesterday. He is a most singular character—a spoiled child of fortune, who thinks himself, and who is perhaps now, a sort of philosopher. But all these characters must be discussed over our fireside or on the Terrace. Fleuriz, the Governor of Cadiz, is a singular brute. When we meet I will tell you how I Pelhamised him. All the English complain that when they are presented to him, he bows and says nothing, uttering none of those courtly inanities which are expected on such occasions, and for which crowned heads and all sorts of viceroys are celebrated. Brackenbury had been reading a review of the 'Commentaries'[6] in the 'Courier' in the morning, and full thereof, announced me to Fleuriz as the son of the greatest author in England. The usual reception, however, only greeted me ; but I being prepared for the savage, was by no means silent, and made him stare for half an hour in a most extraordinary manner. He was sitting over some prints just arrived from England—a view of Algiers, and the fashions for June. The question was whether the place was Algiers, for it had no title. Just fresh from Gibraltar, I ventured to inform his Excellency that it was, and that a group of gentlemen intended to represent A—— and a couple of his friends, but displaying those extraordinary coats and countenances that Mr. Ackermann offers monthly as an improvement upon Nature and Nugee, were personages no less eminent than the Dey and his two principal *conseillers d'état.* The dull Fleuriz took everything *au pied de lettre,* and after due examination insinuated scepticism. Whereupon I offer renewed arguments to prove the dress to be Moorish. Fleuriz calls a mademoiselle to translate the inscription, but the inscription only proves that they are 'fashions for June,' at Algiers, I add, appealing to every one whether they had ever seen such beings in London. Six Miss Brackenburys, equally pretty, protest they have not. Fleuriz, unable to comprehend *badinage*, gives a Mashallah look of pious resignation, and has bowed to the ground every night since that he has met me.

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[6] *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*

You will, perhaps, receive a couple of pounds of Seville snuff in the course of a month or so. It is very celebrated. The finest kind is a sort of light yellow. You will receive two sorts. Seville is full of Murillo, who appears to me the most original of artists. In London we think of him only as the painter of beggar boys, because we happen to possess the only picture of the kind that he ever produced. No man has painted more, or oftener reached the ideal. He never fails. Where can his bad pictures be? I constantly ask. All here, and every house and church, are full of *chefs-d'œuvre.*

I have seen more than one bull-fight. The sight is magnificent. I form some idea of the public games of the ancients, and in the taste of the Spaniards for these entertainments can easily comprehend the *panem et circenses.* The effect, however, is marred by the wretched hacks which they ride. So many horses are killed, that they can afford only the vilest. We are very comfortable here at an English boarding-house, kept by a widow, where Irving lived, but go to-morrow. The costume of the *toreadores*, or band of footmen who attend the *picadores*, or horsemen with pikes, is brilliant beyond anything I have ever seen. Mrs. Halker, our hostess, lent me 'Laucadio Doblado,' which I read here with interest. The affecting story of the nun, who was allowed for a short time to see the world, is that of Blanco's own sister, so a gentleman told me who knows, and has known the family for years. Blanco's brother is a very eminent merchant here, in the house of Cahill, White, and Beck. Old White was the greatest of bigots, and wished to make all his children priests and nuns.

We came here up the Guadalquivir, and to-morrow proceed by a diligence to Cordova. This is a very stupid letter, but I was determined to write to you from Seville, and will whenever it is in my power. You should have received your last letter *free*. We have found here a most agreeable friend in Mr. Williams, an English merchant married to a Spanish lady, and considered the greatest connoisseur in paintings in Spain. He has nearly thirty of the finest Murillos. I had a letter to him from Brackenbury. It is astonishing with what kindness he behaves to us. His house is open to us at all times, and we pass our evenings most agreeably sitting in his *patio*, turning over the original drawings of Murillo, while his Spanish sister-in-law, Dolores, sings a *bolero*. It is the mode to call all the ladies here by their Christian name directly you are introduced. So much for Spanish etiquette. On the other hand, my tailor is offended if I do not ask him to take a chair, and always address him Signor. It is all banished to the lower classes. When he brought home my jacket, he told me his whole fortune was at my command.

God bless you all. I shall soon hear from you.

Granada : August 1, 1830.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Although you doubtless assist, as the French phrase it, at the reading of my despatches, you will, I am sure, be pleased to receive one direct from your absent son. It has just occurred to me that I have never yet mentioned the Spanish ladies, and I do not think that I can address anything that I have to say upon this agreeable subject to any one more suitable than yourself. You know that I am rather an admirer of the blonde; and, to be perfectly candid, I will confess to you that the only times which I have been so unfortunate as to be captivated, or captured, in this country were both by Englishwomen. But these Espagnolas are nevertheless very interesting personages. What we associate with the idea of female beauty is not common in this country. There are none of those seraphic countenances, which strike you dumb or blind, but faces in abundance which will never pass without commanding a pleasing glance. Their charm consists in their sensibility; each incident, every person, every word touches the far eye of a Spanish lady, and her features are constantly confuting the creed of Mahomet, and proving that she has a soul: but there is nothing quick, harsh, or forced about her. She is extremely unaffected, and not at all French. Her eyes gleam rather than sparkle, she speaks with quick vicacity but in sweet tones, and there is in all her carriage, particularly when she walks, a certain dignified grace which never leaves her, and which is very remarkable. The general female dress in this country is a black silk, called a *basquiña*, and a black silk shawl, with which they usually envelop their head, called a *mantilla.* As they walk along in this costume in an evening, with their soft dark eyes dangerously conspicuous, you willingly believe in their universal beauty. They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair; of this they are very proud, and indeed its luxuriance is only equalled by the attention which they lavish on its culture. I have seen a young girl of fourteen whose hair reached her feet, and was as glossy as the curl of a Lady Caroline. All day long, even the lowest order are brushing, curling, and arranging it. A fruit-woman has her hair dressed with as much care as the Duchess of Ossuna. At this time of the year they do not wear the mantilla generally over the head, but show their combs, which are of immense size. The fashion of their combs varies constantly, every two or three months, though the part of the costume of which the Spanish female is most proud. The moment that a new comb appears, even the servant wench will have her old one melted down, and thus, with the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday in the newest style. These combs are worn at the back of the head. They are of tortoiseshell, the very fashionable wear them of the white. I sat next to a lady of high distinction at a bull-fight at Seville. She was the daughter-in-law of the Captain-General, and the most beautiful Spaniard I have yet met. Her comb was white, and she wore a mantilla of blonde, I have no doubt extremely valuable, for it was very dirty. The effect, however, was charming. Her hair was glossy black, and her eyes like an antelope's, but all her other features deliciously soft; and she was further adorned, which is rare in Spain, with a rosy cheek, for here our heroines are rather sallow. But they counteract this defect by never appearing until twilight, which calls them from their bowers, fresh, though languid, from the late siesta. To conclude, the only fault of the Spanish beauty is that she too soon indulges in the magnificence of embonpoint. There are, however, many exceptions to this. At seventeen a Spanish beauty is poetical, tall, lithe, and clear, though sallow. But you have seen Mercandotti.[7] As she advances, if she does not lose her shape, she resembles Juno rather than Venus. Majestic she ever is; and if her feet are less twinkling than in her first career, look on her hand and you'll forgive them all.

There is calm voluptuousness about the life here that wonderfully accords with my disposition, so that if I were resident, and had my intellect at command, I do not know any place where I could make it more productive. The imagination is ever at work, and beauty and grace are not scared away by those sounds and sights, those constant cares and changing feelings, which are the proud possession of our free land of eastern winds. You rise at eight, and should breakfast lightly, although a table covered with all fruits renders that rather difficult to one who inherits, with other qualities good and bad, that passion for the most delightful productions of nature, with which my beloved sire can sympathise. I only wish I had him here over a medley ot grape and melon, gourd and prickly-pear. In the morning you never quit the house, and these are hours which might be profitably employed under the inspiration of a climate which is itself poetry, for it sheds over everything a golden hue which does not exist in the objects themselves illuminated. At present I indulge only in a calm reverie, for I find the least exertion of mind instantly aggravate all my symptoms; and even this letter is an exertion, which you would hardly credit. My general health was never better. You know how much better I am on a sunny day in England; well, I have had two months of sunny days infinitely warmer. I have during all this period enjoyed general health of which I have no memory during my life. All the English I have met are ill, and live upon a diet. I eat everything, and my appetite each day increases. I have constantly ridden eight hours a day on horseback. I travelled through three successive nights, and saw the sun set and rise, without quitting my saddle, which few men can say, yet have I never known fatigue. This is literally the fact. A feverish feeling, of which all travellers complain, I have not known for an instant, so extraordinary and so beneficial is the influence of this climate upon me, and so entirely does my frame sympathise with this expanding sun. But is all a subject of congratulation when the great evil does not proportionately—I should say, does not at all amend? The great hope, that with the improvement of my general health it would disappear, seems vanishing. To what am I to cling? Enough of this: it is three o'clock, and nearly dinner; I doff my dressing-gown and slippers, my only costume, and prepare my toilette. The Spanish cuisine is not much to my taste, for garlic and bad oil preponderate; but it has its points: the soups are good, and *the most agreeable dish* in the world is an olio. I will explain it to you, for my father would delight in it. There are two large dishes, one at each end of the table. The one at the top contains bouilli beef, boiled pork sausage, black-pudding; all these not mixed together, but in their separate portions. The other dish is a medley of vegetables and fruits, generally French beans, caravanseras, slices of melons, and whole pears. Help each person to a portion of the meats, and then to the medley. Mix them in your plate together, and drown them in tomato sauce. There is no garlic and no grease of any kind. I have eaten this every day, it is truly delightful. Of course you can fix upon those ingredients most at hand. I have described a usual olio. The tomato sauce here is very light, piquant and pleasant. It is thin. We have it with us too thick and rich. The Spaniards eat the tomato in all possible ways. I obtained the receipt for one dish, which infinitely pleased me, and with which I think my father would be charmed. It is very simple. Take four pounds of tomatos, fry them very small, add four eggs, yolk and all. Mix them well. They should be served up very dry, and indeed on the whole like a dry soup, but of a very pretty colour. I need not tell the mistress of so experienced a cuisine as you, to add a small quantity of onion in frying the tomatos. By-the-bye, Adams, I hope, is well.

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[7] A famous dancer of the day.

After dinner you take your siesta. I generally sleep for two hours. I think this practice conducive to health. Old people, however, are apt to carry it to excess. By the time I have risen and arranged my toilette it is time to steal out, and call upon any agreeable family whose Tertullia you may choose to honour, which you do, after the first time, uninvited, and with them you take your tea or chocolate. This is often *al fresco*, under the piazza or colonnade of the *patio*. Here you while away the time until it is cool enough for the *alameda* or public walk. At Cadiz, and even at Seville, up the Guadalquivir, you are sure of a delightful breeze from the water. The sea breeze comes like a spirit. The effect is quite magical. As you are lolling in listless languor in the hot and perfumed air, an invisible guest comes dancing into the party and touches them all with an enchanted wand. All start, all smile. It has come; it is the sea breeze. There is much discussion whether it is as strong, or whether weaker, than the night before. The ladies furl their fans and seize their mantillas, the cavaliers stretch their legs and give signs of life. All rise. I offer my arm to Dolores or Florentina (is not this familiarity strange?), and in ten minutes you are in the *alameda*. What a change ! All is now life and liveliness. Such bowing, such kissing, such fluttering of fans, such gentle criticism of gentle friends ! But the fan is the most wonderful part of the whole scene. A Spanish lady with her fan might shame the tactics of a troop of horse. Now she unfurls it with the slow pomp and conscious elegance of a peacock. Now she flutters it with all the languor of a listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Now, in the midst of a very tornado, she closes it with a whir which makes you start, pop ! In the midst of your confusion Dolores taps you on the elbow ; you turn round to listen, and Florentina pokes you in your side. Magical instrument ! You know that it speaks a particular language, and gallantry requires no other mode to express its most subtle conceits or its most unreasonable demands than this slight, delicate organ. But remember, while you read, that here, as in England, it is not confined alone to your delightful sex. I also have my fan, which makes my cane extremely jealous. If you think I have grown extraordinarily effeminate, learn that in this scorching clime the soldier will not mount guard without one. Night wears on, we sit, we take a *panal*, which is as quick work as snapdragon, and far more elegant ; again we stroll. Midnight clears the public walks, but few Spanish families retire till two. A solitary bachelor like myself still wanders, or still lounges on a bench in the *warm* moonlight. The last guitar dies away, the cathedral clock wakes up your reverie, you too seek your couch, and amid a gentle, sweet flow of loveliness, and light, and music, and fresh air, thus dies a day in Spain.

Adieu, my dearest mother. If possible, I write to my father from this place. 1,000 loves to all.

B. DISRAELI.

Gibraltar : August 9.

MY DEAR SA,

We arrived here yesterday tired to death, but very well. The Mediterranean packet is expected hourly, and I lose not a moment in writing to you, which I do in compliment to your most welcome letter which awaited me here, and which, though short enough, was most sweet. The very long one about all the things I want to know makes my mouth water. There is not the slightest doubt of its duly reaching me. I am surprised to find you complain of my writing seldom, as I have really made every exertion to give you a fair account of all my doings. I sent two letters to my father from Gib, but as they went by the same post you may perhaps count them as one, but they were on separate sheets; one from Cadiz, and one from Seville also to him, and one on an elephantine sheet from Granada to my mother, all about Spanish ladies and tomato sauce. I trust all those will duly arrive. It is possible you may receive the last, being overland, even after this. In regard to any plans, we are certainly off next packet, perhaps on Saturday. No farther can I aver. What use are plans? Did I dream six months ago of Andalusia, where I have spent some of the most agreeable hours of my existence? Such a trip! Such universal novelty, and such unrivalled luck in all things! I must find time to send you at least a couple more letters from this place to complete my sketch from Cordova. If I tell you more stories of men in buckram, do not smile. Literally a week ago we saved ourselves only by a moonlight scamper and a change of road. I gave all up, and only at Malaga two nights since, with our feet in our stirrups, we were obliged to dismount and lie *perdu* till morn. When I reside at a place it is not very difficult to write home, which is really always agreeable; but if you could form an accurate idea of the life of constant fatigue and excitement which I have experienced since I left you, I do not think you would accuse me of neglect. What a country have I lived in! I am invited by 'a grand lady of Madrid'—I quote our host at Cordova—to join her escort to Granada: twenty foot soldiers, four servants armed, and tirailleurs in the shape of a dozen muleteers. We refused, for reasons too long here to detail, and set off alone two hours before, expecting an assault. I should tell you we dined previously with her and her husband, having agreed to meet to discuss matters. It was a truly Gil Blas scene. My lord in an undress uniform, slightly imposing in appearance, greeted us with dignity; the signora, exceedingly young and really very pretty, with infinite vivacity and grace. A French valet leant on his chair, and a duenna, such as Stephanoff would draw, broad and supercilious, with jet eyes, mahogany complexion, and cocked-up nose, stood by my lady bearing a large fan. She was most complaisant, as she evidently had more confidence in two thick-headed Englishmen with their Purdeys and Mantons than in her specimen of the once famous Spanish infantry. She did not know that we are cowards on principle. I could screw up my courage to a duel or a battle, but I think my life worth five pounds in the shape of ransom to José Maria. In spite of her charms and their united eloquence, which, as they only spoke Spanish, was of course most persuasive, we successfully resisted. The moon rises on our course: for the first two leagues all is anxiety, as it was well known that a strong band was lying in wait for the 'great lady.' After two leagues we began to hope, when suddenly our guide informs us that he hears a trampling of horses in the distance. Ave Maria! A cold perspiration came over me. Decidedly they approached, but rather an uproarious crew. We drew up out of pure fear, and I had my purse ready. The band turned out to be a company of actors travelling to Cordova. There they were, dresses and decorations, scenery and machinery, all on mules and donkeys, for there are no roads in this country. The singers rehearsing an opera; the principal tragedian riding on an ass; and the buffo, most serious, looking as grave as night, with a cigar, and in greater agitation than them all. Then there were women in side-saddles, like sedans, and whole panniers of children, some of the former chanting an ave, while their waists (saving your presence, but it is a rich trait) were in more than one instance encircled by the brawny arm of a more robust devotee. All this irresistibly reminded me of Cervantes. We proceed and meet a caravan (*corsario* they call it, but I spell from sound) of armed merchants, who challenged us, with a regular piquet, and I nearly got shot for not answering in time, being somewhat before my guide. Then come two travelling friars who give us their blessing, and then we lose our way. We wander about all night; dawn breaks, and we stumble on some peasants sleeping in the field amid their harvest. We learn that we cannot regain our road, and, utterly wearied, we finally sink to sound sleep with our pack-saddles for our pillows.

This is the country for a national novelist. The *al fresco* life of the inhabitants induces a variety of the most picturesque manners; their semi-savageness makes each district retain with barbarous jealousy its own customs and its own costumes. A weak government resolves society into its original elements, and robbery becomes more honourable than war, inasmuch as the robber is paid and the soldier in arrear. Then a wonderful ecclesiastical establishment covers the land with a privileged class, who are perpetually producing some effect on society. I say nothing, while writing these lines—which afterwards may be expanded into a picture—of their costume. You are wakened from your slumbers by the *rosario*—the singing procession by which the peasantry congregate to their labours. It is most effective, full of noble chants and melodious responses, that break upon the still fresh air and your even fresher feelings in a manner truly magical. Oh, wonderful Spain! Think of this romantic land covered with Moorish ruins and full of Murillo! Ah that I could describe to you the wonders of the painted temples of Seville! ah that I could wander with you amid the fantastic and imaginative halls of delicate Alhambra! Why, why cannot I convey to you more perfectly all that I see and feel? I thought that enthusiasm was dead within me, and nothing could be new. I have hit perhaps upon the only country which could have upset my theory—a country of which I have read little and thought nothing—a country of which indeed nothing has been of late written, and which few visit. I dare to say I am better. This last fortnight I have made regular progress, or rather felt perhaps the progress which I had already made. It is all the sun. Do not think that it is society or change of scene. This, however occasionally agreeable, is too much for me, and even throws me back. It is when I am quite alone and quite still that I feel the difference of my system, that I miss old aches, and am conscious of the increased activity and vitality and expansion of my blood. Write to me whenever you can, always to Malta, from whence I shall be sure to receive my letters sooner or later. If I receive twenty at a time, it does not signify; but write: do not let the chain of my domestic knowledge be broken for an instant. Write to me about Bradenham,[8] about dogs and horses, orchards, gardens, who calls, where you go, who my father sees in London, what is said. This is what I want. Never mind public news, except it be private in its knowledge, or about private friends. I see all newspapers sooner or later. I shall write from here overland. I forgot to say I wrote from Falmouth. I did not know that I had been long on the Rock. They all complain of my angel visits. I fear Ponsonby is not at Malta. I am obliged for the letter to Hankey. Keep on writing, but don't *bore* yourself. Mind this. A thousand thousand loves to all. Adieu, my beloved. We shall soon meet. There is no place like Bradenham, and each moment I feel better I want to come back. The rain would have finished me for ever; even if the sun had not revived me, and all had been fair, I should not have known it then. I think the consequences on my mind would have been fearful. Two thunderstorms in the mountains: that is all we had. Each day cloudless, and the air like a furnace. The heat of the moon is unpleasant at night. *Quel pays!*

B. D.

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[8] Bradenham House, Bucks, where our father was then residing.

Lazaretto, Malta: August 25, 1830.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We have at length arrived at what Major Rennell declares is *not* the ancient Melita, in spite of all tradition; but as I am not yet allowed to enter the city, but am imprisoned in a vast and solitary building, and shunned by all my fellow-creatures, I can give you no account of it, except that the city Valetta looks extremely beautiful from the distance. I had wished to have written to you another Spanish letter or two from Gibraltar, but was in such a constant bustle there between calling on old friends and preparing for my new voyage, that I could not find time to collect my senses for a cool communication. I am very glad my letters please you. You know I hate writing such things, but to you it is indeed a pleasure. Literally, they were scribbled, almost like Erasmus' 'Encomium,' on horseback, and I can only regret that they are so imperfect and convey so feeble and hasty an expression of my adventures and feelings in the memorable and romantic land in which I wandered. I found all letters here up to the 28th July, and read them with lively satisfaction. Pray continue to write whenever convenient, and direct to me always to this place. They contribute greatly to my happiness.

I parted with my friend Standish at Seville with regret. He is excessively fantastic and odd, but a good fellow. The Spaniards cannot make him out, and the few English that meet him set him down only as exceedingly affected. He is something more. The man of pleasure, who, instead of degenerating into a *roué*, aspires to be a philosopher, is to my mind certainly a respectable, and I think an interesting character.

I wish that I could convey to you some idea of the Saracenic architecture, in perfect and brilliant specimens of which the south of Spain abounds; but I feel it is impossible. Description is always a bore, both to the describer and to the describee. One thing, however, I will say, for it is a further and a stronger illustration of what I have long thought, that however there may be a standard of *taste*, there is no standard of *style*. I must place the Alhambra with the Parthenon, the Pantheon, and York Minster. The same principles of taste are there evident, but the combinations are different. On this principle you may equally admire Æschylus, Virgil, Shakespeare, and Ferdousi. There never could have been a controversy on such a point if mankind had not confused the ideas of *taste* and *style*. The Saracenic architecture is the most inventive and fanciful, but at the same time the most fitting and the most delicate that can be conceived. There would be no doubt about its title to be considered among the first inventions of men if it were better known. It is only to be found in any degree of perfection in Spain. When a man sneers at the Saracenic, ask him what he has seen. Perhaps a barbarous though picturesque building, called the Ducal Palace, at Venice! What should we think of a man who decided on the buildings of Agrippa by the architecture of Justinian, or judged the age of Pericles by the restorations of Hadrian? Yet he would not commit so great a blunder. There is a Moorish palace, the Alcazar, at Seville; an immense mosque at Cordova, turned into a cathedral only with partial alteration; the Alhambra at Granada: these are the great specimens, and sufficient for all study. There is a shrine and chapel of a Moorish saint at Cordova, quite untouched, with the blue mosaic and the golden honeycombed roof as vivid and as brilliant as when the saint was worshipped. The materials are the richest, the ornaments the most costly, and in detail the most elegant and the most novel, the most fanciful and the most flowing; but nothing at the same time can be conceived more just than the proportions of the whole, and more mellowed than the blending of the parts, which indeed Palladio could not excel.

The great efforts of antique architecture are confined to temples or theatres, which at the best can be only a room. The Alhambra is a palace, and the opportunity for invention is, of course, infinitely increased. It is not a ruin, as I expected, scarcely in a state of dilapidation. Certainly, under the patronage of our late monarch, it might have been restored to all its pristine splendour, though I think a compliant Parliament would have been almost as necessary as Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. Everything about it, though exquisitely proportioned, is slight and small and delicate. Murphy makes the Court of Pillars too large and coarse. Around this court are chambers with carved and purple roofs studded with gold, and walls entirely covered with the most fanciful relief, picked out with that violet tint which must have been copied from their Andalusian skies. In these you may sit in the coolest shade, reclining upon cushions, with your beads or pipe, and view the most dazzling sunlight in the court, which assuredly must scorch the flowers if the faithful lions ever ceased from pouring forth that element which you must travel in Spain or Africa to honour. Pindar was quite right. These chambers are innumerable. There is the Hall of the Ambassadors, always the most sumptuous; the Hall of Justice; the rooms of the sultanas and of the various members of the family, quite perfect, not a single roof has given. What a scene! Ah that you were here! But conceive it in the times of the Boabdils; conceive it with all its courtly decoration, all the gilding, all the imperial purple, all the violet relief, all the scarlet borders, all the glittering inscriptions and costly mosaics, burnished, bright and fresh; conceive it full of still greater ornaments, the living groups with their rich and vivid and picturesque costume, and, above all, their shining arms; some standing in groups conversing, some smoking in sedate silence, some telling their beads, some squatting round a storier. Then the bustle and the rush, and the arming horsemen all in motion, and all glancing in the most brilliant sun. Enough of this. To add to the delights of Granada, it is situated in a most beautiful and productive country. Its fruit market is nearly as great a wonder as the Alhambra; but the route to Velez Malaga is through a land even fuller of milk and honey. Surrounded by aloes and Indian figs, and for the first time *sugar-canes*, I could have fancied myself in the Antilles. All this was very agreeable after burning plains and barren mountains. All my adventures must be orally delivered. I have slightly sketched them in a hasty letter to Sa from Gib by the last packet. It was a life of perfect romance, but the fatigue was sometimes appalling: yet I bore it all, and from the moment I wrote to my mother I have been progressively improving, slow, but I now flatter myself certain. It will not be very quick work, but I am too grateful to grumble. It is all the sun and the western breeze. The least blow from the Levant, and I partially relapse. Society has nothing to do with it. On the contrary, though very delightful, it retards, I am confident, my convalescence; for temperance and quiet are also most important; but it is impossible to escape. I do what I can to guard. You have yet to receive from me a letter from Seville; an elephantine sheet from Granada to my mother; and a letter from Gibraltar to Sa. I shall send this to George Barrow, and therefore shall make it a long affair, but stop for the present. While I remember it, a copy of the 'Young Duke' must be sent to Lady Don. Tell Ralph to attend to it. Write in the title 'Lady Don, by desire of the Author.' Enclose it to her, and then put another cover, addressed to his Excellency. You will be surprised at my sending a light novel, and finding a muse in an old lady of seventy; but in truth she is the cleverest and most charming woman I ever met, beating all the Lydia Whites, Mrs. Weddells, and the Misses Bury out-and-out; and the only person I know who gives one the least idea of the Madame du Tencins and the other *brillantes*, who flirted with Hénault, chatted with Montesquieu, and corresponded with Horace Walpole.

We sailed here with Captains Coffin and Nesham, who have come out to join the 'Gloucester' and 'Melville,' in the place of the new admirals, Stuart and Schomberg. They are very gentlemanly, agreeable men, of a certain age, and I have already got an invitation to both their ships, to eat sea-pie, &c. The latter has a very agreeable daughter, who came out with him, and has lightened by her good-humour the bore of our quarantine; and a son in the Rifle Brigade, which is here. We are free to-morrow. The 'Blonde' frigate, in which William Barrow is a lieutenant, has just arrived, but in a long quarantine from Turkey. Adieu for the present.

I forgot to say we had a very rough and disagreeable voyage, the wind—a devil of a levanter, and sometimes sirocco—full in our teeth half the time, and not going, even with the steam, more than four knots an hour. I maintained my character as a sailor, but was otherwise very unwell in my head. The sky was covered with clouds nearly the whole time. This is the only disagreeable weather we have had. The summer is universally agreed to be unusually hot. I was, however, repaid for all this by a visit to Algiers. We did not land; but the town is built on the coast, and on a hill, so we saw every house: we observed with interest that the tricolour flag was flying. I consider myself very fortunate in having seen this famous place. It is a very handsome, white town, and the hills about well cultivated, and covered with white houses. The harbour seemed a very fine one, and the mole is a strong piece of masonry. It was fortunately our only fine day. So ends my account of Algiers, which is about as long, and much more true than Caille's description of Timbuctoo.

Saturday, 27th.

I scribble, until the return of the packet, a daily bulletin. We landed yesterday for breakfast, and are quartered in a capital hotel, Beverley's. I assure you I look forward to some repose here, after all my exertions, with great zest. We did not find this at Gibraltar, where our quarters were horrid. To our surprise we find James Clay here, immensely improved, and quite a hero. He has been here a month, and has already beat the whole garrison at rackets and billiards and other wicked games, given lessons to their prima donna, and seccatura'd the primo tenore. Really he has turned out a most agreeable personage, and has had that advantage of society in which he had been deficient, and led a life which for splendid adventure would beat any young gentleman's yet published in three vols. post 8vo. Lord Burghersh wrote an opera for him, and Lady Normanby a farce. He dished Prince Pignatelli at billiards, and did the Russian Legation at écarté. I had no need of letters of introduction here, and have already 'troops of friends.' The fact is, in our original steam-packet there were some very agreeable fellows, officers, whom I believe I never mentioned to you. They have been long expecting your worship's offspring, and have gained great fame in repeating his third-rate stories at second hand: so in consequence of these messengers I am received with branches of palm. Here the younkers do nothing but play rackets, billiards, and cards, race and smoke. To govern men, you must either excel them in their accomplishments, or despise them. Clay does one, I do the other, and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday, at the racket court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered, and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to day!

I call on the Governor to-morrow. He is reputed a very *nonchalant* personage, and exceedingly exclusive in his conduct to his subjects. Clay had no letter to him, but his Excellency is a great racket player, and so he addressed our friend one day with condescending familiarity, but did not ask him to dinner till he had been here some time, which so offended our friend—who is excessively grand, and talks of nothing but Burghersh, Normanby, Lady Williamson, and various princes—that he refused, and is in opposition.

The city is one of the most beautiful, for its architecture and the splendour of its streets, that I know: something between Venice and Cadiz.

We dined yesterday with Clay, to meet Captain Anstruther, our principal steamboat friend, and some of the officers.

Sunday morning.

Yesterday I called on Ponsonby, and he was fortunately at home. I flatter myself that he passed through the most extraordinary quarter of an hour of his existence. I gave him no quarter, and at last made our *nonchalant* Governor roll on the sofa, from his risible convulsions. Then I jumped up, remembered that I must be breaking into his morning, and was off; making it a rule always to leave with a good impression. He pressed me not to go. I told him I had so much to do! I walked down the Strada Reale, which is nearly as good as Regent Street, and got five invitations to dinner (literally a fact), and then betook myself to the Union Club. This is in every sense of the word not an inferior establishment, even to the building (which is an old palace) to the London Union; and though there are only eighty members, yet as they are always there, even on this point it does not seem inferior. You may dine here and everything. We are honorary members of it, which is most convenient; and also of the Malta Sporting Club, which is a very exclusive establishment of recent date. Thus, you see, not being in our own country, we are considered prophets.

When I arrived home I found an invitation for Tuesday, which fortunately I can accept, from the General[9] and Lady Emily. Clay confesses my triumph is complete and unrivalled.

I stop the press to say that I dined at the mess of the 73rd, in an Andalusian dress. After such buffooneries, I need not add that I continue tolerably well.

[9] Ponsonby, the Governor.

Monday.

Sunday passed in a delightful *far niente.* I dine to-day with an officer named Primrose. I have been introduced to lots of men, and, among them, little Lord Rothes, Lady Henrietta Murray's brother. He is the Marquess of Exeter of Gibraltar, and has a stud of fourteen horses, with regular jockeys, grooms, &c., as at Newmarket. Clay has offered to run any of his steeds, if his Lordship will give him a hundred yards start. The packet is announced in sight, and I am disappointed in my hope of sending you any further adventures at present. I am glad to hear that Jem is so efficient a member of the *famille,* which indeed I expected. I have great confidence in him. His commission should be thought of. Pray have no hesitation in applying to Croker, who I am sure will be delighted to oblige you, in a manner which costs him nothing. Tell Ralph I shall write to him from this place, which after some time will, I dare say, afford matter for a separate epistle ; before this anything to him would only have been a repetition. His handkerchief, which he brought me from Paris, is the most successful thing I ever wore, and universally admired. A thousand loves to all. Pray let me find long letters soon, and direct always to Hunter and Ross.

Your affectionate Son,

B. D.

I have held a long parley with William Barrow at a respectful distance.

Malta.

MY DEAR RALPH,

Mashallah ! Here I am sitting in an easy chair, with a Turkish pipe six feet long, with an amber mouthpiece and a porcelain bowl. What a revolution ! But what if I tell you that I not only have become a smoker, but the greatest smoker in Malta. The fact is I find it relieves my head. Barrow,[1] who is here in the 'Blonde,' is a most knowing young lieutenant. He informed me the other night (after dinner) he was sure to be made a captain in eighteen months, irresistibly reminding me of John Falconer in 'Patronage;' has given me a meerschaum, and Anstruther a most splendid Dresden green china, set in silver—an extremely valuable pipe; but there is nothing like a meerschaum.

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[1] Younger son of Sir John Barrow, a Secretary of the Admiralty.

I have spent some weeks here. Ponsonby, the Governor, is a most charming fellow, and has been most courteous to me. His wife is very plain and not very popular, being grand, but I rather like her. I dined there on Tuesday, and on the Sunday following, when Meredith also dined there, having been presented by Sir John Stoddart;[2] we met most of the best people in Malta. Next day they left for Mafra, a shooting box which the Governor has, sixteen miles off—a considerable distance in these islands.

Do you remember in ancient days in Windsor, the Royal Fusiliers being quartered there, and James swearing that the two young subs, Liddell and Lord Amelius Paulet, were brothers of his schoolfellows, and all that? How curious life is. That Liddell is now quartered here, and being senior captain on the station in the absence of Fitzclarence, who has gone home to see his papa, he commands the regiment, and has become my most intimate friend. He is the George Liddell who acts all the Listonic parts at private theatricals at Harrington House, &c., and is a most delightful party. He and another Fusilier, by name Pery, the future Lord Limerick, are my usual companions. They are both men of the world and good company, forming a remarkable contrast to all their brother officers forsooth. A visit to Gibraltar and Malta, our two crack garrisons, has quite opened my eyes to the real life of a *militaire*. By heavens! I believe these fellows are boys till they are majors, and sometimes do not even stop there. The society at Malta is very refined indeed for a colony. I have received great attention from everybody, but at present most families are what is called in the country, that is, living some miles away, on a site very much like a quarry, without a tree to be seen or shrub enough to feed their bees. Therefore I see little of them, as it is impossible to visit at this distance; but in winter all agree that it is very agreeable. A week ago I knew not what I should do. All is now settled. On Wednesday morning I quit this place, where on the whole I have spent very agreeable hours, in a yacht which Clay has hired, and in which he intends to turn pirate. The original plan was to have taken it together, but Meredith was averse to this, and we have become his passengers at a fair rate, and he drops us whenever and wherever we like. You should see me in the costume of a Greek pirate. A blood-red shirt, with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue striped jacket and trousers. We shall touch at Corfu on purpose to get the letters which come out by this packet, and which Ross will send on immediately. All letters must be sent on to Corfu; I will enclose a direction. This is the last regular letter you will receive, perhaps the very last in direct answer; but do not on any account cease to write every packet, in order that the chain may be never broken, and that I may not return with the feelings of a stranger.

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[2] President of the Court of Justice, Malta.

Mrs. Seymour Bathurst is an interesting woman, but she has just lost her child, and has since gone to Naples. I sat next to old Mrs. Hankey at dinner, whom they all make much of, but who is rather an old-fashioned affair. There is a Mrs. Pleydell Bouverie here, with a pretty daughter, *cum multis aliis.* I am sorry to say among them a beauty, very dangerous to the peace of your unhappy brother. But no more of that, and in a few weeks I shall be bounding, and perhaps seasick, upon the blue Ægean, and then all will be over. Nothing like an emetic in these cases. I find I have very little to tell you, for although each day brings an infinite deal of nothings, which might authorise a record over a wood fire in the old hall, they are too slight to bear any communication but an oral one. So let us hope that may soon take place. I often think of you all. How go on the Norrises and the Lord Abbot? If you hear of my marriage or death, don't believe it, any more than I shall of our father being in the new batch of baronets, which is here currently reported. Clay is immensely improved, and a very agreeable companion indeed, with such a valet,[3] Giovanni by name. Byron died in his arms, and his mustachios touch the earth. Withal mild as a lamb, though he has two daggers always about his person. Our yacht is of fifty-five tons, an excellent size for these seas, with a crew of seven men. She is a very strong sea boat, and bears the unpoetical title of 'Susan,' which is a bore; but as we can't alter it we have painted it out. And now, my dear boy, adieu. I enclose a letter to Sa, and Hankey has promised to send them free. I cannot say that I have made any great progress since my last, but I am not worse, and much better indeed than when I left. Let us hope good things.

Your very affectionate Brother,

B. D.

Corfu: October 10, 1830.

My dearest Father,

I left Malta nearly three weeks ago. We had a stormy but not disagreeable passage here. I like a sailor's life much, though it destroys the toilette, and one never feels, or is indeed, clean. This, though a poor village, is a most lovely island, offering all that you can expect from Grecian scenery, gleaming waters, woody isles, cypress, olive, vine, a clear sky, and a warm sun. Zante is, I believe, even more beautiful, with the remnants of a decent Venetian town. Cephalonia not so fine. Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia of Sappho, I hope to see, and the 'barren Ithaca' must not be forgotten. I am disappointed in entering Albania, and visiting Yanina, and the 'romantic Zitza,' for the whole country is in a state of insurrection, I am glad to say the Porte everywhere triumphant. One of the rebel beys, of Valona, arrived here, a fugitive, the day before us, with many rich pipes and pistols, but without his women, he fled in such haste. If the Grand Vizier with the Turkish army be at Prevesa, as is reported, I am to have the honour of bearing him a letter from the 'Lord High,' which I shall present with my two aides-de-camp, Clay and Meredith, and hope to get a pipe at least. I am going up to the palace now to learn my fate, and see if, for once in my life, I am to be an ambassador. All Nat's letters have been very good. Tell him so with my regards. Sir Frederick received me most courteously. He has the reputation of great talents, though he looks like Bartley as the innkeeper, in the '100*l.* Note.'

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[3] Giovanni Battista Falcieri, better known by the name of 'Tita,' shortly after his return to England became my father's valet, living with him until his death in 1848. At my brother's request, John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), Byron's friend, appointed him a messenger at the India Office—

'Not last, nor least, Battista,
. . . . who without stain
Had worn so long that honourable badge,
The Gondolier's, in a patrician house,
Arguing unlimited trust.'

So of him sang Rogers in his 'Picturesque Tour of Italy.'

I continue much the same, still infirm, but no longer destitute of hope. I wander in pursuit of health, like the immortal exile in pursuit of that lost shore, which is now almost glittering in my sight. Five years of my life have been already wasted, and sometimes I think my pilgrimage may be as long as that of Ulysses.

Adieu, my dearest friend. A thousand loves to all. I hope my letters duly arrived. I enumerated their respective dates in the last Malta letter. Write without ceasing.

B. D.

Prevesa: October 25, 1830.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I wrote to Ralph from Malta, and to you from Corfu, and left the letters to be forwarded by the October packet, when it arrived, if it ever did, of which to-day there is a report here. It was so late after its time that it was quite despaired of. Doubtless, however, you have received my letters by some source or other. I mentioned in my letter to you, that there was a possibility of our paying the Grand Vizier a visit at his quarters at Yanina, the capital of Albania. What was then probable has since become certain. We sailed from Corfu to this place, where we arrived on the eleventh instant, and found a most hospitable and agreeable friend in the Consul General, Mr. Meyer, to whom Sir Frederick had given me a very warm letter. He is a gentleman of the old school, who has moved in a good sphere, and has great diplomatic experience of the East. He insists upon our dining with him every day, and what is even still more remarkable, produces a *cuisine* which would not be despicable in London; but in this savage land of anarchy is indeed as surprising as it is agreeable.

As the movements of his Highness were very uncertain, we lost no time in commencing our journey to Yanina. We sailed up to Salora (I mention these places, because you will be always able to trace my route in your new maps), and on the morning of the 14th, a company of six horsemen, all armed, we set off for Arta, where we found accommodation ready for us, in a house belonging to the consulate. Arta, once a town as beautiful as its situation, is in ruins, whole streets razed to the ground, and, with the exception of the consulate house, rebuilt since, scarcely a tenement which was not a shell. Here for the first time I reposed upon a divan, and for the first time heard the muezzin from the minaret, a ceremony which is highly affecting when performed, as it usually is, by a rich and powerful voice. Next morning we paid a visit to Kalio Bey, the Governor, once the wealthiest, and now one of the most powerful, Albanian nobles. He has ever been faithful to the Porte, even during the recent insurrection, which was an affair of the great body of the aristocracy. We found him keeping his state, which, in spite of the surrounding desolation, was not contemptible, in something not much better than a large shed. I cannot describe to you the awe with which I first entered the divan of a great Turk, or the curious feelings with which, for the first time in my life, I found myself squatting on the right hand of a Bey, smoking an amber-mouthed chibouque, drinking coffee, and paying him compliments through an interpreter. He was a very handsome, stately man, grave but not dull, and remarkably mild and bland in his manner, which may perhaps be ascribed to a recent imprisonment in Russia, where, however, he was treated with great consideration, which he mentioned to us. He was exceedingly courteous, and would not let us depart, insisting upon our repeating our pipes, an unusual honour. At length we set off from Arta, with an Albanian of his bodyguard for an escort, ourselves and guides, six in number, and two Albanians, who took advantage of our company. All these Albanians are armed to the teeth, with daggers, pistols, and guns, invariably richly ornamented, and sometimes entirely inlaid with silver, even the tassel. This was our procession :—

An Albanian of the Bey's guard, completely armed.
Turkish guides, with the baggage.
Three Beyasdeers Inglases, or sons of English Beys, armed after their fashion.
Giovanni, covered with mustachios and pistols.
Boy carrying a gazel.
An Albanian completely armed.

The gazel made a capital object, but gave us a great deal of trouble. In this fashion we journeyed over a wild mountain pass—a range of the ancient Pindus—and two hours before sunset, having completed only half our course in spite of all our exertions, we found ourselves at a vast but dilapidated khan as big as a Gothic castle, situated on a high range, and built as a sort of half-way house for travellers by Ali Pasha when his long, gracious, and unmolested reign had permitted him to turn this unrivalled country, which combines all the excellences of Southern Europe and Western Asia, to some of the purposes for which it is fitted. This khan had now been turned into a military post; and here we found a young Bey, to whom Kalio had given us a letter in case of our stopping for an hour. He was a man of very pleasing exterior, but unluckily could not understand Giovanni's Greek, and had no interpreter. What was to be done? We could not go on, as there was not an inhabited place before Yanina; and here were we sitting before sunset on the same divan with our host, who had entered the place to receive us, and would not leave the room while we were there without the power of communicating an idea. We were in despair, and we were also very hungry, and could not therefore in the course of an hour or two plead fatigue as an excuse for sleep, for we were ravenous and anxious to know what prospect of food existed in this wild and desolate mansion. So we smoked. It is a great resource, but this wore out, and it was so ludicrous smoking, and looking at each other, and dying to talk, and then exchanging pipes by way of compliment, and then pressing our hand to our heart by way of thanks. The Bey sat in a corner, I unfortunately next, so I had the onus of mute attention; and Clay next to me, so he and M. could at least have an occasional joke, though of course we were too well-bred to exceed an occasional and irresistible observation. Clay wanted to play écarté, and with a grave face, as if we were at our devotions; but just as we were about commencing, it occurred to us that we had some brandy, and that we would offer our host a glass, as it might be a hint for what should follow to so vehement a schnaps. Mashallah! Had the effect only taken place 1830 years ago, instead of in the present age of scepticism, it would have been instantly voted a first-rate miracle. Our mild friend smacked his lips and instantly asked for another cup; we drank it in coffee cups. By the time that Meredith had returned, who had left the house on pretence of shooting, Clay, our host, and myself had despatched a bottle of brandy in quicker time and fairer proportions than I ever did a bottle of Burgundy, and were extremely gay. Then he would drink again with Meredith and ordered some figs, talking I must tell you all the time, indulging in the most graceful pantomime, examining our pistols, offering us his own golden ones for our inspection, and finally making out Giovanni's Greek enough to misunderstand most ludicrously every observation we communicated. But all was taken in good part, and I never met such a jolly fellow in the course of my life. In the meantime we were ravenous, for the dry, round, unsugary fig is a great whetter. At last we insisted upon Giovanni's communicating our wants and asking for bread. The Bey gravely bowed and said, 'Leave it to me; take no thought,' and nothing more occurred. We prepared ourselves for hungry dreams, when to our great delight a most capital supper was brought in, accompanied, to our great horror, by—wine. We ate, we drank, we ate with our fingers, we drank in a manner I never recollect. The wine was not bad, but if it had been poison we must drink; it was such a compliment for a Moslemin; we quaffed it in rivers. The Bey called for the brandy; he drank it all. The room turned round; the wild attendants who sat at our feet seemed dancing in strange and fantastic whirls; the Bey shook hands with me; he shouted English—I Greek. 'Very good' he had caught up from us. 'Kalo, kalo' was my rejoinder. He roared; I smacked him on the back. I remember no more. In the middle of the night I woke. I found myself sleeping on the divan, rolled up in its sacred carpet; the Bey had wisely reeled to the fire. The thirst I felt was like that of Dives. All were sleeping except two, who kept up during the night the great wood fire. I rose lightly, stepping over my sleeping companions, and the shining arms that here and there informed me that the dark mass wrapped up in a capote was a human being. I found Abraham's bosom in a flagon of water. I think I must have drunk a gallon at the draught. I looked at the wood fire and thought of the blazing blocks in the hall at Bradenham, asked myself whether I was indeed in the mountain fastness of an Albanian chief, and, shrugging my shoulders, went to bed and woke without a headache.

We left our jolly host with regret. I gave him my pipe as a memorial of having got tipsy together.

Next day, having crossed one more steep mountain pass, we descended into a vast plain, over which we journeyed for some hours, the country presenting the same mournful aspect, which I had too long observed: villages in ruins, and *perfectly* uninhabited, caravanseras deserted, fortresses razed to the ground, olive woods burnt up. So complete had been the work of destruction, that you often find your horse's course on the foundation of a village without being aware of it, and what at first appears the dry bed of a torrent, turns out to be the backbone of the skeleton of a ravaged town. At the end of the plain, immediately backed by very lofty mountains, and jutting into the beautiful lake that bears its name, we suddenly came upon the city of Yanina—suddenly, for a long tract of gradually rising ground had hitherto concealed it from our sight. At the distance we first beheld it, this city, once, if not the largest, one of the most prosperous and brilliant in the Turkish dominions, still looked imposing; but when we entered, I soon found that all preceding desolation had only been preparative to the vast scene of destruction now before me. We proceeded through a street, winding in its course, but of very great length, to our quarters. Ruined houses, mosques with their tower only standing, streets utterly razed—these are nothing. We met great patches of ruin a mile square, as if a swarm of locusts had had the power of desolating the works of man as well as those of God. The great heart of the city was a sea of ruin. Arches and pillars, isolated and shattered, still here and there jutting forth, breaking the uniformity of the desolation, and turning the horrible into the picturesque. The great bazaar, itself a little town, was burnt down only a few months since when an infuriate band of Albanian soldiers heard of the destruction of their chiefs by the Grand Vizier.

But while the city itself presented this mournful appearance, its other characteristics were anything but sad. At this moment a swarming population, arrayed in every possible and fanciful costume, buzzed and bustled in all directions. As we passed on—and you can easily believe not unobserved where no '*Mylorts Ingles*' (as regular a word among the Turks as the French and Italians) had been seen for more than nine years—a thousand objects attracted my restless attention and roving eye. Everything was so strange and splendid, that for a moment I forgot that this was an extraordinary scene, even for the East, and gave up my fancy to a full credulity in the now obsolete magnificence of Oriental life. Military chieftains clothed in the most brilliant colours and most showy furs, and attended by a *cortège* of officers equally splendid, continually passed us; now for the first time a dervish saluted me, and now a Delhi with his high cap reined in his desperate steed, as the suite of some pacha blocked up the turning of the street. The Albanian costume, too, is inexhaustible in its combinations, and Jews and Greek priests must not be forgotten. It seemed to me that my first day in Turkey brought before me all the popular characteristics of which I had read, and which I expected I occasionally might see during a prolonged residence. I remember this very day I observed a Turkish sheik in his entirely green vestments; a scribe with his writing materials in his girdle; and a little old Greek physician, who afterwards claimed my acquaintance on the plea of being able to speak English, that is to say, he could count nine on his fingers, no further (literally a fact). I gazed with a strange mingled feeling of delight and wonder. Suddenly a strange, wild, unearthly drum is heard, and at the end of the street a huge camel (to me it seemed as large as an elephant) with a slave sitting cross-legged on neck and playing an immense kettle-drum, appears, and is the first of an apparently interminable procession of his Arabian brethren. The camels were very large, they moved slowly, and were many in number; I should think there might have been between sixty and a hundred. It was an imposing sight. All immediately hustled out of the way of the caravan, and seemed to shrink under the sound of the wild drum. This procession bore corn for the Vizier's troops encamped without the wall.

It is in vain that I attempt to convey to you all that I saw and felt this wondrous week. To lionise and be a lion at the same time is a hard fate. When I walked out I was followed by a crowd; when I stopped to buy anything I was encompassed by a circle. How shall I convey to you an idea of all the Pachas, and all the Agahs, and all the Selictars, whom I have visited, and who have visited me; all the coffee I sipped, all the pipes I smoked, all the sweetmeats I devoured? But our grand presentation must not be omitted. An hour having been fixed for the audience, we repaired to the celebrated fortress-palace of Ali, which, though greatly battered in successive sieges, is still inhabitable, and yet affords a very fair idea of its old magnificence. Having passed the gates of the fortress, we found ourselves in a number of small streets, like those in the liberties of the Tower, or any other old castle, all full of life, stirring and excited; then we came to a grand place, in which on an ascent stands the Palace. We hurried through courts and corridors, all full of guards, and pages, and attendant chiefs, and in fact every species of Turkish population, for in these countries one head does everything, and we with our subdivision of labour and intelligent and responsible deputies have no idea of the labour of a Turkish Premier. At length we came to a vast, irregular apartment, serving as the immediate ante-chamber to the Hall of Audience. This was the finest thing I have ever yet seen. In the whole course of my life I never met anything so picturesque, and cannot expect to do so again. I do not attempt to describe it; but figure to yourself the largest chamber that you ever were perhaps in, full of the choicest groups of an Oriental population, each individual waiting by appointment for an audience, and probably about to wait for ever. In this room we remained, attended by the Austrian Consul who presented us, about ten minutes—too short a time. I never thought that I could have lived to have wished to kick my heels in a minister's ante-chamber. Suddenly we are summoned to the awful presence of the pillar of the Turkish Empire, the man who has the reputation of being the mainspring of the new system of regeneration, the renowned Redschid, an approved warrior, a consummate politician, unrivalled as a dissembler in a country where dissimulation is the principal portion of their moral culture.

The Hall was vast, built by Ali Pacha purposely to receive the largest Gobelins carpet that was ever made, which belonged to the chief chamber in Versailles, and was sold to him in the Revolution. It is entirely covered with gilding and arabesques. Here, squatted up on a corner of the large divan, I bowed with all the nonchalance of St. James's Street to a little ferocious-looking, shrivelled, care-worn man, plainly dressed, with a brow covered with wrinkles, and a countenance clouded with anxiety and thought. I entered the shed-like divan of the kind and comparatively insignificant Kalio Bey with a feeling of awe; I seated myself on the divan of the Grand Vizier ('who,' the Austrian Consul observed, 'has destroyed in the course of the last three months,' *not* in war, 'upwards of four thousand of my acquaintance') with the self-possession of a morning call. At a distance from us, in a group on his left hand, were his secretary and his immediate suite; the end of the saloon was lined by lacqueys in waiting, with an odd name which I now forget, and which you will find in the glossary of Anastasius. Some compliments now passed between us, and pipes and coffee were then brought by four of these lacqueys; then his Highness waved his hand, and in an instant the chamber was cleared. Our conversation I need not repeat. We congratulated him on the pacification of Albania. He rejoined, that the peace of the world was his only object, and the happiness of mankind his only wish: this went on for the usual time. He asked us no questions about ourselves or our country, as the other Turks did, but seemed quite overwhelmed with business, moody and anxious. While we were with him, three separate Tartars arrived with despatches. What a life! and what a slight chance for the gentlemen in the antechamber!

After the usual time we took our leave, and paid a visit to his son Amin Pacha, a youth of eighteen, but who looks ten years older, and who is Pacha of Yanina. He is the very reverse of his father, incapable in affairs, refined in his manners, plunged in debauchery and magnificent in his dress. Covered with gold and diamonds, he bowed to us with the ease of a Duke of Devonshire, said the English were the most polished of nations, etc. But all these visits must really be reserved till we meet. We found some Turks extremely intelligent, who really talk about Peter the Great, and all that, with considerable *goût*. With one of these, Mehemet Aga, Selictar to the Pacha of Lepanto, and an approved warrior, we became great friends. He showed us his new books of military tactics, and as he took a fancy to my costume insisted upon my calling to see his uniforms, which he gets made in Italy, and which really would not disgrace the 10th.

I forgot to tell you that with the united assistance of my English, Spanish, and fancy wardrobe, I sported a costume in Yanina which produced a most extraordinary effect on that costume-loving people. A great many Turks called on purpose to see it, but the little Greek physician who had passed a year at Pisa in his youth, nearly smoked me. 'Questo vestito Inglese o di fantasia?' he aptly asked. I oracularly replied, 'Inglese e fantastico.'

I write you this from that Ambracian Gulf where the soft Triumvir gained more glory by defeat than attends the victory of harsher warriors. The site is not unworthy of the beauty of Cleopatra. From the summit of the land this gulf appears like a vast lake walled in on all sides by mountains more or less distant. The dying glory of a Grecian eve bathes with warm light a thousand promontories and gentle bays, and infinite modulations of purple outline. Before me is Olympus, whose austere peak glitters yet in the sun; a bend of the land alone hides from me the islands of Ulysses and of Sappho. When I gaze upon this scene I remember the barbaric splendour and turbulent existence which I have just quitted with disgust. I recur to the feelings in the indulgence of which I can alone find happiness, and from which an inexorable destiny seems resolved to shut me out.

Pray write regularly, as sooner or later I shall receive all your letters; and write fully.

As I have no immediate mode of conveying this safely to England, I shall probably keep it in my portfolio till I get to Napoli, and send it through Mr. Dawkins.

A thousand loves to you all.

Your most affectionate,

B. D.

Athens: November 30, 1830.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I wrote you a very long letter from Prevesa, and forwarded it to you from Napoli through Mr. Dawkins. You have doubtless received it. As you probably would be disappointed if you did not also receive one from the 'City of the Violet Crown,' I sit down before we sail from the harbour of Piræus to let you know that I am still in existence. We sailed from Prevesa through the remaining Ionian islands, among which was Zante, pre-eminent in beauty; indeed, they say none of the Cyclades is to be compared to it, with its olive trees touching the waves, and its shores undulating in every possible variety. For about a fortnight we were for ever sailing on a summer sea, always within two or three miles of the coast, and touching at every island or harbour that invited. A cloudless sky, a summer atmosphere, and sunsets like the neck of a dove, completed all the enjoyment which I anticipated from roving in a Grecian sea. We were, however, obliged to keep a sharp look-out for pirates, who are all about again. We exercised the crew every day with muskets, and their increasing prowess and our pistol exercise kept up our courage. We sailed round the coast of the Morea, visiting Navarino (which has become quite a little French town with cafés and billiard-tables), Modon, and Napoli. From hence we made excursions to Argos, Mycenæ, and Corinth. Napoli is a bustling place for Greece; Argos is rising from its ruins; Mycenæ has a very ancient tomb or temple of the time of their old kings, massive as Egyptian; and Corinth offered to us a scene which both for its beauty and association will not easily be forgotten. From Napoli we had a very quiet passage to this place. November here has been warmer than our best English summers, but this is unusual. Never was such a season known, all agree. On the afternoon of our arrival in Piræus, which is about five miles from the city, I climbed a small hill, forming the side of the harbour. From it I looked upon an immense plain covered with olive woods, and skirted by mountains. Some isolated hills rise at a distance from the bounding ridge. On one of these I gazed upon a magnificent temple, bathed in the sunset; at the foot of the hill was a walled city of considerable dimensions, in front of which a Doric temple apparently quite perfect. The violet sunset—and to-day the tint was peculiarly vivid—threw over this scene a colouring becoming its beauty, and if possible increasing its delicate character. The city was Athens; but independent of all reminiscences, I never witnessed anything so truly beautiful, and I have seen a great deal.

We were fortunate. The Acropolis, which has been shut for nine years, was open to us, the first Englishmen. Athens is still in the power of the Turks, but the Grecian Commission to receive it arrived a short time before us. When we entered the city, we found every house roofless; but really, before the war, modern Athens must have been no common town. The ancient remains have been respected; the Parthenon, and the other temples which are in the Acropolis, have necessarily suffered during the siege, but the injury is only in the detail; the general effect is not marred. We saw hundreds of shells and balls lying about the ruins. The temple of Theseus looks at a short distance as if it were just finished by Pericles. Gropius, a well-known character, was the only civilised being in this almost uninhabited town, and was our excellent cicerone. We have just returned from an excursion into the country to Marathon, and I can give you no idea of the severe hardship and privation of present Grecian travel. Happy are we to get a shed for nightly shelter, and never have been fortunate enough to find one not swarming with vermin. My sufferings in this way are great, and so are poor Clay's, but Meredith escapes. Our food must not be quarrelled with, for we lived for a week on the wild boar of Pentelicus and the honey of Hymettus, both very good; and I do not care for privation in this respect, as I have always got my pipe; but the want of sleep—and literally I did not sleep a wink the whole time I was out—is very bad, as it unfits you for daily exertion.

We found a wild boar just killed at a little village, and purchased half of it, but it is not as good as Bradenham pork.

We have been at Egina for a couple of days; a favourable wind has risen, and we are off for Stamboul. We have had a most splendid view of Sunium; its columns looked like undriven snow, and are now among the clustering Cyclades. Sixteen islands in sight, and we are making our course out among the heart of them. Our passage promises wonderfully.

We have reached the Dardanelles, a capital passage—what a road to a great city!—narrower and much longer than the Straits of Gibraltar, but not with such sublime shores. Asia and Europe look more kindly on each other than Europe and her more sultry sister.

The breeze has again sprung up; we have one hundred and thirty miles to Constantinople.

It is near sunset, and Constantinople is in full sight;

it baffles all description, though so often described. An immense mass of buildings, cupolas, cypress groves, and minarets. I feel an excitement which I thought was dead.

December 10.

George Seymour, I am sorry to say, left this place two months ago for Florence, where he is appointed Minister; but other friends promise, though this is provoking. The Ambassador's bag goes off in a few hours; this letter must therefore be shorter than I intended. I have just got a pile of papers. What universal gloom! but I think under no circumstances war. I can say no more, being pressed to the utmost, but will write very soon. I continue, I think, mending, but have made no great move these last two months, which makes me low. A thousand loves to all.

Your most affectionate Son,
B. DISRAELI.

1831.

Health returning—Lodgings in Pera—Mecca caravan—Bazaar life—Bradenham sports—Kindness received from British Ambassador—Beauty of the Gulf of Smyrna—Landing at Cyprus—An Oriental dinner—Journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem—Alexandria—Meredith in quarantine—Cairo—Arrival of packet—Illness of Clay and Tita—Loss of favourite Greek servant—Turkish perfumes—Becomes an accomplished smoker—Death of Max—His epitaph—First view of Nile—Wonderful mirage—Ascent of Pyramids—Voyage to Thebes—Sand storm—Meeting with the Pacha in gardens of Palace—Verses written whilst sailing o'er the Ægean Sea.

Constantinople: January 11, 1831.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

Having been here more than a month without communicating, you will be glad to receive a letter. I have been silent because it is possible to write too frequently, which prevents you giving any results, or occasions you giving false ones. In the first place, I can give a favourable bulletin of my health, which continues improving; in fact I hope that the early spring will return me to Bradenham in very different plight to that in which I left it. I can assure you that I sigh to return, although in very agreeable company; but I have seen and done enough in this way, and a mingled picture of domestic enjoyment and fresh butter, from both of which I have been so long estranged, daily flits across my fancy. Meredith quitted us, to our great regret, a fortnight ago, as he had always intended, and is now wandering among the Bithynian mountains, which are remarkable for being more devoid of interest than any hills in existence. We anticipate meeting him at Smyrna, and, if so, may probably find him not disinclined to renounce his ambitious intentions of being a discoverer. You will all be glad to know George Seymour's absence occasioned me no inconvenience. Nothing could be kinder to us than the conduct of the Ambassador.[1] Since Meredith's departure, in consequence of the unfavourable change in the weather, we have left our ship and taken lodgings in Pera. H. E. has given us a general dinner invitation, so that if we wish to dine with him, we only send to the Palace in the morning. He has introduced us to all the other ambassadors, and invites us to every picnic, here a favourite expedition. We visited in his suite the other day the Seven Towers, which are never shown, probably because there is nothing to see. A more amusing affair was the departure of the Mecca caravan from Scutari, the Asiatic suburb. We were entertained here by one of the ministers very sumptuously, smoked out of pipes with diamond mouthpieces, and sipped coffee perfumed with roses in cups studded with precious stones.

Description is an acknowledged bore. I dread it myself, and therefore sympathise with your already murmured fears, so I leave Constantinople to your imagination. Cypress groves and mosquish domes, masses of habitations grouped on gentle acclivities rising out of the waters, millions of minarets, a sea like a river covered with innumerable long thin boats as swift as gondolas, and far more gay, being carved and gilt—all these, and then when filled with a swarming population in rich and brilliant and varied costume, will afford you a more lively, and certainly not a more incorrect, idea than half a dozen pages worthy of Horace Smith. There are two things here which cannot be conceived without inspection—the Bosphorus and the Bazaar. Conceive the ocean not broader than the Thames at Gravesend, with shores with all the variety and beauty of the Rhine, covered with palaces, mosques, villages, groves of cypress, and woods of Spanish chestnuts ; the view of the Euxine at the end is the most sublime thing I can remember. The Bazaar would delight you more than the Bosphorus. Fancy the Burlington Arcade, or some of the Parisian passages and panoramas; fancy perhaps a square mile of ground covered with these arcades intersecting each other in all directions and full of every product of the empire, from diamonds to dates. The magnificence, novelty, and variety of the goods on sale, the whole nation of shopkeepers all in different dress, the crowds of buyers from all parts of the world, are just to be hinted at. Here every people have a characteristic costume. Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians are the staple population; the latter seem to predominate. The Armenians wear round and very unbecoming black caps and robes; the Jews a black hat wreathed with a white handkerchief; the Greeks black turbans; the Turks indulge in all combinations of costume. The meanest merchant in the Bazaar looks like a Sultan in an Eastern fairy tale. This is merely to be ascribed to the marvellous brilliancy of their dyes, which is one of the most remarkable circumstances in their social life, and which never has been explained to me. A common pair of slippers that you push on in the street is tinged of a vermilion or a lake so extraordinary that I can compare their colour to nothing but the warmest beam of a summer sunset. We have seen the Sultan several times. He affects all the affable activity of a European prince, mixes with his subjects, interferes in all their pursuits, and taxes them most unmercifully. He dresses like a European, and all the young men have adopted the fashion. You see young Turks in uniforms which would not disgrace one of our crack cavalry regiments, and lounging with all the bitterness of royal illegitimates. It is on the rising generation that the Sultan depends, and, if one may form an opinion, not in vain. After all his defeats, he has now 60,000 regular infantry excellently appointed and well disciplined. They are certainly not to be compared to French or English line, but they would as certainly beat the Spanish and the Dutch, and many think, with fair play, the Russian. Fair play their monarch certainly had not during the last campaign; the secret history would not now interest, but it was by other means than military prowess that the Muscovites advanced so successfully. The Sultan had to struggle against an unprecedented conspiracy the whole time, and the morning that Adrianople was treacherously delivered up, the streets of Stamboul were filled with dead bodies of detected traitors. The most wonderful things here are the burial-grounds, but it is vain to write. I must return if only to save you from reading these stupid letters. I expect in ten days to be in Egypt, as the wind is most favourable. From that country I shall return to Malta and then to Naples; at least these are my plans, which may probably not be executed. I wish to get back for Bradenham sports, but very much fear I shall not, unless I can somehow or other shuffle quarantine, which is a month or six weeks from these awful parts. *Espérons!* Kiss my mother and Sa. Tell my dearest Sa I shall soon have her letters. I saw Lingard's cold-blooded hand at work in the 'Monthly,' which I of course expected. Adieu, my dearest father.

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[1] Sir Robert Gordon, G.C.B., brother of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen.

Yours most affectionately,
B. D.

P.S.—I have been inside a Mosque—Sulumania, which is nearly as large and far more beautiful than Sophia. The Ambassador has received me with a kindness which I shall always remember with gratitude. It is almost impossible for him to have done more, whatever ties existed between us.

I have just got through a pile of Galignanis. What a confusion! What a capital pantomime, 'Lord Mayor's Day or Harlequin Brougham!' All your letters have been sent to Alexandria. I long to be there. Continue to write regularly.

Tell Ralph we are very gay here, nothing but masquerade balls and diplomatic dinners. The Ambassador has introduced us everywhere. We had the most rollicking week at the Palace, with romping of the most horrible description, and things called 'games of forfeits.' Gordon, out of the purest malice, made me tumble over head and heels! Can you conceive anything more dreadful? There are only two attachés here: Villiers, a very clever and agreeable person; and Buchanan, a good fellow.

Alexandria: March 20, 1831.

MY DEAREST SA,

Your charming letters deserve a direct commendation, and therefore I address the usual bulletin to yourself. I had directed Ross to send all my letters to this place, renouncing by this arrangement the agreeable chance of occasionally receiving them for the sake of the guarantee of not missing any. He has forwarded me here only two, dated September and October, informing me at the same time that he has yet three more. Is not such stupidity inconceivable? Had not your two letters been so delightful, I think I should have sunk under the disappointment. I arrived here on the 12th, and wrote a hurried line by a ship, which went off next day to Malta, for the other letters which he may have, and I am flattered with the hope that in six weeks they will reach me.

Here I am at last in the ancient land of Priestcraft and of Pyramids, about which, however, I must at present say little. It is so long since I have written, although I miss no reasonable opportunity of so doing, that I almost forget what I was about when I wrote to you last—I think on the eve of my departure from Constantinople—Meredith having already departed for his exploration of Asia Minor, respecting which he was very mad, although I believe it to be a country equally unsatisfactory to the topographer, the antiquarian, and the man of taste. Even Leake, who owes whatever reputation he possesses to his remarks on this region, warned me against it. We remained at Constantinople about a fortnight after his departure, and were literally unable to make our escape from our friend Sir Robert, who at last, in his desperation, offered us rooms in the Palace when we complained of our lodgings, and finally, when all was in vain, parted from us in a pet. We came with a dashing breeze down the Dardanelles, but were becalmed between Lesbos (*i.e.* Mitylene) and Zea for three days. You cannot conceive anything more lovely than the Gulf of Smyrna, which is vast and more beautiful than the Ambracian. At Smyrna, where we intended only to touch for a day, we were detained ten by our winter season, violent and unceasing rains, and terrible gales of wind. Here, however, we found Meredith in a very decent bivouac; so having much to say to each other, we all got over the affair better than might have been expected. This is the only winter we have had, though this season at Constantinople is usually more severe. I ascribe to this continuance of fine weather and to smoking the continued improvement in my health, which is most satisfactory. Your letters are delightful. The missing of the Seville letter is most provoking; in the crowd of impressions, I cannot now tell what it was about, but shall perhaps be able when we meet. Perhaps about Frank Hall Standish, whose acquaintance I made at Cadiz, and whom I met again at Seville, where he resides, and who received me very hospitably. With regard to general news, I am *au jour* by the aid of Galignani's excellent journal. What endless confusion! I long to get back.

At Smyrna I found that Meredith began to indicate a wish to see Egypt. The fact is, he had got hold of some books there, Hamilton's 'Ægyptiaca,' &c., which had opened his mind upon the subject. The truth is, as I then discovered, he knew no more about Egypt than a child, and was quite surprised to learn that there were more remains there, on one spot, than in all the rest of the globe united. I did the impossible to induce him to rejoin us, but he could not make up his mind to give up an intended trip to the unseen relics of some unheard-of cock-and-a-bull city, and so we again parted. We found ourselves again in an archipelago, the Sporades, and tried to make Rhodes; but a contrary wind, although we were off it for two days, prevented us. After some days we landed at Cyprus, where we passed a day on land famous in all ages, but more delightful to me as the residence of Fortunatus [2] than as the rosy realm of Venus or the romantic kingdom of the Crusaders. Here we got a pilot to take us to Jaffa. One morning, with a clear blue sky and an intense sun, we came in sight of the whole coast of Syria, very high and mountainous, and the loftiest ranges covered with snow. We passed Beyrout, Sur, the ancient Tyre, St. Jean d'Acre, and at length cast anchor in the roads of Jaffa. Here we made a curious acquaintance in Damiani, the descendant of an old Venetian family, but himself a perfect Oriental. We had read something about his grandfather in Volney, and as he had no conception of books, he was so appalled by our learning, that, had we not been Englishmen, he would have taken us for sorcerers. We found him living among the most delightful gardens of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, the trees as high and the fruit as thick as in our English apple orchards; himself a most elegant personage in flowing robes of crimson silk, &c. &c. I am obliged to hint rather than describe, and must reserve all detail till our meeting. He wished us to remain with him for a month, and gave us an admirable Oriental dinner, which would have delighted my father—rice, spices, pistachio nuts, perfumed rôtis, and dazzling confectionery.

From Jaffa, a party of six, well mounted and well armed, we departed for Jerusalem. Jaffa is a pretty town, surrounded by gardens, and situated in a fruitful plain. After riding over this, we crossed a range of light hills and came into the plain of Ramle, vast and fertile. Ramle, the ancient Arimathea, is the model of our idea of a beautiful Syrian village, all the houses isolated, and each surrounded by palm trees, the meadows and the exterior of the village covered with olive trees or divided by rich plantations of Indian fig. Here we sought hospitality in the Latin convent, an immense establishment, well kept up, but with only one monk. I could willingly dwell in immense detail, but cannot. The next day we commenced our journey over the delightful plain, bounded in the distance by the severe and savage mountains of Judæa. In the wild stony ravines of these shaggy rocks we were wandering the whole day; at length, after crossing a vast hill, we saw the Holy City. I will describe it to you from the Mount of Olives. This is a very high hill, still partially covered with the tree which gives it a name. Jerusalem is situate upon an opposite height, which descends as a steep ravine, and forms, with the assistance of the Mount of Olives, the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat. Jerusalem is entirely surrounded by an old feudal wall, with towers and gates of the time of the Crusaders, and in perfect preservation; as the town is built upon a hill, you can from the opposite height discern the roof of almost every house. In the front is the magnificent mosque built upon the site of the Temple, with its beautiful gardens and fantastic gates; a variety of domes and towers rise in all directions; the houses are of a bright stone. I was thunderstruck. I saw before me apparently a gorgeous city. Nothing can be conceived more wild, and terrible, and barren than the surrounding scenery, dark, stony, and severe; but the ground is thrown about in such picturesque undulations, that, the mind full of the sublime, not the beautiful, rich and waving woods and sparkling cultivation would be misplaced. The city on the other side is in the plain, the ravine not being all round. It is, as it were, in a bowl of mountains. I have dotted down materials for description; I have not space to describe. I leave it to your lively imagination to fill up the rest. Except Athens I never saw anything more essentially striking; no city, except that, whose site is so pre-eminently impressive. I will not place it below the city of Minerva. Athens and Jerusalem in their glory must have been the finest representations of the beautiful and the sublime. Jerusalem, in its present state, would make a wonderful subject for Martin, and a picture from him could alone give you an idea of it. We sought hospitality from the fathers of the famous Terra Santa convent, for an account of which see Clarke. There were, we were told, six thousand pilgrims at

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[2] Fortunatus, in the fairy tale of The Wishing Cap.

Jerusalem: four thousand at the Armenian convent, two thousand at the Greek. The Latins have left off these wanderings. I should have said that the road was full of these gentlemen. One of the best houses in Jerusalem, belonging to the convent, and servants, were allotted to us. They sent us provisions daily. I could write half a dozen sheets on this week, the most delightful of all our travels. We dined every day on the roof of our house by moonlight; visited the Holy Sepulchre of course, though avoided the other *coglionerie*; the House of Loretto is probability to them, but the Easterns will believe anything. Surprised at the number of remains at Jerusalem, though none more ancient than Herod. The tombs of the kings very fine. Weather delicious, mild summer heat. Made an immense sensation; received visits from the Vicar-General of the Pope, the Spanish prior, &c. Never more delighted in my life. Wretched passage from Jaffa to this place, where I have been a week. Mr. Briggs, the great Egyptian merchant, has written from England to say that great attention is to be paid me, because I am the son of the celebrated author. The consequence is, we dine every day with his partner, whose *cuisine* is excellent. This is substantial fame.

The most surprising news! Meredith has just arrived, as I understand, in a Turkish ship after a horrid passage. He writes to me to come alongside directly, as they threaten him a month's quarantine. This is the case, and I believe there is no chance of escape. He will go mad. I am going to the Consul-General to see what can be done; he is a very good fellow. I will write again soon. I shall leave this place in a day or two. I have a very knowing Cyprian servant in the most delicate costume. God bless you all! I am afraid you will never get this, as I am out of the bounds of regular posts, ambassadors, and public offices.

Your most affectionate,

B. D.

Cairo: May 28, 1831.

My dear Sa,

I have received all your delightful letters, March packet inclusive, and one from Ralph, for which give him my warmest thanks. I wrote home, to whom I forget, from Alexandria, about ten weeks ago, giving an account of my Syrian adventures and my visit to Jerusalem, which I trust you received; but we are out of the lands of diplomatic bags, and I tremble about our despatches. I had intended to have written by this opportunity a long letter to my father, giving him a detailed account of my travels in this ancient country, and a miscellaneous sheet to yourself; but the wonderful news[3] which meets me here in a pile of Galignanis has really quite unsettled my mind for such an exertion, and therefore I write only to you, giving only a rapid sketch of my progress, which must be finished and coloured when we meet. That meeting will, I trust, be speedy; in fact I am only waiting here for a ship to convey me to Malta, and in all probability shall come home straight, but at any rate if I arrive overland, it shall delay me very little. Circumstances may even render it the shorter way, and this consideration will entirely sway me. I am glad that you are not so astonished as the rest at Meredith and myself parting. Considering that Egypt and Syria formed two prominent objects of my travels, and that he had so positively arranged that certainly the last, and in all probability the first, would not suit him, I am surprised, I confess, at their marvelling. Had it not been for the affair of the yacht, which held out to me the advantage of reaching Syria, which otherwise I should not have been able to accomplish, we must have originally parted at Malta. Meredith is now at Thebes, and I have no mode of communicating with him. His letters have arrived at Cairo, but it will be most unsafe to forward them, which could only be done by a chance boat. In fact, I am

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[5] This must refer to the bringing in of the Reform Bill.

strongly advised against it by all persons, to say nothing of his particular request to me, when I saw him last in Upper Egypt, not to forward them. If he keep to his plans, he will return in a few days to this place, but I fear he may be tempted to advance higher. I cannot convey in writing all the considerations which occur to me, but my impression is, that three or four weeks may elapse before I sail from Alexandria, and that therefore it is pretty certain that William will have returned to Cairo, and will depart with me. This is a very inelegant epistle, but I am writing it at night with at least fifty mosquitoes buzzing about and biting me in all directions, which destroys sentences. Clay has got an intermittent fever, which in itself is bad enough, and as he has never been ill before in his life, he is exceedingly frightened. Luckily here is a very good French physician. I rather imagine he will go off in a day or two to Rosetta for change of air. I am very well indeed, and find the climate of Egypt delicious, very hot, but always a most refreshing breeze.

I am very sorry about my companion, as he has been to me a highly agreeable one. I owe much to his constant attentions. It is a great thing to travel with a man for months, and that he should never occasion you an uneasy moment, which I can sincerely say of him; indeed I am greatly indebted to him for much comfort. You know that, though I like to be at my ease, I want energy in those little affairs of which life greatly consists. Here I found Clay always ready; in short he saved me from much bore. I am sorry also to say that his faithful servant Giovanni, better known by the name of Tita (he was Byron's chasseur of renown), who is a Belzoni in appearance and constitution, is also very ill, which is a great affliction. Thus you see the strong men have all fallen, while I, who am an habitual invalid, am firm on my legs; but the reason is this, that I, being somewhat indolent and feeble, live *à la Turque*, while Clay and Giovanni are always in action, have done nothing but shoot and swim from morning to night. As I am on the chapter of domestic troubles, you will hear with regret that my favourite servant, a Greek of Cyprus, gave me warning yesterday, his father being very ill at Alexandria. He leaves me directly, which is a great bore at this moment, especially as I am about to be alone, and would annoy me at all times, because he wore a Mameluke dress of crimson and gold, with a white turban thirty yards long, and a sabre glittering like a rainbow. I must now content myself with an Arab attendant in a blue shirt and slipperless. How are the mighty fallen! I cannot sufficiently commend your letters; they are in every respect charming, very lively and witty, and full exactly of the stuff I want. If you were only a more perfect mistress of the art of punctuation, you might rival 'Lady Mary' herself. Thank my mother for her remembrance of me. I cannot write to say I am quite well, because the enemy still holds out, but I am sanguine, very, and at any rate quite well enough to wish to be at home. I shall inquire about neroli, but for perfumes I rather think Stamboul is the best place. Mustapha's shop there, the Imperial perfumer, was my daily lounge; I never went to the Bazaar without smoking a pipe with him. I don't think I ever mentioned this character to you; remember when we meet. He never showed me neroli, however, though he did everything to tempt me to daily expense. The great perfume among the Turks is atar of jasmine. I have some which I sent to Malta with all my goods, some of which will ornament Bradenham in the shape of pipes nine feet long, and curious Oriental arms. I never bought anything but with a view to its character as furniture. Everything is for Bradenham. Jem's commission would occasion me much anxiety, if I did not know anxiety were useless. If Croker really wish to serve my father, he can, whether in or out, because Lord H—— is a creature of the Duke's, and a whisper from him is enough; but my father must be explicit, and not let him suppose that he wants a commission for nothing. It was no use writing to Lord F——, who probably never saw the letter. All these men have private secretaries, who have a discretion to open all letters, and to answer all matters of course, which this was. I am quite delighted with my father's progress. How I long to be with him, dearest of men, flashing our quills together and opening their minds, 'standing together in our chivalry,' which we will do, now that I have got the use of my brain for the first time in my life. Tell Ralph to write as often and as much as he likes, and that I have become a most accomplished smoker, carrying that luxurious art to a pitch of refinement of which he has no idea. My pipe is cooled in wet silken bag, my coffee is boiled with spices, and I finish my last chibouque with a sherbet of pomegranate. Oh the delicious fruits that we have here, and in Syria! Orange gardens miles in extent, citrons, limes, pomegranates; but the most delicious thing in the world is a banana, which is richer than a pineapple. Your visit from the Guards is most amusing. Young officers, purporting to be the son of Jekyll, and the nephew of Home, must have been hoaxing you. Why, the first is an antediluvian, and the second a pre-Adamite. I don't care a jot about the 'Young Duke.' I never staked any fame on it. It may take its chance. I meant the hero to be a model for our youth; but after two years' confinement in these revolutionary times, I fear he will prove old-fashioned. Goethe and 'Vivian Grey' of course gratifying. I hear the Patriarch is dead: perhaps a confusion with his son. I saw it in 'Galignani,' an excellent publication which keeps me *au jour.* I am of course very anxious to hear of the progress of the Bill. I have heard up to the majority of one. On examining the lists of the votes I am inclined to think that it will be lost, though I see the papers take another view, and indulge in other anticipations.

The death of Max[4] has cut me to the heart. The epitaph is charming, and worthy of the better days of our poetry. Its classical simplicity, its highly artificial finish (I mean of style), and fine natural burst of feeling at the end are remarkable, and what I believe no writer of the day could produce. It is worthy of the best things in the Anthology. It is like an inscription by Sophocles translated by Pope. The account in the 'Court Journal' was written by your humble servant. I did not like to appear as furnishing anything to the Journal directly, so I wrote in a dull sort of Ollierish *résumé* style, as from a letter. I have gossipped a good deal with you. It is impossible to say when I shall be home, but I should think in three months. I do not look upon quarantine as a bore, except that it keeps me from you. I want rest. From Alexandria, from whence I wrote to you last, I crossed the desert to Rosetta. It was a twelve hours' job, and the whole way we were surrounded by a mirage of the most complete kind. I was perpetually deceived, and always thought I was going to ride into the sea. At Rosetta I first saw the mighty Nile, with its banks richly covered with palm groves. A grove of palms is the most elegant thing in nature. From Rosetta five days in a capital boat which the Consul had provided for us, with cabins and every convenience, and which recently he had had entirely painted and fitted up for Lord Clare; it took us to Cairo through the famous Delta. This greatly reminded me of the rich plains in the Pays Bas, quite flat,

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[4] A favourite puppy at Bradenham; and this was the epitaph written by my father:—

'Max, true descendant of Newfoundland race,
Where once he sported, finds his burial place.

Few were his months, yet huge of form tho' bland,
Well tutored by our James with voice and hand.
Mild in his pensive face his large dark eyes
Talked in their silence to our sympathies.
His awful paw our fond salute would hail,
And pleasure fluttered in the o'ershadowing tail.
Vast limb'd, his step resounding as he walk'd,
The playful puppy like a lion stalk'd;
All clad in spotless snow he seemed to stand
Like faultless marble from the sculptor's hand.
Domestic friend, companion of all hours!
Our vacant terraces and silent bow'rs
No more repeat thy name, and by this urn
Not to love dogs too well we sadly learn.'

with a soil in every part like the finest garden mould, covered with production, but more productive than cultivated. The banks of the river studded with villages of mud, but all clustered in palm groves; beautiful moonlight on the Nile, indescribably charming, and the palms by this light perfectly magical. Grand Cairo, a large town of dingy houses of unbaked brick, looking terribly dilapidated, but swarming with population in rich and various costume. Visited the Pyramids, and ascended the great one, from the top of which, some weeks afterwards, a man, by name Maze, whom I had slightly known in Spain, tumbled, and dashed himself to a mummy. Very awful, the first accident of the kind.

A voyage of three weeks in the same boat to Thebes: banks of the river very different. The Delta ceases at Cairo, and Egypt now only consists of a valley, formed by a river running through a desert. The land is, however, equally rich, the soil being formed by the Nile; but on each side at the distance of three or four miles, and sometimes much nearer, deserts. The Libyan desert on the African side is exactly our common idea of a desert, an interminable waste of burning sand; but the Arabian and Syrian deserts very different, in fact, what we call downs. Landing on the African side, one might, where the desert stretches to the very banks, find a ship of Hadgees emptied on the shore, in the most picturesque groups, some squatting down with their pipes, some boiling coffee, some performing their devotions. It was excessively close, but had been a fine clear day. I walked nearly a mile from the shore; in an instant very dark, with a heat perfectly stifling; saw a column of sand in the distance. It struck me directly what it was. I rushed to the boat with full speed, but barely quick enough. I cannot describe the scene of horror and confusion. It was a simoom. The wind was the most awful sound I ever heard. Five columns of sand, taller than the Monument, emptied themselves on our party. Every sail was rent to pieces, men buried in the earth. Three boats sailing along overturned; the crews swam to shore. The wind, the screaming, the shouting, the driving of the sand, were enough to make you mad. We shut all the windows of the cabin, and jumped into bed, but the sand came in like fire. I do not offer this as a description, but as a mem. for further details.

As for Dendera and Thebes, and the remains in every part of Upper Egypt, it is useless to attempt to write. Italy and Greece were toys to them, and Martin's inventions commonplace. Conceive a feverish and tumultuous dream, full of triumphal gates, processions of paintings, interminable walls of heroic sculpture, granite colossi of gods and kings, prodigious obelisks, avenues of sphinxes, and halls of a thousand columns, thirty feet in girth, and of a proportionate height. My eyes and mind yet ache with a grandeur so little in unison with our own littleness. Then the landscape was quite characteristic: mountains of burning sand, vegetation unnaturally vivid, groves of cocoa trees, groups of crocodiles, and an ebony population in a state of nudity, armed with spears of reeds.

Having followed the course of the Nile for seven hundred miles, to the very confines of Nubia, we returned. As an antiquary I might have been tempted to advance, to have witnessed further specimens, but I was satisfied, and I wish not to lose time unnecessarily. We were a week at Thebes, with the advantage of the society of Mr. Wilkinson,[5] an Englishman of vast learning, who has devoted ten years to the study of hieroglyphics and Egyptian antiquity, and who can read you the side of an obelisk, or the front of a pylon, as we would the last number of the 'Quarterly.'

This Cairo, in spite of its dinginess, is a luxurious and pleasant place. The more I see of Oriental life, the more I like it. Here is much more enjoyment than at Constantinople. I have seen the Pacha[6] in a very extraordinary manner. Wandering in the gardens of his palace at Shubra,

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[5] Afterwards well known as Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

[6] Mohammed Ali.

I suddenly came upon him one afternoon, surrounded by his Court, a very brilliant circle, in most gorgeous dresses, particularly the black eunuchs in scarlet and gold, and who ride white horses. I was about to retire, but one of his principal attendants took me by the arm and led me to the circle. The Pacha is exceedingly fond of the English. His Highness was playing chess with his fool, and I witnessed a very curious scene. I stayed about a quarter of an hour, and had I waited till his game was finished, I am informed that he would have spoken to me; but as I had no interpreter with me, and am pretty sure that he was in the same state, I thought it best to make my bow. My presentation has been delayed on account of Clay's illness, but it has been offered to me several times. I look forward to it rather as a bore than not, as he receives you quite alone and examines you to death. A thousand loves to all. Write to Malta until the July packet inclusive.

Your most affectionate Brother,
B. D.

The untimely death of his friend Meredith, bringing bitter grief to others than the travellers, occurred at Cairo. This sad event delayed my brother's departure for England. Clay returned home, became in due time the Liberal and popular M.P. for Hull, and somewhat an authority on shipping, acquired perhaps by his handling of the 'simple Susan.' Tita, too, the faithful Tita, has departed, and all others whom our travellers met must have passed away to the silent land.

The following, written by my brother whilst sailing o'er the Ægean Sea, seems no unfitting ending to his Eastern travel :—

Bright are the skies above me,
And blue the waters roll ;
Ah! if but those that love me
Were here, my joy were whole.
When those we love are wanting,
Then o'er the clouded heart
A thousand visions haunting
Their darkening shadows dart.

Wild bird that flies so lightly,
Ah, whither dost thou roam ?
Thou art a wanderer rightly,
Thou hast not left thy home.
For thou, altho' thou art nestless,
Art not so lone as he
Whose spirit, sad and restless,
Impels him o'er thy sea.

1832.

Residence in London—'Contarini Fleming'—Bulwer's réunion—Count d'Orsay—L. E. L.—Stands for Wycombe—Milman's criticism of 'Contarini'—Washington Irving—Introduced to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis—Tom Moore—Effects of smoking—Ministry out—Return of the Whigs—Meets Peel at dinner—Herries—Polish Club—Tom Campbell—Criticisms on 'Contarini'—Letter from Madame d'Arblay—End of season—Maclise—Return to Bradenham with Bulwer.

London: February 18, 1832.

MY DEAREST SA,

I am most comfortably located in Duke Street. . . . I hear that Douce[1] has just purchased the Vellum Pliny of Payne, who procured it from Italy. It is said to be one of the finest MS. in the world, and Douce gave 300 guineas for it. My manuscript[2] has been most graciously received, and is now passing the Albemarle Street ordeal. . . . We had a very brilliant réunion at Bulwer's last night. Among the notables were Lords Strangford and Mulgrave, with the latter of whom I had a great deal of conversation; Count d'Orsay, the famous Parisian dandy; there was a large sprinkling of blues—Lady Morgan, Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., &c. Bulwer came up to me, said 'There is one blue who insists upon an introduction.' 'Oh, my dear fellow, I cannot really, the power of repartee has deserted me.' 'I have pledged myself you must come;' so he led me up to a very sumptuous personage, looking like a full-blown rose, Mrs. Gore.[3] Albany Fonblanque,[4] my critic, was in the room, but I did not see him. . . . The Mr. Hawkins who made a wonderful speech, and who, although he squinted horribly, was the next day voted a Cupidon, and has since lost his beauty by a failure, and many others, whom in this hurry I cannot recall—Charles Villiers, Henry Ellis, &c. I avoided L. E. L., who looked the very personification of Brompton—pink satin dress and white satin shoes, red cheeks, snub nose, and her hair *à la* Sappho.

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[1] The literary antiquary, who left his collection to the Bodleian.

[2] *Contarini Fleming.*

[3] Authoress of several fashionable novels.

[4] Editor of the *Examiner.*

February 22, 1832.

I am writing a very John Bull book,[5] which will quite delight you and my mother. I am still a Reformer, but shall destroy the foreign policy of the Grey faction. They seem firmly fixed at home, although a storm is without doubt brewing abroad. I think peers will be created, and Charley Gore has promised to let me have timely notice if Baring[6] be one. He called upon me, and said that Lord John often asked how I was getting on at Wycombe. He fished as to whether I should support them. I answered, 'They had one claim upon my support; they needed it,' and no more.

March 1, 1832.

I dined with Bulwer yesterday, and met a French nobleman, one of the Guizot school, paying a visit to this constitutional country. Lord Mulgrave was to have formed one of the party, but was unfortunately pre-engaged to Sir George Warrender, or rather Provender. Luttrell says that the two most disgusting things in the world, because you cannot deny them, are Warrender's wealth and Croker's talents. We had some amusing conversation, and our host, whatever may be his situation, is more sumptuous and fantastic than ever. Mrs. B. was a blaze of jewels, and looked like Juno; only instead of a peacock, she had a dog in her lap, called Fairy, and not bigger than a bird of paradise, and quite as brilliant.

[5] *England and France; or, a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania.*

[6] Sir T. Baring, then M.P. for Wycombe; his elevation to the Peerage causing a vacancy for that borough.

We drank champagne out of a saucer of ground glass mounted on a pedestal of cut glass.[7]

March 5, 1832.

I intend, if possible, to get down at the end of this week—Thursday or Friday—for a few days to see my constituents[8]—my constituents I hope they will be, although the Reform Bill is in a most crazy state, and now that the King has given the Earl a *carte blanche*, which he has undoubtedly, Lord Grey does not know what to do with it. I should not be overwhelmed if the Bill failed altogether. There will, however, be a dissolution at all events. . . .

The critic has responded, and beyond all our hopes. He *was* Milman, and the reason of his delay was that from a disorder in his eyes he cannot read, and therefore the work was read to him by Madame, which took time. I have not read his letter yet, because Murray gave it to Lockhart. I can therefore only collect a general impression from J. M., who, you know, is very vague ; but he said that there had been nothing like the descriptions and pictures of oriental life since Bruce. This is the only particular trait that I could extract, and that he looked forward to it with the same confidence as to 'Childe Harold' in spite of the times. Milman opposes the word 'Romance' in the title.[9] He says that nothing should disturb the reality of the impression or make the common reader for a moment suppose that every word is not true.

I shall be down at Bradenham on Sunday, and able to remain a week, but shall be very busy, and employ you to your heart's content. With regard to politics, I flatter myself I know as much as 'Bob,'[1] but I really cannot pretend to say what is going to happen, although I may ascertain before to-morrow. If Lord Grey do not make peers he will

[7] Open champagne glasses were then evidently a novelty.

[8] Electors of High Wycombe.

[9] *Contarini Fleming: a Psychological Romance.*

[1] Robert Smith, afterwards Lord Carrington.

go out, and perhaps finish his mortal as well as political career at the same time. . . .

April 7, 1832.

Herewith you receive what was not in time for yesterday's coach, the 'Gallomania.' I long to be with you. It is a great pleasure at last to come down with an empty head, and to feel that both books are completed. Washington Irving's works have been read of late only by the author, who is daily more enamoured of these heavy tomes. He demanded for the new one a large price. Murray murmured. Irving talked of posterity and the badness of the public taste, and Murray said that authors who wrote for posterity must publish on their own account.

In the last 'Omnibus'[2] is an alphabetical poetical list of authors:—

I is Israeli, a man of great gumption,
To leave out the *D* is a piece of assumption.

April 28, 1832.

The soirée last night at Bulwer's was really brilliant, much more so than the first. There were a great many dames there of distinction, and no blues. I should, perhaps, except Sappho, who was quite changed; she had thrown off Greco-Bromptonian costume and was perfectly *à la Française*, and really looked pretty. At the end of the evening I addressed a few words to her, of the value of which she seemed sensible. I was introduced, 'by particular desire,' to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me that she 'liked silent, melancholy men.' I answered 'that I had no doubt of it.' . . . I did not observe many persons that I had seen before. People address you without ceremony. A lady of more than certain age, but very fantastically dressed, came up to me to ask my opinion about a

[2] A cheap literary satirical paper of the time.

Leonardo da Vinci. She paid me the most ludicrous compliments. This was Lady Stepney.

I had a long conversation with Lord Mulgrave, and a man talked to me very much, who turned out to be Lord William Lennox. In the course of the evening I stumbled over Tom Moore, to whom I introduced myself. It is evident that he has read or heard of the 'Young Duke,' as his courtesy was marked. 'How is your head?' he inquired. 'I have heard of you, as everybody has. Did we not meet at Murray's once?' He has taken his name off the Athenæum, 'really Brooks is sufficient, so I shall not see your father any more.' Romohun Roy was there, and Hajji Baba Morier. A man addressed me by name and talked to me some time. I think it was George Lamb; the face I know, and he was evidently a man of distinction, a wit and a fine scholar. I remained in Hertford Street after the breaking-up, smoking. Colonel Webster, who married Boddington's daughter, said to me, 'Take care, my good fellow, I lost the most beautiful woman in the world by smoking. It has prevented more *liaisons* than the dread of a duel or Doctors' Commons.' Then I replied, 'You have proved that it is a very moral habit.' W. you know, although no Adonis, is a terrible *roué*.

May 9, 1832.

I write to tell you that the Ministers were turned out this morning at 12.30, and that the King has sent for Lord Harrowby. What is going to happen no one can predict. . . .

May 12, 1832.

This morning will settle the fate of the Ministry. I dine at Lord Eliot's[3] *sans façon*, and shall hear the result. The Duke is Premier, having once refused on account of his unwillingness to pass a Reform Bill. Peel will not join them, for the same reason, but is to work for them in the Lower House; Alexander Baring, Chancellor of the Exchequer;

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[3] Afterwards Earl of St. Germains.

Lord Carnarvon, probably President; Leach, Chancellor. . . . 'Contarini' published next week. The review in the 'Literary Gazette' is by L. E. L., so Bulwer says.

May 15, 1832.

I very much fear that the Whigs are again in, and on their own terms. Such indeed is the report, but that is only a shot founded on last night's debate; but it is, I apprehend, a conjecture that will turn out to be a prophecy. I dined at Eliot's on Saturday and met Colonel and Captain A'Court, brothers of Lord Heytesbury, and Lord Strangford. We had some delightful conversation and remained till a late hour. Strangford is an aristocratic Tom Moore; his flow is incessant and brilliant. The A'Courts very unaffected, hearty fellows.

May 24, 1832.

Yesterday I dined at Eliot's, a male party consisting of eight. I sat between Peel and Herries, but cannot tell you the names of the other guests, although they were all members of one or other House; but I detected among them Captain York, whom I had met in the Levant. Peel was most gracious. He is a very great man indeed, and they all seem afraid of him. By the bye I observed that he attacked his turbot most entirely with his knife, so Walker's[4] story is true. I can easily conceive that he could be very disagreeable, but yesterday he was in a most condescending mood and unbent with becoming haughtiness. I reminded him by my dignified familiarity both that he was ex-minister and I a present Radical. Herries—old, grey-headed, financial Herries—turned out quite a literary man—so false are one's impressions. The dinner was sumptuous, and we broke up late. Several persons came in in the evening, although Lady Jemima herself went off to Lady Salisbury's.

[4] Editor of the *Original.*

May 26, 1832.

I received your letter yesterday, and the note you enclosed was from Beckford, to whom I had sent a copy of 'Contarini.' His answer is short, but very courteous. It commences with four exclamations. 'How wildly original! How full of intense thought! How awakening! How delightful!' This really consoles one for Mr. Patmore's criticism in the 'Court Journal.' On Thursday I dined at the Polish Club, with Montague Gore, Tom Campbell in the chair, and the guests, Prince Czartoriski, Mr. Thomas Attwood and the rest of the Birmingham Deputation. Although domestic politics are forbidden, on this day they could not refrain from breaking into them, and there was a consequent tumult. The Prince is a dignified and melancholy man, with fine head. None of the Birmingham heroes are above par, although there is a simplicity about Attwood which is pleasing. His organisation very inferior, his voice good, his pronunciation most vicious and Warwickshire, altogether a third-rate man. His colleague Scholefield quite devoid of talent, and the rest poor things. The Rev. Dr. Wade, a drunken parson without an idea, but with the voice of a bullock, which they mistake for oratory. I had my health drunk by the Poles, and made a speech. Campbell was quite idiotic. Among the guests was little Fox, the Unitarian minister, who is a capital fellow, and likes my novels, which for a Radical, a Unitarian, and a Utilitarian is pretty well.

May 28, 1832.

Amid abundance of praise and blame of 'Contarini,' one thing which we all expected is very evident, that not one of the writers has the slightest idea of the nature or purposes of the work. As far as I can learn it has met with decided success. Among others Tom Campbell, who, as he says, never reads any books but his own, is delighted with it; 'I shall review it myself,' he exclaims, 'and it will be a psychological review.' Have you read the review in the 'Monthly,' where I am accused of atheism because I retire into solitude to write novels?

July 5, 1832.

I hear Miss Laurence[5] has turned violent Tory and chasséd Spence and Petit from Ripon. Giovanni called on me (announced by the servant as *Don Giovanni*). He has left Clay and brought me a lock of Byron's hair, from Venice, which he cut himself off the corpse at Missolonghi.

'Contarini' seems universally liked, but moves slowly. The staunchest admirer I have in London, and the most discerning appreciator of 'Contarini,' is old Madame d'Arblay. I have a long letter, which I will show you—capital! I hope to be down in a few days. I have been very idle, the natural consequence of former exertion, but shall soon buckle to among our beeches. Mind I tell you a good story about myself and Tom Ashburnham—a story of resemblance and mistakes, as good as the Dromios. It is very good, but too long for a letter.

August 4, 1832.

Town is fast emptying. I have been lately at the House of Commons, and one night had a long conversation with my late antagonist and present representative.[6] We are more than friendly. Did I tell you I saw Maclise, who is very amusing, and tells me much about L. E. L. and the Bromptonian coteries? There is no doubt that Lockhart has been principal contributor to 'Fraser' and one of the assailants of Bulwer. I shall have plenty of work for you when I come down.

August 8, 1832.

On Friday I shall pitch my tent in the green retreats of Bradenham, and Bulwer accompanies me. He wants absolute retirement really to write, and all that. He is to do what he likes, and wander about the woods like a madman.

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[5] The owner of Studley Royal.

[6] Colonel the Honourable Charles Grey.

I am anxious that he and my father should become better acquainted. Our sire never had a warmer votary. He said yesterday, 'If I were to fix, I should say your father was decidedly now at the top of the tree ; I tell you where he beats us all—*in style.* There is nothing like it.'

I saw Tita to-day, who suggests that he shall return with me to Bradenham, and try our place.

1833.

Visit to Bath with Bulwer—Writing 'Alroy'—'Iskander'—Family dinner with Bulwer—Opera, the Brahmans—Debate in the House of Commons—Macaulay—Sheil, &c.—Prophetic remarks—'Ixion'—Fame of Maclise—Charles Mathews—Dinner with the Nortons—The Sheridan family—'Alroy' published—Asked to stand for Marylebone—Public amusements—'What is He?'—Love and marriage—Invitations—Caledonian ball—Marquise de Montalembert—'Godolphin'—Southend—Lady Cork—Malibran—Return to Bradenham.

Bath: January 19, 1833.

BULWER and I arrived here on Monday, and have found the change very beneficial and refreshing. Such is the power of novelty, that the four or five days seem an age. I have written about fifty pages of a pretty tale about 'Iskander,' which will form a fine contrast to 'Alroy.' The type and page of 'Alroy' most original, striking, and beautiful.

We are great lions here, as you may imagine, but have not been anywhere, though we have received several invitations, preferring the relaxation of our own society and smoking Latakia, which as a source of amusement, I suppose, will last a week. I like Bath very much. Bulwer and I went in late to one public ball, and got quite mobbed.

January 29, 1833.

I dined with Bulwer *en famille* on Sunday, 'to meet some truffles'—very agreeable company. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Wheeler, was there; not so pleasant, something between Jeremy Bentham and Meg Merrilies, very clever, but awfully revolutionary. She poured forth all her systems upon my novitiate ear, and while she advocated the rights of woman, Bulwer abused system-mongers and the sex, and Rosina played with her dog.

February, 7, 1833.

Tuesday I went to the new opera at Drury Lane, and was introduced to the Brahams, on whom I have promised to call. Went to the House of Commons afterwards to hear Bulwer adjourn the House ; was there yesterday during the whole debate—one of the finest we have had for years. Bulwer spoke, but he is physically disqualified for an orator, and, in spite of all his exertions, never can succeed. He was heard with great attention, and is evidently backed by a party. Heard Macaulay's best speech, Sheil and Charles Grant. Macaulay admirable ; but, between ourselves, I could floor them all. This *entre nous* : I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House.[1] The time will come. . . .

Grey spoke highly of my oratorical powers to Bulwer, said he never heard 'finer command of words.' 'Ixion' is thought the best thing I ever wrote, and two vols. of 'Alroy' are printed. Maclise is making a noise. His Mokanna is exhibiting at the British Gallery, and is *the* picture of the year.

February 21, 1833.

On Monday I met the Nortons, and Charles Mathews, who was very amusing. After dinner we went off to see Miss Kelly, whom they thought very clever, but I thought a degrading imitation of old Mathews. Yesterday I dined with the Nortons ; it was her eldest brother's birthday, who, she says, is 'the only respectable one of the family, and that is because he has a liver complaint.' There were there, her brother Charles and old Charles Sheridan, the uncle, and others. The only lady besides Mrs. Norton, her sister Mrs. Blackwood, also very handsome and very Sheridanic. She told me she was nothing. 'You see Georgy's the beauty, and Carry's the wit, and I ought to be the good one, but then I am not.' I must say I liked her exceedingly; besides, she knows all my works by heart, and spouts whole pages of 'V. G.' and 'C. F.' and the 'Y. D.' In the evening came the beauty, Lady St. Maur, and anything so splendid I never gazed upon. Even the handsomest family in the world, which I think the Sheridans are, all looked dull. Clusters of the darkest hair, the most brilliant complexion, a contour of face perfectly ideal. In the evening Mrs. Norton sang and acted, and did everything that was delightful. Ossulston came in—a very fine singer, unaffected and good-looking. Old Mrs. Sheridan—who, by the bye, is young and pretty, and authoress of 'Carwell'—is my greatest admirer; in fact, the whole family have a very proper idea of my merits! and I like them all.

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[1] Thirty-five years after he was Prime Minister.

March 6, 1833.

'Alroy' was published yesterday; half the edition subscribed, which in these times is very good. I dined with my new friend Munro, a bachelor, who lives in Park Street in a gallery of magnificent pictures. The company: Lord Arthur Lennox, General Phipps, Poulett Scrope, Wilkie, Turner, Westmacott, and Pickersgill. A costly banquet.

Beckford has sent me a large-paper copy of 'Vathek' in French; only twenty-five printed. At Forbes's I met, amongst others, Castlereagh, whom I like; he is full of animal spirits, unaffected and amusing, but with no ballast.

March 26, 1833.

Of 'Alroy' I hear golden opinions, and I doubt not of its success. I send you the review in the 'Atlas.' There was also one in the 'Town' still more eulogistic. I hear no complaints of its style, except from the critics. The common readers seem to like the poetry and the excitement. Mrs. Jameson told Otley that 'reading it was like riding an Arab.' Slade, the traveller, said 'it was the most thoroughly Oriental book he had ever read.'

April 8, 1833.

I have agreed to stand for Marylebone, but I shall not go to the poll unless I am certain, or very confident; there is even a chance of my not being opposed. In the 'Town' yesterday, I am told, 'some one asked Disraeli, in offering himself for Marylebone, on what he intended *to stand.* "On my head," was the reply.'

I have heard nothing more from ——, who appears to have pocketed more than I should like to do. It was impossible to pass over attacks from such a quarter in silence. The only way to secure future ease is to take up a proper position early in life, and show that you will not be insulted with impunity.

April 25, 1833.

I have done nothing but go to the play lately, one night with Mrs. Norton to see Sheridan Knowles's new play, which was successful. Public amusements are tedious, but in a private box with a fair companion, less so. To-morrow, great breakfast at the Wyndham Lewis's, when magnificent plate is to be presented from Maidstone to our host, the defeated Conservative.

April 30, 1833.

There is an attack in the 'Morning Herald' on 'What is He?' where the author is advised to adhere to the region of romance. Such attacks are not very disagreeable, for you have no idea of the success of the pamphlet, which is as much a favourite with the Tories as the Rads. The recent *exposé* of the Whigs proves me a prophet.

May 22.

There was a review in Hyde Park, and the Wyndham Lewis's gave a *déjeuner*, to which I went. By the bye, would you like Lady Z—— for a sister-in-law, very clever, 25,000*l.*, and domestic? As for 'love,' all my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. This is literally the case. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity. . . .

June 29.

I intend to write a short tale[2] for your bazaar, and will let you have it in a week or so. My table is literally covered with invitations, and some from people I do not know. I dined yesterday with the St. Maurs, to meet Mrs. Sheridan. An agreeable party : the other guests, Lady Westmoreland, very clever ; Mrs. Blackwood, Lord Clements, and Brinsley. Lord St. Maur,[3] great talent, which develops itself in a domestic circle, though otherwise shy-mannered. In the evening a good *soirée* at Lady Charleville's. I met Lady Aldboro,' but the lion of the evening was Lucien Bonaparte, the Prince of Canino. I went to the Caledonian Ball after all, in a dress from my Oriental collection. Particulars when we meet. Yesterday, at Mrs. Wyndham's, I met Joseph Bonaparte and his beautiful daughter.

Have you read 'England and the English'? I think it is delightful. Bulwer has written to me to say that understanding that I give my opinion in society that he is 'Godolphin,' and that is quite enough from our intimacy to convince everyone, he solemnly assures me he is not the author, &c. &c. There now can be no doubt of it.

I was at 'the cream of blueism' the other night, at Madame la Marquise de Montalembert's, but can hardly tell you who was there, as I was instantly presented to Lady Lincoln, Beckford's granddaughter, and she engrossed my attention. Handsome, brilliant, and young, but with one great fault, a rabbit mouth.

July 8, 1833.

I can answer for Southend being very pretty. I am staying at an old grange, with gable ends and antique windows, which Alderman Heygate turned into a very comfortable residence, and which is about half a mile from the town, a row of houses called a town. Sir W. Heygate passing through dined here yesterday. He says that he received upwards of 1,200 letters in one year, in consequence of Ady the Quaker[4] describing him in his circulars as his 'voluntary referee;' letters from all classes, bishops, generals, even royalty, the Princess Augusta. I have been introduced by Mrs. Norton to a rival poetess, Lady Emmeline Wortley, her person more beautiful than her poetry.

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[2] *Velvet Lawn.*

[3] The late Duke of Somerset.

July 20, 1833.

I am putting my house in order and preparing for a six months' sojourn and solitude amid the groves of Bradenham. As far as one can form any calculations in this sublunary world, I shall pitch my tent among you the end of July, but this need not interfere with your visit to Oxford, as, with deference be it spoken, I am not frightened at being alone. London is emptying fast, but gay. Lady Cork had two routs. 'All my best people, no blues.' At a concert at Mrs. Mitford's I was introduced to Malibran, who is to be the heroine of my opera. She is a very interesting person.

August 4, 1833.

My letters are shorter than Napoleon's, but I love you more than he did Josephine. I shall be down to-morrow, but very likely by the mail, as I have a great many things to attend to.

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[4] The then notorious Joseph Ady was in the habit of writing to people of all classes, informing them that he could 'tell them something to their advantage.' He overreached himself at last, and was convicted of imposture.

1834.

Out with the hounds—Engaged in writing—Dinner at Gore House—Focus of Durham party—Fears of a dissolution—Interviews with three remarkable men—Society—Meets Lyndhurst—Political agitation—Water party—Portrait taken by D'Orsay—Issues address to electors of High Wycombe.

Southend : February 15, 1834.

I HUNTED the other day with Sir Henry Smythe's hounds, and although not in pink, was the best mounted man in the field, riding an Arabian mare, which I nearly killed; a run of thirty miles and I stopped at nothing. The only Londoner I met was Henry Manners Sutton, who had come over from Mistley Hall. He asked me to return with him; but as Lady Manners was not there, I saw no fun and refused. Write and tell me what you are doing. As for myself, I pass my days in constant composition. I live solely on snipes, and ride a good deal. You could not have a softer climate or sunnier skies than this much abused Southend. Here there are myrtles in the open air in profusion.

May, 1834.

I am so busy with my poem,[1] which I hope to have out in a fortnight, *if* things are quiet. But the Ministry at present are quite broken up; there is no Government, and perhaps there will be a dissolution. I hope not. On Monday I dined with Lady Blessington, the Prince of Moskova, Charles Lafitte, Lords Castlereagh, Elphinstone, and Allen, Mr. Talbot, myself; and Lord Wilton was the absent guest, having to dine with the King; but he came in the evening. He is very handsome. Hope's ball on Monday was the finest thing this year—supped off gold and danced in the sculpture gallery. To-day is the Drawing-room; but nobody thinks of anything but politics. I dine with O'Connell on Saturday. I breakfasted with Castlereagh a few days back. He has a fine collection of turquoise Sèvres.

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[1] The *Revolutionary Epick*.

June 4, 1834.

There is a lull in the storm; it is supposed the session will now be hurried over quietly, and then something must be determined on. The Whigs cannot exist as a party without taking in Lord Durham, and the King will not consent to it. Durham is not in a hurry, and becomes each day more violent in his demands. Triennial parliaments to be a Cabinet measure, and an extension of the constituency, the ballot to stand on its merits—in short, a revolution; for this must lead to a fatal collision with the House of Lords. The Tories will not take office unless the Whigs give it up in despair. My own opinion is, that in the recess the King will make an effort to try and form a Conservative Government with Peel and Stanley; but the Tories think that Durham will have his way. I fear a dissolution must be the end of it. I was at Lady Dudley Stuart's on Sunday—a pleasant circle—and made the acquaintance of Lord Hertford. I dine with Lady Cork to-day, to meet the Mulgraves, Tavistocks, and Lincolns.

D.

June 16, 1834.

I made Beckford's acquaintance at the opera on Thursday. He told me that he would send a copy of his travels to my father as well as one to myself, but neither has yet arrived. He says 'Mejnoun and Leila'[2] is capital, and he amused me very much.

Gore House is the great focus of the Durham party.

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[2] A Persian romance by our father.

I dined yesterday with Lady Blessington, and Durham among the guests, and he talked to me nearly the whole evening ; afterwards to Lady Salisbury's.

Thus I have had three interviews of late with three remarkable men who fill the public ear at present—O'Connell, Beckford, and Lord Durham. The first is the man of the greatest genius ; the second of the greatest taste ; and the last of the greatest ambition.

June 19, 1834.

I was at the Duchess of St. Albans' on Monday, but rather too late for the fun. I missed the morris-dancers. Tuesday Lady Essex and opera, and to-night I am going to the Duchess of Hamilton's. I have had great success in society this year. I am as popular with the dandies as I was hated by the second-rate men. I make my way easily in the highest set, where there is no envy, malice, &c., and where they like to admire and be amused.

July 11, 1834.

We remain here in breathless agitation.[3] I can give you no idea of the state of excitement. At this moment nothing is settled. Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne were with the King all yesterday. Massey Stanley brought the news to the opera on Tuesday at nine o'clock. I was in Lady B.'s box. No one would believe it. On Wednesday at Lady Cork's was the Duke of Wellington, in high spirits, but saying everywhere the Tories would not take office. Fonblanque, who was there, said the Tories were like a woman who fancies herself *enceinte* and goes about saying it is not yet her time. . . . I made my *début* at Almack's with a subscription from Lady Tankerville, but it was not a very brilliant réunion. Yesterday I met Lord Lyndhurst, whom I like very much. The next time he goes the Norfolk circuit he is to sleep at Bradenham. He says the Duke of Wellington never reads any book but the 'Commentaries,' and assured me it was a positive fact !

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[3] Lord Grey having resigned, Lord Melbourne became Premier.

July 23, 1834.

I still adhere to my plan of being down with you in a week or ten days, and tell Tita to get my pipes in order, as I look forward to a batch of smoking with great zest.

I go every day to fêtes and water parties. Lady Tavistock's at Richmond on Saturday. Monday, another party to Blackwall with D'Orsay. To-morrow to Lord Hertford's. I find the end of the season more fatiguing than the beginning, owing to the morning festivities. The water party at the 'Cedars' most delightful. We embarked at five o'clock, the heavens very favourable, sang all the way down, wandered in beautiful gardens worthy of Paul Veronese full not only of flowers, but fountains and parroquets: the dinner first-rate and much better than cold, miserable picnics, in which all bring the same things. People are still in town, but Goodwood will, I think, clear us.

November 4, 1834.

I dined on Saturday with Lyndhurst *en famille*. A more amiable and agreeable family I never met. The eldest daughter, 'Sa,' is just like her mother, and although only thirteen, rules everything and everybody—a most astounding little woman.

Yesterday I went to see the new actor, Denvil. He is deplorable, has not the slightest feeling, nor one physical or mental qualification for the stage. I saw Chandos[4] to-day and had a long conversation with him on politics. He has no head, but I flatter myself I opened his mind a little. . . . D'Orsay has taken my portrait.[5]

November 28, 1834.

The Duke and the Chancellor[6] are besetting old Carrington in my favour, that they say he must yield. I am not sanguine, but was recommended to issue the address.[7] D'Orsay is working Bob Smith very hard. The Duke wrote a strong letter to the chairman of election committees, saying that if Wycombe were not insured something else must be done for Disraeli, as 'a man of his acquirements and reputation must not be thrown away.' L. showed me the letter, but it is impossible to say how things will go. *Entre nous*, Parliament will not be dissolved as speedily as is imagined, which is all in my favour, both as regards Wycombe or any other place. It is impossible for anyone to be warmer than the Duke or Lyndhurst, and I ought to say the same of Chandos. I had a long conversation to-day with Charles Grey. He is bitter against the Smiths, but says they can only command ten or twelve votes.

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[4] Late Duke of Buckingham.

[5] *Vide* Frontispiece.

[6] Lord Spencer having died, and Lord Althorp being no longer Leader of the House of Commons, the King dismissed Lord Melbourne's Ministry, and sent to Rome for Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst being made Chancellor.

[7] To the electors of High Wycombe.

1835.

Dinner to Lord Abinger—Meets Gladstone—Criticisms—Politics—Peel's speech—Division on Address—Anticipated defeat of Government—Influenza—Whig Ministry formed—Stands for Taunton—Too late—Attack of O'Connell—Bound over to keep the peace—Great fancy ball—Costumes—Supper at Lyndhurst's—Rosebank—Visits Bradenham—Lyndhurst's triumph—Annoyance of Melbourne—'Morning Post.'

January 20, 1835.

I CANNOT bother myself with the 'Bucks Gazette.' I doubt not the impertinence was from Grey, who, however, praises me much at Crockford's, &c. Last Saturday a dinner by the Chancellor to Lord Abinger[1] and the Barons of the Exchequer. There were also George Dawson, myself, Praed, young Gladstone, Sir M. Shee, Sir J. Beresford, and Pemberton: rather dull, but we had a swan very white and tender, and stuffed with truffles, the best company there. The book[2] is now fairly published; there was a review of it in the 'Chronicle' to-day, and though of course hostile, calculated to advance it. I hear yesterday there was a notice in the 'Courier,' but the 'Times' is silent, why I know not. I cannot give you any news of its progress; I always avoid my publishers at these times, and the praises of friends are nothing. I have had letters from D'Orsay, Strangford, Chandos, all full of eulogium, but as to the result I can say nothing.

February 7, 1835.

I dined with —— yesterday, a male party, and amongst others a man of the name of Warren, author of the 'Diary of a Physician,' and more amusing than Charles Mathews.

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[1] Sir James Scarlett, appointed Chief Baron, *vice* Lord Lyndhurst.

[2] *Vindication of the English Constitution.*

I called at Lady B.'s on my way home. Jekyll met Scarlett at her house for the first time after his elevation, and thus saluted him : 'I say, Scarlett, how came you to get hold of your new name? I have heard of Porringer before and Scavenger, but never yet of Abinger!' My portrait, engraved by Lane from D'Orsay's picture, is finished, and everybody who has seen it admires it; I hope to bring it down to you in a few days. I met a Miss Bissett the other day out at dinner, who is a great friend of the Dashwoods, and stays at Wycombe and knows Bradenham, &c., and makes out Dashwood is a great admirer of mine and reads 'Contarini' out loud to the family circle. Perhaps a fudge. Strangford is educating his second daughter himself, and they read the 'Curiosities' every morning.

February 20, 1835.

About last night's debate—Peel did not speak well; Stanley [3] with great point and power; Burdett, who had written to Lady Blessington, and *promised* to vote for Sutton,[4] saying that there was as much difference between Abercromby and him 'as between a nutshell and the dome of St. Paul's,' lost his courage, and sneaked off without voting; Henry Stanley, who had promised me to vote for Sutton, voted for Abercromby. O'Connell is so powerful that he says he will be in the Cabinet. How can the Whigs submit to this? It is the Irish Catholic party that has done all the mischief.

February 26, 1835.

Here there is only one topic, the division on the Address. Peel made a powerful speech; Stanley constrained and qualifying. His way is evidently not clear; I cannot understand the game he is playing. On the Speakership he had no party. Now fifty men meet at his house every morning. Lyndhurst squabashed Brougham on Tuesday.[5]

[3] The late Earl of Derby.

[4] For the Speakership.

[5] On the amendment to the Address.

Bob Smith met D'Orsay, who took his portrait at Willy Park and failed, and thus addressed him: 'So you have been making a fine portrait of Disraeli; I see you can make likenesses of those you like.' Very huffy indeed, and horribly jealous.

April 1, 1835.

I do not doubt myself that the Government will be in a minority on the present question, but this is not the cause of the *malaise* of the Tories. The fact is, their chief is worried by his wife, and she is nervous lest he should fight and all that. There is no more reason now that the Tories should go out than two months ago, and I cannot help believing that they will not. On Sunday I dined at the Chancellor's, and ever since I have had a severe cold and been nowhere. The debate is considered at present to the credit of the Tories. To-night will be the grand one.

April 4.

I have not seen the Chancellor since Thursday. Peel is much firmer and the King quite so, but his Majesty cannot sleep. The decisive battle is to be fought on the Irish Tithe Bill,[6] and we expect to win. Everybody has got the influenza; the Lord Chancellor has had an attack, and, as you rightly expected, myself, though mine was much modified to former years.

April 13, 1835.

As *coalition*, or, as the Whigs call it, *amalgamation*, is at the present moment impossible, Lord Melbourne[7] has, I understand, formed his Cabinet, and some of the writs will be moved for this evening. It is purely Whig, and consists entirely of the old hacks, Palmerston, Auckland, Duncannon, &c. Granville Somerset sent for me to the Woods and Forests this morning to say if there was a fair opening the

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[6] Lord John Russell's motion on tithes in Ireland.

[7] Peel being defeated had resigned, and Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister April 18.

Tories would start me, &c. I was astonished at his courtesy and strong expressions of desire to see me in, and as it would get me out of his papa's way at Wycombe, all the better.

Castle, Taunton : April 27, 1835.

The county gentlemen for ten miles round flock to me every day, but I am obliged to decline all their invitations. As for Taunton itself, the enthusiasm of Wycombe is a miniature to it ; and I believe in point of energy, eloquence, and effect I have far exceeded all my former efforts. Had I arrived twenty hours sooner the result might have been in my favour ; but my lateness in the field, the opposition of Ashburton's agent, and the remembrance of Montague Gore's cowardice have been great stumbling-blocks. It is astonishing how well they are informed in London of all that passes here, and how greatly they appreciate my exertions. They have opened a subscription for me at the Carlton, headed by Chandos, who has written twice to me in the warmest manner. To-morrow is nomination day.

April 28, 1835.

I have just left the hustings, and have gained the show of hands, which no blue candidate ever did before. This, though an idle ceremony in most places, is of great account here, for the potwallopers of Taunton are as eloquent as those of Athens, and we gain votes by such a demonstration. I thought you would like to hear this, though I can write no more.

Wednesday night : April 30, 1835.

There is no place like *Taunton*, not that I can win this time, for Labouchere, who was twenty-four hours in advance of me, has picked up many blues (my colour) ; but come in at the general election I must, for I have promises of two-thirds of the electors. I live in a rage of enthusiasm ; even my opponents promise to vote for me *next time.* The fatigue is awful. Two long speeches to-day and nine hours' canvass on foot in a blaze of repartee. I am quite exhausted and can scarcely see to write.

May 6, 1835.

I did not know yesterday when I wrote of the attack of O'Connell; it has engaged me ever since. I send you 'Times' and 'Morning Post.' There is but one opinion among *all* parties, viz. that I have *squabashed* them. I went to D'Orsay immediately. He sent for Henry Baillie for my second, as he thought a foreigner should not interfere in a political duel, but he took the management of everything. I never quitted his house till ten o'clock, when I dressed and went to the opera, and everyone says I have done it in first-rate style. All particulars when we meet.

May 9, 1835.

This morning as I was lying in bed, thankful that I had kicked all the O'Connells and that I was at length to have a quiet morning, Mr. Collard, the police officer of Marylebone, rushed into my chamber and took me into custody. In about an hour and a half, being dressed (having previously sent to S——), we all went in a hackney coach to the office, where I found that the articles were presented by a Mr. Bennett, residing in some street in Westminster, and an acquaintance of the O'Connells. We were soon dismissed, but I am now bound to keep the peace in 500*l.* sureties. As far as the present affair was concerned, it was a most unnecessary precaution, as if all the O'Connells were to challenge me, I could not think of meeting them *now*. I consider and everyone else that they are lynched. It is very easy for you to criticise, but I do not regret the letter: the expressions were well weighed, and without it the affair was but clever pamphleteering. Critics you must always meet. W. told me the last letter was the finest thing in the English language, but that the letter to Dan was *too long*; others think that perfect. One does not like the Yahoo as coarse, others think it worthy of Swift, and so on. . . . The general effect is the thing, and that is, that all men agree I have shown pluck.

July 20, 1835.

Nothing has been talked of but the great fancy ball[8] which came off last night, and exceeded in splendour anything ever known in London. My dress was very good, with some additions, such as a silken shirt with long sleeves, lent me by Henry Baillie. D'Orsay, Henry Bulwer, myself, Massey Stanley, Talbot, Herbert, and Regina went in a party with the Chesterfields, Ansons, and Worcesters. We flattered ourselves we were by far the most distinguished there. Lady Chesterfield was a sultana, and Mrs. Anson a Greek, with her own hair lower than the calf of her leg. She was the most brilliant in the room. Lady Burghersh, Lady Fitzroy Somerset, and Lady Sykes wore powder, the two first Louis XIV., the last a complete copy of a Sir Joshua. Lady Londonderry, as Cleopatra, was in a dress literally embroidered with emeralds and diamonds from top to toe. Castlereagh introduced me to her by her desire, and I was with her a great deal. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Blackwood beautiful Greeks; but the finest thing was that at half-past two Lyndhurst gave a supper in George Street to eighty of the supremest *ton* and beauty, and you can conceive nothing more brilliant than his house illuminated with a banquet to a company so fancifully dressed. The Duke of Wellington, who was at the ball, was too tired to come. This great secession rather knocked up the ball however, and everybody looked blue who was not going to Lyndhurst's. He looked like a French marshal. Wilton was Philip IV., and the Duke lent him his Golden Fleece set in diamonds for the evening.

July 24.

I have since dined at Rosebank with the Londonderrys. 'Tis the prettiest baby-house in the world—a pavilion rather than a villa, all green paint, white chintz, and looking-glass. The grounds, however, are considerable, and very rich, bordering the Thames. The dinner was admirable, but no plate ; porcelain fresh as the room, with a bouquet by every guest, and five immense pyramids of roses down the table. . . . Lyndhurst was quite delighted with his visit, and certainly Bradenham never looked to greater advantage. Yesterday he and I went to Richmond.

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[8] At the Hanover Square Rooms, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music.

I think it will be all over with the Ministry in the course of a fortnight ; but the Tories will not dissolve Parliament until after the registration ; this is the universal impression, but Peel frowns. I hope soon to be with you, but I cannot leave town till Lyndhurst has made his great speech.

August 5, 1835.

I can hardly trust myself to write about politics ; the debate was dashing in the extreme. Lyndhurst's speech [9] by far the crack one—most bold and triumphant, and received with tumultuous cheering. I can give you no idea of the excited and at the same time depressed state of Melbourne. He seemed quite wild and scared. Brougham spoke very well, but his conduct is perplexing. He rather assists us than the reverse. The course taken was kept secret, and perfectly confounded the Whigs. It is an awful crisis whatever may be the result. I cannot think of the hot weather or anything else.

August 12, 1835.

Lyndhurst has been very ill, and unable to go to the Lords, where he ought not to be absent a moment, as all depends upon him. However, Saturday and Sunday's nursing brought him round. The Duke has formally resigned to him the leadership of the House of Lords, and there is every probability of his being Prime Minister ; his own disinclination alone stands in the way. To-morrow the war begins in the Lords. The speeches of counsel made a great impression; the evidence was capital, the Lords united, and Lyndhurst has with his own hand drawn up their counter project. He could get nobody to assist him. His private secretary turned out an ass. Then he sent instructions to Merewether; the results of M.'s labours, who has studied the subject all his life, arrived when I was with Lyndhurst. They were put in the fire, or rather fireplace, about ten minutes afterwards. Time pressed, and Lyndhurst literally had to draw every clause himself. This, with having to manage three agitated meetings, and to sit and watch the examination of witnesses from ten in the morning until twelve at night, knocked him up; but he is quite himself again, and full of force and spirit. But for him all would have been lost, and now everybody praises the stand the Lords have made, and the Whigs have entirely failed in getting up a crisis.

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[9] Municipal Corporations.

August 14, 1835.

There was a sharp engagement in the House of Lords last night. Melbourne is evidently so annoyed, that I cannot help fancying he will come down to-night and withdraw the Bill. The newspapers will give you the division; it is quite overwhelming, and proves that it is utterly useless to talk of *swamping* the House of Lords any more. Why I think Melbourne will not proceed with the Bill, is the evident mortification he expressed in countenance at the majority, and his refusal to divide again, on the more important clauses too. Yet this majority he will have to face every night.

Brougham was terribly tipsy. He shook his fist at Lord Wicklow, and quoted Ciceronian braggadocios. When he sat down he seemed quite maudlin, and all about nothing, for Lyndhurst spoke of him very gingerly, as he was absent, and he could not reply to him the night before, for B. always speaks to twelve o'clock, after which the House will listen to no one. It is wished the Whigs should resign on the Church question, which is the reason that makes me think they will go out on the Corporations.

After all this is over, Lyndhurst will like to come down with me for a quiet week at Bradenham.

August 20, 1835.

There will be a division on Monday on the appropriation clause, when I suppose the Government will resign. I am strengthened in this supposition by the extraordinary fact that the King has just asked all the Ministers to dine with him, which is the only time he has done it since they have been in office. He evidently, for he is very cunning, does not wish them to say when out that they were never *once* asked, during the whole administration, to the royal table.

I have sent you the 'Morning Post' every day, which is the only paper now read, and in whose columns some great unknown has suddenly risen, whose exploits form almost the sole staple of political conversation, and all conversation is now political. The back numbers for the last week cannot be obtained for love or money, and the sale has increased nearly one-third. All attempts at discovering the writer have been baffled, and the mystery adds to the keen interest which the articles excite.

To form any idea of our movements in this great 'crisis' is very difficult. It was whispered the Whigs meant to swallow the Corporation leek, not resign, and prorogue on Thursday; but the Radicals and Repealers will not bate a jot, and are as firm as the Lords. Should they continue intractable, Melbourne will immediately resign.

D.

1836.

The Press—Dinner at Lyndhurst's—Death of Mrs. Copley—'Letters of Runnymede'—Marriage of Lord Carrington—Dissolution expected—Holland House—Pozzo di Borgo—Elected to the Carlton—Meeting at Apsley House—Opera—Continuation of political crisis—Dinner with Chandos—'Henrietta Temple'—Criticisms—Spanish news—Speech at Bucks meeting—Letter from Peel.

January 4, 1836.

THE letters in the 'Times' have made a great sensation.[1] I am the first individual who has silenced the press with its own weapons. On Thursday the 'Globe' made no answer; on Friday, in consequence of the taunting talk at the clubs, it reprinted my letter, with a snivelling leader, asking time (till to-day) to answer it; but I feel confident that any fresh movement will only bring it fresh discomfiture. There are not two opinions about the result. The 'Chronicle' quite silent; the writers in that paper are known, and they absolutely fear being shown up by me. 'Tis a great thing to have such an organ for response as the 'Times.' This the 'Globe' did not count on. There was an article in 'The Age' yesterday, which I meant to have sent you to-day; but I fear I shall not get it in time.

Yesterday I dined with Lyndhurst, and he gives his first political party for the season on Tuesday, when all the Tories in town will be scraped together. . . . I read Heine, 'another one,' as Botta says. I have also read Henry Bulwer's 'France,' very amusing, and Raumer's 'Historical Illustrations,' very curious, especially about Mary Queen of Scots.

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[1] This refers to his replies to certain abusive letters written in the Whig *Globe* of the day.

January 9, 1836.

My dear Sa,

It is so cold I can hardly write. What you say about Hallam surprises me. He is a very slow worker, and I have not seen the 'Athenæum,' by which to judge whether it were an official paragraph or some blundering gossip. The sale of the 'Vindication' continues, and, though not quite so brisk, is in daily demand. I received to-day a letter from Eliot, which, from its length and the extreme warmth of its feeling, would quite surprise you. His copy did not reach him till the 6th. He says, among other things, 'In reading your sketch of Bolingbroke I could not help thinking that if opportunities are not withheld, you may become what he might have been.' He wants to know, by the bye, why I call the Orleans branch the House of Valois. I am sure I don't know. Pray find out for me, and write your answer, if you catch one, as soon as possible.

On Tuesday I dined at Lyndhurst's, and met Lords Roden, Lowther, and Rosslyn, Sir E. Sugden, Sir H. Hardinge, Courtenay, Alderson, &c., and Lockhart, whom L. asked, that he might review the 'Vindication.' Chance! he never spoke a word. He is known in society by the name of 'The Viper;' but if he tries to sting me, he will find my heel of iron.

Did I tell you the Duchess of St. Albans had sent me invitations to her Christmas festivities? . . . I have just heard Mrs. Copley [2] has died, of pure old age. She was only ailing three or four days; her appetite quite failed, and she expired without a struggle.

D.

January, 1836.

The 'Letters of Runnymede' are the only things talked of in London, especially the latter ones. The author is unknown, and will probably so remain. One or two papers have foolishly ascribed them to me. There is certainly some imitation of my style, and the writer is familiar with my works.

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[2] The mother of Lord Lyndhurst.

Lyndhurst returned last night, with the Duke, from Oatlands, where there has been a great gathering of Tories. Sa has had the measles slightly, Su so severely that her life was despaired of. Sophy is only ill from eating cocoa sweetmeat !

At Lady Blessington's last night I passed two or three hours with Burdett, who was very engaging. He says he shall withdraw from Brooks's if they don't take up the business when the club meets, and that there has been nothing so bad as O'Connell since Robespierre. Jekyll, who was there, says of the new Lord Chancellor, that Pepys being *bread* to the bar naturally took to the *rolls*, and now is turned into *cheese*.

Bulwer returned from Paris yesterday. Lord Carrington's[3] marriage much talked of. Lady Stanhope was sent down to break it off, and he so humbugged her, that she thought she had succeeded, till the fatal morn. He has made a great settlement on the widow, who has nine children, all of whom Lady B. says in time she will persuade him are his.

January, 1836.

DEAREST,

There is every indication of a crash in the political world. It is understood that the Whigs have at length resolved to dissolve Parliament. The law appointments excite great odium. Bickersteth is to be Lord Langdale ; the Chancellor, Lord Cottenham ; and Lady Campbell, Baroness Edendale. One can scarcely credit such buffooneries until we see them in the 'Gazette.'

I see a review of the 'Vindication' announced in the 'London Review.' What sort of a journal this is I know not, but I suspect utilitarian, though how it differs from the 'Westminster' I cannot decide.

Pozzo di Borgo, dining at Holland House, was complimented by miladi, who wished to pump him on his prophetic State paper in the 'Portfolio.' He replied: 'I am indifferent to any reputation I may obtain, either for what I write or for what I don't write.' Then my lord tried; and he thought the Duke of Wellington must be very much annoyed. 'Bagatelle,' said Pozzo; 'he has had to do with too many State papers, real and false, to be annoyed by them.' 'But he is very susceptible for a great man,' rejoined my lord. 'As for his susceptibility I have my doubts,' replied Pozzo; 'as to his being a great man I have none.' So they could get nothing out of him. . . .

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[3] The first Lord Carrington.

The M.P. for Cambridgeshire, who franks this letter, is living at Long's, and is an old Malta friend of mine, a very good, agreeable young fellow.

March 5, 1836.

The 'Letters of Runnymede' are still making a great sensation. They are considered as rising regularly in power, and the two last, the characters of Lord J. R. and O'C., are generally esteemed the most powerful. The 'London Review' is published; it is by Roebuck & Co. 'Fraser,' which is making some noise, is the highest eulogy I ever received, saying: 'Swift observes, the appearance of a great genius in the world may always be known by the virulence of the dunces, and that this has been singularly illustrated in my case,' &c. Peel told Lyndhurst the last letter was the most powerful of all, so it is generally esteemed. The incognito begins to make way; other names are mentioned, and Westmacott, whom I met yesterday, said at the theatre, Joe Parkes had asked him 'if he *really* knew as a fact who Runnymede was.' Now if Parkes hesitates, the mass must of course be mystified. My father told you of Warren; there is also a Mr. Harris who lives at Staines, I suppose near Runnymede, whom Lady Burghersh said she had heard was the author.

I met Eliot yesterday, who congratulated me on my speedy prospect of Parliament. I stared, and regretted there was no foundation for it, but pumped to discover if he had learnt any details; he had not. I attribute these indiscreet whisperings to Chandos, and Fremantle told Eaton at the Carlton it was all settled, and gave him a long history of the Aylesbury row, adding I was the only man who could floor O'Connell.

I carried the Carlton; the opposition was not inconsiderable in the committee, but my friends were firm—400 candidates, and all in their own opinion with equal claims. Though they elected me, I am sorry to say they blackballed H.

London is full, but dull as to politics for the moment. To-night I am going to the Duchess of Kent's bear-garden, and I am writing now at past six o'clock; but I went out at four o'clock to take caudle at Lady Londonderry's, and have been detained until this moment.

D.

March 26, 1836.

My thoughts are ever with you, though I write little, and cannot venture to write on things I wish. I think a catastrophe in foreign politics is impending; it looks as if it were all up with the Queen of Spain, and, after all, this may turn out the Whigs. If things go on as they promise, you will never regret my long visit to London, and I can assure you I shall enjoy the day when I may come and have a quiet smoke at Bradenham, first embracing you all, before my lips are tainted with the fumes of Gibel. I want information as to the superstitions and other qualities ascribed to precious stones. Can you put your hand easily upon anything of the kind?

I dined the other day with Henry Baillie, who has taken D'Orsay's old house in Curzon Street, Lord Ashley, D'Anschald, Charles Forrester, Dr. Quin, who is the most amusing personage possible, Costa, the director of the opera, and others. At the great meeting at Apsley House, Lyndhurst developed his plan, and they entered into an engagement on no account to falter. A dissolution is generally apprehended among the well-informed.

The Carlton: April 18, 1836.

MY DARLING SISTER,

Ralph tells me you are about to become a traveller; I hope you will remember me *en route*, and send me a letter from every inn and resting-place. The Whigs have announced that they are prepared to give up the Appropriation Clause, *vide* the 'Times.' I have just now learnt from a member come up from the House, that they have introduced the Appropriation Clause this afternoon. Can you conceive a more perfect exposure? O'Connell must have threatened them in the interim to some effect; besides, it proves the loudly whispered differences in the Cabinet.

The opera is very good this year, and Carlotta Grisi the great dancer. There is a report in 'Times' of the Lewes banquet. About my pledging myself to come forward is a mendacious flourish, but does not matter. The Carlton is a great lounge, and I have found a kind friend in Francis Baring—Lord Ashburton's eldest son.

April 30, 1836.

Your violets were most acceptable, in fact the spring this year seems postponed; if it were not for your flowers, I should believe it was still winter. S., who has gone to Paris for a week, writes that he has suffered from snow on his road. There is nothing in politics; the debate in the Lords the other night was spirited, and has put our party in good courage. Lord Holland, however, spoke well, the Chancellor contemptible. Lyndhurst has on both occasions greatly distinguished himself. . . .

June 13, 1836.

The crisis goes on. The general impression is that the Ministers are going to play 1832 over again, and resign with the idea we cannot form a Government. Nothing can give you an idea of the excitement prevailing in the political circles, but I am not inclined to change my opinion, viz. that there will be no dissolution. Lyndhurst, who has been dining with the Duke, confirms what I have heard; the battle cannot be fought better than at present. I dine to-day at Bath House, and on Saturday with Bulwer at the Priory, with whom I shall stay a day or two.

I have agreed to let Colburn have a novel, to be published on October 1, and for a greater sum than I have ever yet received. I have a volume by me finished, but this I did not tell him. . . . Lyndhurst's speech was really a masterpiece; since Canning there has been nothing like it. O'Connell came into the House, but, he will have it, *after* L. had done speaking about him. However, he *was* there, and it was a grand hit, for everybody believed him to be there. The Commons were cowed last night; Lyndhurst's dash has daunted them; John Russell was really feeble, and O'Connell furiously tame. In the meantime, I am brought forward with great trumpeting in leading articles of the 'Chronicle.' Both Lyndhurst and Sir R. Peel are said to have adopted Mr. Disraeli's view of the Constitution, &c. &c.

D.

June 15, 1836.

Chandos is going to give a grand fish dinner on the 18th to the leaders of both Houses, and has asked me, the only man not a member of the House. I have dined with Baring Wall, in a house the most beautiful I ever entered, built by Kent; domed staircases, landing-places supported by Corinthian columns, and a grand salon, which, for its height, carving, gilding, and richly painted ceiling, exceeded anything I ever saw in a private house. Our dinner was worthy of the 'veritable Amphitryon' of London, and was served off a set of Dresden china, of the most marvellous beauty; the candelabra in the middle of immense size, and covered with groups of shepherds and shepherdesses, the whole mounted on green velvet; even the salt-cellars and handles of knives and forks were china, most charming in this weather; our party eight—Redesdale, Ashley, Fremantle, F. Baring, Mildmay, and Bagot.

July, 1836.

We had a most agreeable party at the Ashburtons. Bankes, who was there, says that in looking over his father's papers he has found some curious, of the time of Charles I., belonging to his ancestors who tried Hampden—some letters between the King, I think, and Lord Northumberland, &c. —and that they are at my father's service. The Baring family are disposed to be very friendly. My old friend Pery, in the shape of Lord Glentworth, is going to be married to Maria Villebois—a fortunate woman, I think, to find herself a Countess after all. Lord Limerick has received the announcement amicably, but is on such bad terms with his grandson, that I fear he will be cut down to the entail, not half Lord Limerick's fortune, which is upwards of 30,000*l.* per annum.

Chandos' dinner was a banquet. I was the only person there not an M.P. Peel and Sir James Graham were there; the first came up to me and resumed our acquaintance most flatteringly. Chandos introduced me to Graham. They went down by water, but I accompanied Lyndhurst. We came home in two omnibuses hired for the nonce.

There is a confusion in the Cabinet about the English Church; to-night was to have been a grand debate, and the Tories were to cave the Whigs; but this morning there has been a meeting at the Foreign Office, and no house made. All is perplexity; but the Tories in high spirits. I think Parliament will soon be prorogued, but we may have some diversion before. The Ministers wish the King to introduce in his speech some reflections on the Lords, but his Majesty has refused. They ought to resign, and threaten, but I suppose will not. . . . What do you think of Spain? Trelawny, who is a republican, is in raptures with the prospects. 'The Spaniards,' he says, 'are in advance of all countries; they have got their constitution of 1812!' Says James

Smith, 'I wish I had got mine.' Some one said that 'after all "Fraser's" is the cream of magazines.' 'Whipped[4] cream, I suppose,' said another. I find no letter here from you.

August 20, 1836.

I suppose you have recognised four bolts of veritable Olympian thunder in the 'Times.' It is considered worthy of Jove, and nobody can discover behind what cloud the god is shrouded.

In a few days I give my MS.[5] to the printer, and then I shall at once proceed to Bradenham. Lyndhurst seems half-inclined to come with me. There is no news, save a highly eulogistic review of the author of 'Runnymede' in the 'Monthly Report,' a Radical magazine, written by Fox the preacher.

October 15, 1836.

. . . News arrived here from Spain, from which it appears all is over with the Liberals. Gomez, so often defeated, has entered Cordova, has been joined by an immense force of the old Royalist volunteers of the time of Ferdinand, and, at the head of an irresistible army, is now marching straight to Madrid, without any idea of opposition. Peel is in town, but Lyndhurst still at Paris. O'Connell makes no reply; all the Irish papers taunt him. The 'Warder' says 'he can find time to attack Fraser, O'Connor, and D. W. Harvey, and to call Mr. Lascelles a blockhead, but why does he not answer Disraeli? "Will not the dog dissected alive give another howl?"' All the country papers are full of it. Lord Strangford, who came up from Strathfieldsaye last night, began, 'You have no idea of the sensation your speech has produced at Strathfieldsaye.' I said, 'Oh, my lord, you always say agreeable things.' He took me aside and said, 'I give you my honour as a gentleman that the Duke said at the dinner-table, "It was the most manly thing done yet; when will he come into Parliament?"'

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[4] Grantley Berkeley having horsewhipped Fraser.

[5] *Henrietta Temple.*

Strangford said he had not yet seen my novel ('Henrietta Temple'), and there was only one person at the Duke's who had read it—Lady Wilton. She said she had cried so much that she had excited all their curiosity. Bulwer tells me that at Lady Charlotte Bury's the other night he only heard one report, 'Tears, tears, tears!' so he supposes I am right and he is wrong. Colburn is in high spirits about 'H. T.' He says he shall not be content unless he works it up like 'Pelham.' There were many reviews yesterday. You have of course seen the 'Athenæum;' they were all in that vein, but highly calculated to make people read, if they were wanted, but it is not.

The 'Spectator' said of the Bucks meeting, that the 'speaking, on the whole, was as stupid as usual, except Mr. Disraeli, who, after a little of his usual rhodomontade about the Peers being the founders of liberty, grew abusive and amusing,' and then quoted the Shakespearean passage.

December, 1836.

Do write me some news. I dined *tête-à-tête* with Bulwer yesterday, who thinks my speech the finest in the world, and my novel the very worst! But he made me promise not to mention that he said this, as he would not have ventured to say so had the book not been successful. I boldly defended it, and he says he will read it again, for he read it at night, and all three volumes at once. Lord Henniker is going to marry Miss Kerrison—Lady Mahon's sister. There is no news, and I hope to be down in a week.

The letter that was sent on to me was from Sir Robert Peel. I sent him a copy,[6] late and grudgingly, with a cold dry note, convinced that he would never notice or even confess to having heard of it, being, as you well know, by reputation the most jealous, frigid, and haughty of men. This is what he says: 'I beg to return you my best thanks for that copy of your work respecting the House of Lords, for which I am indebted to your kind attention and consideration. It is not the only one in my possession, for, attracted as well by your name as by some extracts from the work in the public papers, which struck me as very forcibly written, I had taken the first opportunity of procuring a copy, and was gratified and surprised to find that a familiar and apparently exhausted topic could be treated with so much of original force of argument and novelty of illustration. I thank you, both for the work itself and the satisfaction which the reading of it has afforded me. I have the honour to be, yours faithfully and obliged, ROBERT PEEL.'

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[6] *Vindication of the English Constitution.*

Lyndhurst thinks this is *much*, considering the writer.

1837.

Influenza epidemic—Duc de Grammont—Writing 'Venetia'—On Burdett's committee—Illness of King—Concert at Bridgewater House—Reviews of 'Venetia'—The King's death—Queen proclaimed—Excitement at Carlton—Canvassing at Maidstone—Returned—Lyndhurst's marriage—Takes his seat—Queen opens Parliament—First night—Dinner with Peel—Sheriff's petitions—Maiden speech—Failure—Sheil's encouragement—Animal magnetism—New edition of 'Curiosities'—Speech on copyright—The 'ear of the House.'

February 6, 1837.

THERE is no news except intrigues of Lord Grey & Co. to join the Tories; the thing will crawl on a little longer, I think, and dissolve of itself. Lord Harrowby is dangerously ill, which will be awkward for Liverpool.

It is supposed the debate on Ireland that has begun may last three nights. I had a letter from Lyndhurst dated 'Beauvais,' therefore he may be expected daily or hourly. People are dying here by dozens. I have just heard a report that the young Lady Glengall is dead. D'Orsay and myself, however, defy the disorder with a first-rate cook and generous diet and medicated vapour baths. Strangford (did I tell you?) came up from Alnwick for the Kentish meeting, and on his arrival in town was instantly seized and confined for eight days to his bed.

L. E. L. is at last really going to be married, but to an obscure man whom you never heard of. He has some foreign appointment, where he will take her. My father should read Chateaubriand. With all his want of knowledge, coxcombry, and book-making, there are many fine and curious passages in reference to the great subject.

February, 1837.

I have entirely baffled the influenza by the medicated air bath; otherwise I should have had a most severe attack I am certain. All that can be done at present in politics has been arranged; we wait for events. The Whigs and Tories watch each other like a cat and dog, and neither will make the first move. The Duke is for the tactics of last session, and I think under the circumstances he is right. Melbourne is pledged to bring the Irish Question forward, and if again defeated, as is certain, he will dissolve or resign. Through the whole recess there has scarcely been a single Cabinet council, in consequence of the dissensions in the Cabinet. Melbourne yielded to the representations of Lord John in maintaining his part, as Lord John is of opinion that if the Whigs go out of office they should contrive to go out with a clap-trap, and not quietly resign from difficulties during the prorogation. This will show you on what a frail tenure the whole hinges, and what may be expected. . . .

I am keeping well, but with the exception of seeing Lyndhurst I am devoting myself to the fair 'Venetia;' for I can write well here, as the life suits me, and there is a long morning, and the air bath, which is wonderful, renders exercise unnecessary. It certainly baffled the influenza, of which poor Lady Combermere has died, surviving her father, old Greville, but a few days. When D'Orsay does not dine out, which is generally every other day, there are one or two to dinner here. On Monday Ossulston dined *en famille* here, and gave us a very agreeable account of the Grammonts, whom he had been visiting at Versailles. The Duc de Grammont is D'Orsay's brother-in-law and Ossulston's uncle. Since the glorious days the G.'s have retired from Court, and keep themselves aloof; the Duke devoting himself entirely to the education of his three sons. The first, Agenor, the Duc de Guiche, is quiet, with great talents, and at fourteen has just passed the examination of the Ecole Polytechnique, one of the severest; the second, Augustus, the Marquis de Grammont, is a complete soldier; the third, Alfred, the Count de Grammont, is only eight years of age, but, though brought up in so domestic and even severe style, is as great a *roué* as his illustrious ancestor. He does nothing but laugh, shrug his shoulders, and run after the maids, who complain bitterly of his rudeness.

Lyndhurst is full of his four months' adventures abroad. He has seen everyone of note and distinction, of every party and class, literary and political, Carlist, Constitutional, Republican. He was greatly fêted, and enjoyed himself much.

April, 1837.

The book ('Venetia') is to be out on the 11th, and now, from what I hear from Colburn, the printing will proceed so quickly there will be no good in forwarding the proofs. It is advertised in every paper, and C. seems very sanguine and determined to omit no step that will ensure success. . . .

May, 1837.

Town is quite full, and the only thing talked of is the Westminster election. I am on Burdett's committee and obliged to canvass. My district, which is Bolton Street, Clarges, &c., is all right, though, curious enough, Leader[1] is one of my list.

P. is the most wonderful person in the world. He lives in one of the most expensive houses in Portland Place, many servants in livery, a handsome wife ornately dressed, children in fancy dresses tumbling on ottomans, one swearing he is a Tory, the other a Radical, &c. An expenditure not under 5,000*l.* per annum, and no one is the least aware of his means. The party was very stupid. A few Carlton men, mixed up with some Marylebone and Bloomsbury slip-slop; but I like to go to a house for the first time.

I suppose the King has really rallied, as I met Tom Young, who affected that he had never even been in danger.

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[1] Burdett's opponent.

I met Sir J. Hanmer, the youthful M.P. for Shrewsbury, and his pretty wife, and was glad to make his acquaintance, for he is full of talent and literature, and so enthusiastic an admirer of mine, that he had absolutely read the 'Revolutionary Epick.'

The party at Bridgewater House last night turned out to be a grand concert, and the best assembly that has been given this season. There were about one thousand persons, and the suite of apartments, including the picture gallery, all thrown open and illuminated, and I enjoyed myself excessively.

June 19, 1837.

There was an agreeable party at Madame Montalembert's; but whether la Comtesse had taken an extra glass of champagne, or what might be the cause, she lionised me so dreadfully that I was actually forced to run for my life. She even produced 'Venetia' and was going to read a passage out loud, when I seized my hat and rushed downstairs, leaving the graceful society of Lady Egerton, much to my vexation. There have been several reviews of my book, chiefly in Radical papers, but all very laudatory. 'Fraser' gave the tone to the 'Sun,' &c. I shall keep this open for news of the King.

5.30 P.M.—I have just seen a very interesting letter from Munster, dated 11 last night. The King dies like an old lion. He said yesterday to his physicians, 'Only let me live through this glorious day!' This suggested to Munster to bring the tricolor flag which had just arrived from the Duke of Wellington, and show it to the King. William IV. said, 'Right, right,' and afterwards, 'Unfurl it and let me feel it,' then he pressed the eagle and said, 'Glorious day.' This may be depended on. He still lives.

D.

Carlton Club: June 20, 1837.

DEAREST,

I write in the midst of three or four hundred persons, and in a scene of great excitement. The battle now approaches; what will be my fate I pretend not to foresee. The King died in the middle of the night. Lord Lyndhurst attended the Privy Council at Kensington, and kissed the young Queen's hand, which all agreed was remarkably sweet and soft. She read her address well, and was perfectly composed, though alone in the council chamber, and attended by no women.

June 23.

. . . Her Majesty was proclaimed on the 21st, and appeared in the balcony of the palace. The dissolution is expected in the course of three weeks. My prospects are bright, and I hope soon to tell you they are settled. Did you ever hear that the two Praeds, the late M.P. and his brother, who were so alike that it was almost impossible to distinguish them, were called at Eton 'Noodle' and 'Doodle,' which names have stuck to them in life and death? Noodle, as you know, is no more, but Doodle remains. The Carlton is full from the hour it opens to long past midnight—deputations from the country, permanent committees, places that want candidates, and candidates that want places.

Friday.

The clouds have at length dispelled, and my prospects seem as bright as the day. At six o'clock this evening I start for Maidstone with Wyndham Lewis, and I suppose by Wednesday I shall have completed my canvass. I doubt whether there will be a contest.

Maidstone: Tuesday.

From all I can judge my seat is secure here, Robarts having declined to interfere, and having written an address to his constituents, declaring he will not canvass or trouble himself, but they may elect him if they like. Last night there was a full meeting, and I think I made the best speech I ever made yet—as well maintained as the Aylesbury one, and more than an hour in length; so to-day I canvassed on *my own* influence. I do not see how we can be defeated, but I have said little about the affair generally, as when one feels assured it is best to be quiet.

July 18, 1837.

Robarts retired from a fruitless struggle yesterday morning, the very day on which his committee had pledged themselves he should attend a meeting of the electors. His party are exposed, and confess they are utterly beaten.

July 22.

The accounts from Maidstone continue as favourable as ever. Several of Robarts' supporters have come over to me since his secession. I believe I am the only *new* candidate of our side who has not an opposition. It was thought impossible in these times that a man could enter Parliament for the first time and for a borough in such a manner. . . . So much for the 'maddest of all mad acts,' my uncle G.'s prescience, and B.'s unrivalled powers of encouragement! The nomination day is fixed for the 25th.

Maidstone: July 27, 1837, 11 o'clock.

DEAREST,

Lewis	707
Disraeli	616
Colonel Thompson . . .	412

The constituency nearly exhausted.

In haste, DIZZY.

. . . I did not see the 'Herald,' but I find my advent canvassed in many papers, among them the 'Spectator,' which says they have no doubt I fancy I shall be the terror of the Treasury Bench, but they shall be 'agreeably disappointed if I turn out anything better than a buffoon.' This must come from Colonel Thompson & Co., who did not particularly relish my nomination jokes. Clear your head of all nonsense about scrutinies, petitions, &c. There is not a safer seat in England than mine. They have not a shadow to work upon.

I franked your letter. There is no doubt there must be 319 Tories in the House, and we shall pick up a few more. In short the Government is done, and I doubt whether they will meet Parliament. Lanarkshire, the largest and most Radical county in Scotland, being the seat of their principal manufactures, is gained by Lockhart by a majority of *one* ! ! There is no doubt of the fact of his return, for he has notified it to the Carlton this morning by *his frank*, as well as Bateman for Tralee, whose signature was very welcome, as this is a borough rescued from O'Connell's grip. The Whigs are more than low-spirited, they are *in extremis*. . . . Peel says he can carry on the government with the present Parliament. Not the slightest doubt, so I hope we are sitting for seven years. What fun! and how lucky, after all, I should esteem myself. . . .

What do you think of Lyndhurst's marriage? I had long heard, but never credited it. I am very well and begin to enjoy my new career. I find that it makes a sensible difference in the opinion of one's friends ; I can scarcely keep my countenance.

November 15, 1837.

I took my seat this morning. I went down to the House with Wyndham Lewis at two o'clock, and found it very full, the members standing in groups and chatting. About three o'clock there was a cry of 'Order ! order!' all took their seats (myself on the second bench, behind Sir Robert Peel), and a messenger summoned the Commons. The Government party was very strong, in consequence of an article in the 'Times,' about two days back, which spread a panic through their ranks, but which I think was a hoax. Shaw-Lefevre proposed, and Strutt of Derby seconded Abercromby.

Both were brief, the first commonplace, the other commonplace and coarse; all was tame. . . . Peel said a very little, very well. Then Abercromby, who looked like an old laundress, mumbled and moaned some dulness, and was then carried to the chair, and said a little more, amid a faint cheer. To me of course the scene was exciting enough, but none could share my feelings, except new members. Peel was a great deal at the Carlton yesterday. He welcomed me very warmly, and all noticed his cordial demeanour. He looks very well, and asked me to join a small dinner at the Carlton on Thursday. 'A House of Commons dinner purely,' he said; 'by that time we shall know something of the temper of the House.

November 21, 1837.

I tried to write you a line yesterday, as I was endeavouring to eat a sandwich, which I was not permitted to finish. Affairs are in a state of great excitement, and most interesting. All Sunday our members poured in, and at 4.30 the Carlton was full. Lyndhurst arrived rather unexpectedly on the Saturday night, and sent for me the following morning. I never saw him look so well, he really might have passed for five-and-forty, plump and rosy, and most gaily attired, and in the highest force and spirits. He was more than kind, and after paying a visit to Peel and the Duke, showed at the Carlton, where his appearance created great enthusiasm. Yesterday, after being obliged to go down to the House at eleven, to ensure a house for members to swear, I went to a great meeting at Peel's. There must have been 300 members. Peel addressed, full of spirit, and apparently eager for action. Thence again to the House, where we were summoned to the Lords at two o'clock. The rush was terrific; Abercromby himself nearly thrown down and trampled upon, and his mace-bearer banging the members' heads with his gorgeous weapon, and cracking skulls with impunity. I was fortunate enough to escape, however, and also to ensure an entry. It was a magnificent spectacle.

The Queen looked admirably, no feathers but a diamond tiara; the peers in robes, the peeresses, and the sumptuous groups of courtiers rendered the affair most glittering and imposing. The Speech was intentionally vague, that no division might possibly occur. All was mystery until five o'clock. From the Lords I escaped, almost at the hazard of our lives, with Mahon, who is now most cordial, and we at length succeeded in gaining the Carlton, having several times been obliged to call upon the police and military to protect us as we attempted to break the line, but the moment the magical words 'Member of Parliament' were uttered all the authorities came to our assistance, all gave way, and we passed everywhere. You never saw two such figures, our hats crushed and covered with mud, and the mobocracy envying us our privileges, calling out 'Jim Crow' as we stalked through the envious files.

I went down, after refitting at the Carlton, for about half an hour, during which I tried to scribble to you. The seat I succeeded in securing behind Peel I intend if possible to appropriate to myself. The House was so crowded later, that the galleries were all full of members; many unable to obtain seats were sitting on the stairs and on chairs and benches behind the Speaker's chair. Lyndhurst and many peers were in their seats at the bar: the strangers' gallery of course crammed.

The Address was moved by Lord Leveson,[2] a child apparently, in a rich diplomatic uniform, and seconded by Gibson Craig, a new member in a court dress. Leveson made a crammed speech like a schoolboy; Gibson Craig, of whom the Whigs had hopes, rose, stared like a stuck pig, and said nothing; his friends cheered, he stammered, all cheered, then there was a dead and awful pause, and then he sat down, and that was his performance. The Address was then read, and Wakley made a most Radical speech and amendment (see the papers), determined to bring affairs to a crisis. He was fluent, flippant, and vulgar; a second-rate hustings orator. He was seconded by Molesworth, a most odious speaker, who wearied the House. Still the Government was silent, and the tactics were for our side to say nothing. Great difficulty, however, in keeping H. Liddell quiet, who, flushed with his Durham triumph, had been at half-cock all day. Hume followed Molesworth and badgered the Government, and gave them every opportunity to declare themselves, announcing that the Radicals would use all their influence to induce Wakley to withdraw his amendment. Nothing now could longer restrain Liddell, who rose fluent and confident, to the infinite mortification of our side, who feared this would be a diversion for the Government. It is impossible to convey an idea of a more pitiable failure; but fortunately it was only an individual exposure and not a party injury, for John Russell rose after him and took no notice of him except by administering a sharp and deserved rebuke at the end of his speech.

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[2] Now Lord Granville.

John Russell threw the Radicals over in a most matured and decided manner. It was a declaration evidently the result of a Cabinet decision. The sensation was immense. Peel then rose and made one of the finest speeches I ever heard, most powerful and even brilliant. He broke the centre of the Government party for ever. The Radicals were mad. Henry Ward, looking most hideous, then rose, amid the tumult of the House, and, though nobody would listen to him, contrived to abuse Wakley for appropriating to himself questions which belonged to other persons, and announced that he for one had not intended to vote for him, but now that the Government had at length thrown off the mask he should.

So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the House at ten o'clock, none of us having dined. The tumult and excitement great. I dined, or rather supped, at the Carlton with a large party off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at half-past twelve o'clock. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life.

December 5, 1837.

The dinner yesterday was merely a house dinner of fourteen—all our great men, with the exception of Lord Ramsey and myself, the only two new members. Peel took wine with me.

It was rather amusing the other day in the House. The Sheriffs of London, Sir Bob or Tom, and Sir Moses, and no mistake, appeared at the bar in full state to present, according to the privilege of the city of London, some petitions, after which they took their place under the gallery and listened to the debate, which turned out to be the Jew question by a sidewind. I was not at all uncomfortable, but voted in the majority with the utmost *sangfroid.* Sugden made a subtle and learned speech of two and half hours, which would have done very well in the Court of Chancery, but was rather a trial. I dined during some part of it. The petitions poured in last night, the last in every sense. So all is safe for the much vilified Maidstone.

Hawes came up to me in the House and reminded me of, or rather asked whether I remembered, his taking me from school with the Gurneys 'twenty-three years ago' and giving us a dinner. He said I was not at all altered. I told him then that I had not changed, by his account, since I was seven or eight years old. He also said, 'We are all expecting to hear *you lash us.*' They may wait.

December 8, 1837.

I made my maiden speech last night, rising very late after O'Connell, but at the request of my party and the full sanction of Sir Robert Peel. As I wish to give you an *exact* idea of what occurred, I state at once that my *début* was a *failure*, so far that I could not succeed in gaining an opportunity of saying what I intended; but the failure was not occasioned by my breaking down or any incompetency on my part, but from the physical powers of my adversaries. I can give you no idea how bitter, how factious, how unfair they were. It was like my first *début* at Aylesbury, and perhaps in that sense may be auspicious of ultimate triumph in the same scene. I fought through all with undaunted pluck and unruffled temper, made occasionally good isolated hits when there was silence, and finished with spirit when I found a formal display was effectual. My party backed me well, and no one with more zeal and kindness than Peel, cheering me repeatedly, which is not his custom. The uproar was all organised by the Rads and the Repealers. They formed a compact body near the bar of the House and seemed determined to set me down, but that they did not do. I have given you a most impartial account, stated indeed against myself.

In the lobby at the division, Chandos, who was not near me while speaking, came up and congratulated me. I replied that I thought there was no cause for congratulations, and muttered 'Failure!' 'No such thing,' said Chandos; 'you are quite wrong. I have just seen Peel, and I said to him, "Now tell me exactly what you think of D." Peel replied, "Some of my party were disappointed and talk of failure, I say *just the reverse*. He did all that he could do under the circumstances. I say anything but failure; he must make his way."'

The Government and their retainers behaved well. The Attorney-General, to whom I never spoke in my life, came up to me in the lobby and spoke to me with great cordiality. He said, 'Now, Mr. Disraeli, could you just tell me how you finished one sentence in your speech, we are anxious to know—"In one hand the keys of St. Peter, and in the other——"?' 'In the other the cap of liberty, Sir John.' He smiled, and said 'A good picture.' I replied, 'But your friends will not allow me to finish my pictures.' 'I assure you,' he said, 'there was the liveliest desire to hear you from us. It was a party at the bar, over whom we had no control; but you have nothing to be afraid of.' Now I have told you all.

Yours, D.—in very good spirits.

December 11, 1837.

I dined with Bulwer on Saturday, and, strange enough, met Sheil. I should have been very much surprised had I not arrived first and been apprised. It thus arose:—On Saturday Bulwer walked into the Athenæum. Sheil, who has just recovered from the gout, was lounging in an easy-chair, reading the newspaper; around him was a set of low Rads (we might guess them) abusing me, and exulting in the discrimination of the House; probably they thought they pleased Sheil. Bulwer drew near, but stood apart.

Suddenly Sheil threw down the paper, and said in his shrill voice, 'Now, gentlemen, I have heard all you have to say, and what is more, I heard this same speech of Mr. Disraeli; and I tell you this, that if ever the spirit of oratory was in a man, it is in that man; nothing can prevent him from being one of the first speakers in the House of Commons (great confusion). Ay! and I know something about that place I think; and I tell you what besides, that if there had not been this interruption, Mr. Disraeli might have made a failure. I don't call this a failure, it is a crush. My *début* was a failure, because I was heard; but my reception was supercilious, his malignant. A *début* should be dull. The House will not allow a man to be a wit and an orator unless they have the credit of finding it out. There it is.' You may conceive the sensation that this speech made. I heard of it yesterday from Eaton, Winslow, and several other quarters. The crowd dispersed, but Bulwer drew near and said to Sheil, 'D. dines with me to-day; would you like to meet him?' 'In spite of my gout,' said Sheil, 'I long to know him, I long to tell him what I think.' So we met. There were besides only D'Eyncourt, always friendly to me, Mackinnon, a Tory, and one Quin[3] of the Danube. Sheil took an opportunity of disburthening his mind of the subject with which it was full. 'If you had been listened to, what would have been the result? You would have made the best speech that you ever would have made. It would have been received frigidly, and you would have despaired of yourself. I did. As it is, you have shown to the House that you have a fine organ, that you have an unlimited command of language, that you have courage, temper, and readiness. Now get rid of your genius for a session. Speak often, for you must not show yourself cowed, but speak shortly. Be very quiet, try to be dull, only argue, and reason imperfectly, for if you reason with precision, they will think you are trying to be witty. Astonish them by speaking on subjects of detail. Quote figures, dates, calculations, and in a short time the House will sigh for the wit and eloquence which they all know are in you; they will encourage you to pour them forth, and then you will have the ear of the House and be a favourite.' . . . I think that altogether this is as interesting a *rencontre* as I have ever experienced. Yesterday I dined with Hope, a sumptuous but rather dull party. On Saturday I dine with Peel, his first party.

December 12, 1837.

I have to go down to Maidstone, but shall return on Thursday. Yesterday the House was surprised by a Royal message requesting us 'to take into consideration a suitable provision for the Duchess of Kent.' Considering that the Ministers have announced that there would be no more business of importance before the recess, this is considered a very suspicious movement. To-night we shall know what it means.

All London is mad with animal magnetism. A M. de Dupotet ceremonises in Orchard Street, and everyone flocks there. Strangford asked me to go with him to-day, but it was not in my power. Maidstone is a convert, and tells me he met there yesterday, besides many ladies, the sharp Sir H. Hardinge, who believes, and Eliot. Lord Stanhope is frantically mad about it, as he was about Caspar Hauser.

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[3] This must be the late witty homœopath.

December, 1837.

I have received the new edition of 'Curiosities,' which is indeed perfect. On Saturday I dined with Wyndham Lewis, rather an agreeable party. The guests : Lady Charlotte, much improved in appearance by the married state ; Lady C. Churchill, who is still young and must have been beautiful, and who gave her name, Ethel, to L. E. L.'s novel ; Miles Stapleton, the author of 'Pagnell,' an agreeable person ; John Lowther, &c.

Yesterday a banquet at Dick's. Hillsboro' and his law-papa Combermere, Exmouth, De Lisle, Hogg, little Hope, Henry Baillie, Vesey. Fine venison though December. Dick's room is always too much lighted, which makes it hot. Armstrong, who had given him many hints in vain, and who is a cool hand who says anything, seeing there was no change, told him the other day, 'By Jove, Dick, this is too bad. Now if you go on in this way, I shall call you "Jolly Dick the lamplighter."' To enjoy the joke, you should know our host, whose appearance is a fine contrast to his nickname. —My love to all.

D.

December.

We were kept late in the House last night ; the proceedings most interesting, but I cannot dwell upon them. Colquhoun, one of the new orators, made his maiden speech and with great success, a sort of Tory Roebuck ; calm, unrivalled self-possession, perspicuous and logical. He rallied a nearly lost debate and more than decided the victory. To-day a great meeting at Peel's, most stirring and important. Stanley for the first time addressed the Conservative party in private, and explained his position and feelings towards them and Peel with extraordinary fervour.

December 18, 1837.

Nothing daunted, and acting on the advice of Sheil (a strange Parliamentary mentor for me after all), I spoke again last night and with complete success. It was on the Copyright Bill. The House was not very full, but all the Cabinet Ministers and officials were there, and all our principal men. Talfourd, who had already made a long speech (his style flowery, with a weak and mouthing utterance), proposed the Copyright Bill very briefly, having spoken on it last session. Bulwer followed him, and confined himself to the point of international copyright, which called up Poulett Thomson. Then Peel on the copyright of art; and then I rose. I was received with the utmost curiosity and attention. As there had been no great discussion I determined not to be tempted into a speech, which everyone expected of course I rose to make. All I aimed at was to say something pointed and to the purpose. My voice, in spite of our doings at Maidstone, was in perfect condition. I suggested a clause to Talfourd, with the idea of which I had been furnished by Colburn. I noticed that the subject had already been done so much justice to on other occasions that I should not trouble the House, but I had been requested to support this Bill by many eminent persons interested in its success. Thus far I was accompanied by continual 'hear, hears,' and I concluded thus: 'I am glad to hear from her Majesty's Government that the interests of literature have at length engaged their attention. It has been the boast of the Whig party, and a boast not without foundation, that in many brilliant periods of our literary annals they have been the patrons of letters ("Hear, hear" from John Russell & Co.). As for myself, I trust that the age of literary patronage has passed ("Hear, hear" from leader of the Rads), and it will be honourable to the present Government if, under its auspices, it be succeeded by that of legislative protection.' I sat down with a general cheer. Talfourd, in reply, noticed all the remarks of the preceding members, and when he came to me said he should avail himself of 'the excellent suggestion of the honourable member for Maidstone, himself one of the greatest ornaments of our modern literature. Here Peel cheered loudly, and indeed throughout my remarks he backed me. So, on the whole, there was glorification. Everybody congratulated me. Colonel Lygon said, 'Well, you have got in your saddle again, and now you may ride away.' Even Granville Somerset said, 'I never heard a few sentences so admirably delivered. You will allow me to say so, after having been twenty-five years in Parliament.' But all agree that I managed in a few minutes by my voice and manner to please everyone in the House. I don't care about the meagre report, for I spoke to the House and not to the public.

I have no time to tell you about Maidstone, except that the banker gave me a banquet more splendid than many I have had in this town, that we had the largest meeting on record, and that I made a successful speech ; that Wyndham Lewis is infinitely more warm than ever, and my constituents far more enthusiastic, and it is my firm opinion that the next time I rise in the House, which will be very soon in February, I shall sit down amid loud cheers, for I really think, on the whole, though I have not time now to give you the reasons, that the effect of my *début*, and the circumstances that attended it, will ultimately be favourable to my career. Next to undoubted success the best thing is to make a great noise, and the many articles that are daily written to announce my failure only prove that I have not failed. One thing is curious, that the opinion of the mass is immensely affected by that of their leaders. I know a hundred little instances daily, which show me that what Peel, and Sheil, and other leading men have said, have already greatly influenced those who are unable to form opinions for themselves.—Love to all.

D.

1838.

Politics—Charles Kean—Debates—Roebuck—Lord Francis Egerton—Pakington—Gladstone—Grand concert—Reception at Salisbury House—Levée—O'Connell reprimanded by Speaker—Family dinner with Lyndhurst—Society—Death of Wyndham Lewis—Successful speech—Assembly at Salisbury House—Town full—Gore House—Coronation of the Queen—Review in Hyde Park—Banquet at Holderness House—Visit to Maidstone—Durham proclamation.

Thursday, January 18, 1838.

I MISSED the post yesterday, having been very busy, and having indeed little to tell you. We have adjourned until Monday, after two nights of the most feeble debates that can well be fancied. The frigid genius of Canada pervaded our deliberations, and even Sir Robert appeared to sink under it, for I never recollect him so inefficient.

I have no news to tell you, except that I shall go and see Kean to-morrow with Mrs. W. L., provided she get a good warm box. I understand from Chandos that the Wotton meeting takes place on the 28th, and that I am expected. I suppose I must go, in which case I will get down before to Bradenham for a couple of days. . . . I am working at the Corn Laws.

January 20, 1838.

Town is very dull; everybody is frozen to death. Brougham's speech[1] on Thursday was most clever, as good as his old House of Commons harangues. Our peers mustered thick, and seemed 'miching mallecho,' but the Duke of Wellington rose and spoilt all with his generosity and all that. Great disgust in Tory ranks, even among the highest. Duke supposed to be *passé*, and to like being buttered with Whig laudation.

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[1] Debate on Canadian Rebellion.

I had a curious adventure in the course of the evening with Cecil Forrester, both of us in search of a dinner, which I will tell you when we meet.

I went to see young Kean last night, and the theatre was full in spite of the frost, which thins all the other houses; but I will not criticise him, for one word describes all—mediocrity. We went with the Horace Twisses; Lord Chesterfield's box, a capital fire, our own tea, and really very amusing.

D.

Library of House of Commons: January 23.

To be impartial, which one should be when a man with brains is concerned, Roebuck yesterday was not equal to the occasion. Sharp and waspish, he would have made a good petulant Opposition speech, but as the representative of a nation arraigning a Ministry of high crimes and misdemeanours, he was rather ridiculous. The subsequent debate was, on the whole, interesting. Sir G. Grey, who had gained a reputation by the Canada revolt, contrived pretty well to lose it. Lord Francis Egerton spoke with all the effect which a man of considerable talent and highly cultivated mind, backed by the highest rank and 60,000*l.* per annum, would naturally command. He has a bad delivery, a good voice, but no management or modulation of it, and the most ungainly action conceivable; nevertheless, on the whole impressive, and his style rich and somewhat ornate. Leader ludicrously imitated Roebuck for more than an hour, and then the only feature was Pakington's *début*, who sat next to me. His friends expected a great deal from him, and they announce that he quite fulfilled their expectations. He was confident, fluent, and commonplace, and made a good chairman of quarter sessions speech. 'It was the best speech that he ever will make,' said Sugden, 'and he has been practising it before the grand jury for the last twenty years.' However, I supported him very zealously, and he went to bed thinking he was an orator, and wrote to Mrs. Pakington, I've no doubt, to that effect. . . . .

This day we hear of the total discomfiture of the remaining rebels. Molesworth is now speaking, and I therefore took advantage to write this. The House is very thin, frigid, and sleepy, but warmer work is expected by-and-by. By writing letters at the House, I get Radical franks, I find, with ease.

D.

January 25, 1838.

It was impossible yesterday to speak of coming down, though nothing shall prevent me from so doing on the earliest opportunity. For lo! in the midst of our serene life, a row has arisen very menacing and exciting. Peel has taken the most decided course on the Canada Bill; probably thereunto impelled by the extreme disgust of the party at the *bêtise* of the Duke of Wellington, and his clearly foreseeing that unless the troops were led to battle they could no longer be counted on. Hardinge was sent on a mission to Strathfieldsaye, and this morning we had a meeting in Whitehall Gardens. The Government are brought to battle, *coûte que coûte.* Ever since Saturday last we have been privately and quietly whipping our men up, and in case of our not succeeding, Sir Robert this morning had the satisfaction of informing us, that after communicating with those noble lords with whom he was in the habit of acting, the said amendments would undoubtedly and uncompromisingly be proposed, and of course carried in the Upper House. So at length the Duke has 'been spoken to,' so long recommended; and Sir Robert, conscious that without action the party could not be carried on, and himself smarting under his Grace's blundering, has fairly shown that he is master. The excitement is great and the Government alarmed. Unfortunately, the great battle will be fought on both sides

K

with half their strength, at least I fear so, but this applies to both parties.

D.

Saturday, January 27.

I write to say that it is my present intention to go to Wotton on Monday, stay there if it prove agreeable until Friday, on which day I will join you and leave Bradenham on Monday following, when we have a whip. We had a great triumph last night in the House. Peel made one of the finest speeches[2] I ever heard. We had a majority of at least twenty, and the Government gave up everything by which they had promised to stand or fall. They eat much dirt; Howick resigned in the morning.

Strangford is going to write to the governor about Corney on Camoens; thinks he can be of service, and very hot against C——. He has just come in and is hard at work, and will have two good points on Camoens and Cervantes, but the weather is not for the Museum, and he will soon write.

February, 1838.

There was no harm in Sir William Young lounging at Wycombe, as the present debate, which has been a very stupid one, is a mere fight between the Whigs and the Papineau clique. Our battle is on Thursday, and I suspect all our men will be at their places. Yesterday there were not more than one hundred members in the House until eleven o'clock, when the benches got tolerably full, and Gladstone spoke very well, though with the unavoidable want of interest which accompanies elaborate speeches which you know are to lead to no result, *i.e.* no division. His speech, however, called up a Minister, and then Peel, &c. I went away before the division.

Evans has accepted the clerkship of the Ordnance, and there will be a vacancy for Westminster. Roebuck starts; between him and Evans we ought to carry it. . . . This makes much excitement. Sheil has got a snug place in Greenwich Hospital — a commissionership. The world, however, wonders at such a man taking such a place (coals, candles, and 600*l.* per annum), and the English Radicals are furious that the Irish are not contented with the plunder of their own country. Bear Ellice is now called the *Bear* no longer, but the *Retriever.*

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[2] Canada Bill.

I went to a most *recherché* concert at Parnther's, where I found all the *élite* of town, and where the season commenced, as all agreed, very brilliantly. The Duke was there, looking very well in his garter, riband, and the golden fleece. There were indeed as many stars as in an Arabian story—

> Ye stars which are the poetry of dress!

I can scarcely tell you who was not there, for I saw Lansdownes, Salisburys, Stuart de Rothesay, Duke of Beaufort, Douro, Cantaloupe, Fitzroy, Loftus, &c., and Mrs. W. L., who was very proud, evidently, of being there. But the most picturesque group was the Rothschilds, the widow still in mourning, two sons, some sisters, and, above all, the young bride, or rather wife, from Frankfort, universally admired, tall, graceful, dark, and clear, picturesquely dressed, a robe of yellow silk, a hat and feathers, with a sort of *Sévigné* beneath of magnificent pearls; quite a Murillo.—Love to all.

D.

I send you two good franks to add to your collection; the handwriting of two of the greatest ruffians in the House, and given to me by both of them when very drunk. They are 'Tailers,' but have taken a sort of blackguard fancy to me, and very civil. We had a queer but amusing party at Twisses. It was really given to Mr. and Mrs. Barnes; the W. L.'s were got to meet them, and the rest were men—Lord Darlington, Lowther, G. Somerset, Lord Reay, H. Hardinge, Henry Baring, &c., and myself. The dinner was good for Twiss, and everything went off well; Mrs. B., who looked, as Baring said, like a lady in a pantomime, very funny, surrounded by sons of dukes and privy councillors. . . .

The weather was so bad, the streets being nearly half a foot deep in slough and snow, that I doubt whether I could have got to Salisbury House, short as was the distance, had not G. Somerset taken me. It was a most brilliant party, and the first time the world has been received there since the alterations which commenced after the old lady's death. Such a revolution! There is not a vestige of ancient interior; even the staircase is entirely new and newly placed. There had been a grand dinner given previously to Lord and Lady Lyndhurst. Lady L. made a favourable impression. . . . I was of course presented to her. Without being absolutely pretty, her appearance is highly interesting. She was sitting on the large ottoman in the centre of the new saloon, and therefore I can scarcely judge of her figure. She is very little, but her appearance is elegant and delicate. She was most becomingly dressed in a white turban of a very *recherché* construction. I spoke very little to her: the advance of some other persons whom Lady Salisbury wished to introduce relieved me from a rather embarrassing conversation. L. is in high spirits, talking of nothing else but the hope of having a son. Lady Salisbury received me with great cordiality and talked to me for some time. I found I owed the invitation to Lady Londonderry having mentioned me to her.

D.

February, 1838.

At the *levée* to-day O'Connell and all his sons were presented. That looks frisky, as if he really were about to be Chief Justice of Ireland. It would keep him quiet for life, and perhaps he thinks it is time to secure himself; but the arrangement would be almost as shameful as buying off the Goths and maintaining the limits by tribute. Ewart starts for Marylebone, much to the dissatisfaction of Lord Nugent. Mr. Young says he will also stand again. If two Liberals start we may carry Teignmouth; I doubt it otherwise.

February 26, 1838.

We have a prospect of some amusement to-night, as the chivalrous blood of my little friend Maidstone impelled him last night to give notice to call O'Connell to account for calling the Tory members 'perjured' at the dinner some ruffians gave him the other day. I am to second Chandos on the Corn Laws, which is fixed for next week, but will scarcely come on so soon.

March 1.

On Tuesday we beat the Government again on the O'Connell question by increasing majorities, and, to make the affair complete, they were beaten again the same evening on another question. Yesterday O'Connell received his reprimand in one of the most crowded houses I remember. He entered about 4.30, during the transaction of private business, with his usual air of bustle and indifference; but it was very obvious that his demeanour was affected, as he was so restless that he did not keep in his place for two minutes together.

At five o'clock the business commenced. The Speaker inquired whether Mr. O'Connell was in attendance, upon which O'Connell answered, 'Yes, sir,' but did not rise. The Speaker, who wore his three-cornered hat, then said, 'Sir, you must stand up.' This rather dashed Dan, who began to feel uneasy, as was very evident, standing like a culprit before several hundred individuals sitting. After all, it is a moral pillory, and I am much mistaken whether Dan did not suffer acutely. The reprimand, considering the politics and physical and intellectual qualities of the reprimanded, was not ineffective. Dan stood like a penitent for a few minutes, then affected to look at some papers, but almost as quickly resumed his attention to the chair, as if he feared the House would notice his indifference; then he dropped the paper, then he took it up, then listened again, then took out his spectacles, wiped them, and did not put them on. At last it was finished, when he rose and made a very ruffianly acknowledgment, and here the Speaker quite failed, as he ought not to have permitted it. Just as he sat down, there appearing a great desire to renew the fight again among our youth, and Castlereagh on his legs, a stupid deputation from the London Election Committee appeared, through an error, at the bar, robbed O'Connell of the cheers of his followers, and occasioned a dull technical debate of half an hour. At the end of this time, by the interference of our leaders, our valour had evaporated; and this was the end of an incident which has shaken the Government to its centre. . . .

March 7.

I forgot to tell you I dined at Lyndhurst's *en famille*, to meet Campusano, the new Spanish Minister, also De Rothsay and Aberdeen. As miladi was very silent, and generally spoke French, I cannot draw any definite conclusion about her, except that I observed nothing to detract from the favourable impression I formed previously. Sa is at home, and grown very much, though more in breadth than height; milord a most devoted husband; Miss Copley still presides at table.

Sir George Grey[3] is called Mr. Pickwick in the House, being in appearance, spectacles, and style of oratory, the 'very prototype,' as Mrs. B. says, of Samivel Veller's master and patron.

D.

March 11, 1838.

On Saturday I dined with George Wombwell, and met De Lisle, Adolphus Fitzclarence, Auriol, and Hope. Mrs. W. I like very much. I got away to the Salisburys', where there was an agreeable party. By the bye, I met Strangford there and his daughter; he was full of the pamphlet. Yesterday I dined at Neeld's; all my friends—Ernest Bruce, Loftus, Sir Hugh Campbell, Percival, Eaton. The pictures exceed any I have seen in England, far beyond Lord Grosvenor's, though of course not near so numerous. His library too, is quite august. I have never seen such bindings and such magnificent copies. He has an illustrated 'Lysons,' Dent's copy, that cost, I believe, Dent originally some thousands; he has Britton's 'Antiquities,' with the original drawings, and a thousand other fine things.

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[3] An ex-Indian judge.

March 15, 1838.

I write to say I heard yesterday of the sudden death of my colleague. I have seen Mrs. Wyndham; she is, of course, at present, extremely overwhelmed, she was sitting in the room with him when he died. . . .

March, 1838.

I dined with the Powerscourts; Lady P. is without exception the most beautiful woman in London. The party was good, in some instances rather funny—the Murchisons and Mrs. Somerville, Mahon, Redesdale, and Bankes. Murchison a stiff geological prig, and his wife silent. Mrs. Somerville grown very old and not very easy, but Bankes was so very agreeable that I hardly ever was at a more pleasant meeting. I hope to be with you for Easter, as I do not want to be in town during the holidays.

March 16, 1838.

You will hear that last night,[4] very unexpectedly—for I had given up all thought of speaking, and suffering naturally not a little both mentally and physically—I rose and made a most successful speech. I was so disturbed by deputations from Maidstone, rival candidates for the vacant post, and having nearly lost my voice, which I had been cooking with so much care for days, that at six o'clock, when I sat down in my place, I had quite given up all idea of speaking; but finding the House thin, and getting more composed, I began to think I would make a speech merely for the press. Even with this humble view I was unfortunate, for I could not catch the Speaker's eye, and time flew on, and the great guns one by one returned—Peel, Graham, Goulburn, Hardinge, Herries, &c. About ten o'clock Hardinge beckoned to me and I seated myself between him and Graham. He wanted to speak about moving the new writ for Maidstone. Just as I rose to quit my place, Clay, who was speaking, sat down; and the Speaker, imagining that I was going to rise, called my name. I was in for it, put my hat down, advanced to the table, and dashed along. I got the House still in a minute, and was heard with the greatest attention and good humour. I made a much shorter speech than I should have done at an early hour and a thin House; and at length sat down amid loud cheers, and really principally from the Government side; many of them shaking hands with me, and saying, 'All our people agree it was one of the best speeches made on the subject.' Lord John said nothing, but watched me very attentively, a smile on his face, and I thought he looked malignant; but I did him injustice, for, walking home with Ossulston, who was full of congratulations, he said, 'I have only seen Johnny, and he says it was the best thing he had heard for a long time, a great thing for one so scant of laudation.' As for our own people, Graham, Goulburn, and Hardinge and good old Herries shook hands with me immediately when I had regained my place. In the lobby all the squires came up to shake hands with me and thank me for the good service. They were so grateful, and well they might be, for certainly they had nothing to say for themselves. All our party noticed the great courtesy of the Whigs and the other side generally to me. I ascribe my popularity in the House to the smoking-room.

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[4] Motion on Corn Laws.

On Monday I shall be at Maidstone to dine with my triumphant constituents, as I hope, for up to last night Fector had no competitor.

March 19, 1838.

I write this at a Committee which I am obliged to attend on the Necropolis Bill. The ground is to be purchased by Lord Southampton, and I attend for Henry Fitzroy, who is obliged to go to Cheltenham as his mother is dying. It is very wearisome; and the whole morning is taken up by Orator Murphy, who patriotically appears for 'the Public,' and beards the counsel in spite of their wigs.

The evening at Salisbury's last Saturday was very brilliant; so many beautiful women, and among them the Princess of Capua. Her beauty is remarkable, added to in some degree by her gorgeous and fantastic dress. It was entirely of green velvet and gold; her headdress of the same material, although in shape that of a contadina. Miss Burdett Coutts was also there, a very quiet and unpretending person; not unlike her father, nevertheless. Lady Aldboro' made her first appearance for the season, and was very witty and amusing, and looked as fresh as ever. Lady Stanhope is the very picture of Bob Smith, but I forgot you know her. . . . She has a very pretty daughter, Lady Wilhelmina. One of the prettiest and most interesting women I ever met, however, is Lady Powerscourt. I forgot to notice the Prince of Capua, a savage, dull-looking fellow covered with moustache, and stars. He is entirely ruled by his wife.

April 26, 1838.

I made a brilliant speech[5] last night, the crack one of the evening, and all who spoke after me, either for or against, addressed themselves to me. C. Wynn, in speaking of Southey, confirmed 'the statement in the eloquent speech of the hon. member for Maidstone.' Poor little Milnes plastered me with compliments, but his own speech was entirely smashed by the reporters. The Ministers tried not to make a House, and we had a sharp run, and I think I may fairly claim carrying the measure. At least Talfourd gave me credit for it, as I went to the Carlton at 9.30, and got down a couple of members and absolutely converted Blackstone, if no others. Sir James Graham, who was in the House, was really most warm; but of all this when we meet.

D.

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[5] Copyright Bill.

April, 1838.

I hope to be down in a few days. There is a chance of Exmouth coming for a day or two with me, he is very unaffected and easy. I never read the 'Maidstone Journal,' but will do so when I get down. It was a very triumphant speech, but I am sick of all this provincial spouting. I hope my mother is better, or rather well. The 315 Conservative M.P.'s are to give Peel a dinner at Freemasons' Hall on the 12th of May. It is to be the most wonderful public dinner ever known.

June 24, 1838.

London is very gay now.[6] The whole of the line of procession is nearly covered with galleries and raised seats; when these are clothed with carpets and coloured hangings the effect will be superb. London teems with foreigners. There are full 200 (*on dit*) of distinction, attached to the different embassies, and lodged in every possible hotel from Mivart to Sablonière. Lord F. Egerton told me this morning that he had just been paying a visit to a brace of Italian princes in the last-named crib on a third floor, and never in the dirtiest locanda of the Levant, Smyrna, or Alexandria, had he visited a more filthy place; but they seemed to enjoy it, and are visible every night, with their brilliant uniforms and sparkling stars, as if their carriage at break of dawn were not changed into a pumpkin.

Your geranium gave me a flower to-day, and will give me a couple more. I have bought also a promising plant myself, and so do very well.—My love to all,

D.

June, 1838.

We had a very agreeable party at D'Orsay's yesterday. Zichy, who has cut out even Esterhazy, having two jackets, one of diamonds more brilliant than E.'s, and another which he wore at the Drawing-room yesterday of turquoises.

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[6] In preparation for the Queen's coronation.

This makes the greatest sensation of the two. He speaks English perfectly; is a great traveller, been to Nubia, all over Asia, and to Canada and the United States. Then there was the Duke of Ossunà, a young man, but a grandee of the highest grade. He is neither Carlist nor Christino, and does not mean to return to Spain until they have settled everything. Therefore they have confiscated his estates, but he has a large property in Italy, and also Belgium. He is a great dandy and looks like Philip II., but though the only living descendant of the Borgias, he has the reputation of being very amiable. When he was last at Paris he attended a representation of Victor Hugo's 'Lucrezia Borgia.' She says in one of the scenes, 'Great crimes are in our blood.' All his friends looked at him with an expression of fear, 'but the blood has degenerated,' he said, 'for I have committed only weaknesses.' Then there was the real Prince Poniatowsky, also young and with a most brilliant star. Then came Kissiloffs and Strogonoffs, 'and other offs and ons,' and De Belancour, a very agreeable person. Lyndhurst, Gardner, Bulwer, and myself completed the party.

I must give up going to the coronation, as we go in state, and all the M.P.'s *must* be in court dresses or uniforms. As I have withstood making a costume of this kind for other purposes, I will not make one now, and console myself by the conviction that to get up very early (eight o'clock), to sit dressed like a flunky in the Abbey for seven or eight hours, and to listen to a sermon by the Bishop of London can be no great enjoyment.

Lyndhurst made a very successful speech the other night on Spain, and foreign politics are coming into fashion.

D.

June 29, 1838.

I went to the coronation after all. I did not get a dress till 2.30 on the morning of the ceremony, but it fitted me very well. It turned out that I had a very fine leg, which I never knew before! The pageant within the Abbey was without exception the most splendid, various, and interesting affair at which I ever was present. To describe is of course useless. I had one of the best seats in the Abbey, indeed our House had the best of everything. I am very glad indeed that Ralph persuaded me to go, for it far exceeded my expectations. The Queen looked very well, and performed her part with great grace and completeness, which cannot in general be said of the other performers; they were always in doubt as to what came next, and you saw the want of rehearsal. The Duke was loudly cheered when he made his homage. Melbourne looked very awkward and uncouth, with his coronet cocked over his nose, his robes under his feet, and holding the great sword of state like a butcher. Lyndhurst paid his homage with remarked grace, but instead of backing from the throne, turned his back on the Sovereign. The Duchess of Sutherland walked, or rather stalked, up the Abbey like Juno; she was full of her situation. Lady Jersey and Lady Londonderry blazed among the peeresses.

The Queen behaved with great grace and feeling about Lord Rolle; nothing could be more effective. She seemed for an instant to pause whether etiquette would allow her to rise from her throne, and then did so, and held out her hand with infinite dignity and yet delicate sentiment. The Marquis of Normanby did his homage well, and so did Lord Wilton, though the first, and perhaps both, were too theatrical. But Lord Audley, who is premier baron, and unknown to everyone, charmed all by his graceful youth and matchless dignity, and imposing manner in which he made the declaration of fealty for his order. Exmouth complained terribly of the weight of his robes and coronet, which were made for his grandfather at George IV.'s coronation, and the old lord was a very tall, stout, burly man. I have got a gold medal given me as M.P., but I have presented it to Mrs. W. L. O'Connell was in a court dress, and looked very well, and was deeply interested in everything, but was hooted greatly (*on dit*) by the mob. I think I told you of Fector's gorgeous suit; it has been noticed in the papers. When we two got into his chariot, that cantankerous Norreys halloed out, 'Make room for the Maidstone sheriffs.' Very good, I think, though rather annoying.

The procession was a failure; heavy, want of variety, and not enough music and troops. There are so few troops in the country, that they cannot get up a review in Hyde Park for Soult, and keep on the fair, they are so ashamed. I saw Lord Ward after the ceremony, in a side room, drinking champagne out of a pewter pot, his coronet cocked aside, his robes disordered, and his arms akimbo, the very picture of Rochester. The Strogonoffs are delighted with England, and will stay the month out. I cannot, however, obtain an accurate idea of the effect produced on the ambassadors; they are so courtly and diplomatic.

D

July, 1838.

There was a very brilliant ball at the Salisburys' the other night, with all the remarkables and illustrious in which London now abounds. I stayed till two o'clock; but there were no signs then of separation, and the supper-room only just open. By the bye, the Countess Zavodouska, for I believe that is her name, appears quite the reigning beauty of the season. She did me the honour of remembering me, though not in Turkish costume, and told me she had read 'Vivian Grey.'

No dukes to be made at the coronation, and Mulgrave to be made a marquis. Exmouth came up to Theodore Hook full of indignation at the thirty-one baronets in the night's 'Gazette.' 'Thirty-one baronets! There's a pretty game of the Whigs!' says he. 'They'll make a bloody hand of it, at any rate,' says Theodore. Luttrell's last conundrum, made in Lady B.'s box at the opera—'When is a man nearest heaven?' 'When he is on a lark.' The foreigners thought that Lord Rolle's tumble was a tenure by which he held his barony.

D.

July, 1838.

Yesterday, the day being perfect, there was a splendid review in Hyde Park. I saw it admirably from Mrs. W. L.'s. The Delawares, Rolles, Lawrence Peels, and Dawsons were there, but no one was allowed to be on the drawing-room floor, lest there should be an appearance of a party, except old Lord Rolle and myself to be his companion. Lord R. sat in the balcony with a footman each side of him, as is his custom. The Londonderrys after the review gave a magnificent banquet at Holderness House. There were only 150 asked, and all sat down. Londonderry's regiment being reviewed, we had the band of the 10th playing on the staircase, the whole of said staircase being crowded with orange-trees and cape jessamines. The Duke de Nemours, Soult, and all 'illustrious strangers' were there—the banquet being in the gallery of sculpture.

D.

July, 1838.

I returned from Maidstone too late to write to you last night. I went down to Rochester by coach, posted over to my constituents, just missed Day's dinner, which was well managed, went to the Hall reinforced after a wet journey, made a wonderful speech, though I hadn't an idea, to the most numerous assembly ever known, &c.; slept at Randall's, who has a most beautiful house. Fector very well, came from Canterbury, with that intrusive Z——, whom I snubbed very much, but he was only much civiller in consequence. On Friday the Randalls gave a grand breakfast to the principal members of the party, which was well done, and 'equal to anything of the kind' as they say. But only conceive a grand *déjeuner* scarcely over at 3.30, and a grand dinner at 5.30! I took a walk into the country, as it was in vain to pay visits. We dined 107, more than the room could hold. I had to make another speech; never began a sentence with the slightest idea of its termination; really in a funk, but never made a more successful one. But to speak plainly, the two speeches cost me great efforts at the moment. I never racked my brain so much, but it answered to the helm.

August 10, 1838.

Fector is seated, and the petition voted *frivolous* and *vexatious* ! Great triumph ! We shall send them a bill, in addition to their own costs. I shall not be down before the 6th or 7th of Aug. The ball at Holderness House was a very brilliant affair. I was introduced to Lord Brougham by Lady William Powlett, and Sir Lytton also made his appearance. I spoke the other night after O'Connell,[7] and with spirit and success. I thought it as well that my voice should be heard at the end of the session, and especially on an Irish subject. There were only eight Tories in the House, the subject having been brought on unexpectedly and without notice, and Brougham speaking in the Lords, which takes men away. The Whig benches were tolerably full, as they had made a whip.

November 20, 1838.

There will be no real news until after the first Cabinet is held. Rumours to-day of a Russian war. Parliament is not expected to meet until January. Cutler Fergusson being dead, the report is that Macaulay is to have the Judge-Advocateship. The few people in town, principally lawyers, talk of nothing but the Durham proclamation, which seems quite to have dished him.

[7] Municipal Corporations, Ireland.

1839.

Brougham's threat—Lord Grey crushed by a picture—State of Ireland—Ude dismissed from Crockford's—Deputation to Melbourne—Speaker's levée—Society—Dinner at Peel's—A day of rumours—Speech on theatrical amusements—'Richelieu'—Command of House—Amusing debate—Game in Peel's hand—Satisfaction at being an M.P.—Douro's marriage—Concert at Madame Montefiore's—Speaker resigns—Grand Duke of Russia—Chartists uneasy—Dinner with Duke of Buckingham—Congratulations on speech—Meets Webster the American—'Alarcos'—Newspaper Press Fund dinner—Fête at Rosebank—Dines with Burdett—Prince Esterhazy—Marriage—Tunbridge Wells—Dover—Baden-Baden—Munich—Visit to Dannecker—Hallam—Ratisbon—Walhalla—Paris—Pleasant dinners—Father's blindness—Christmas party at Wycombe Abbey.

January, 1839.

EVERYTHING is very flat. They say that Lord Tavistock is to go to Ireland, and that Sir George Grey is to be Judge-Advocate, Macaulay having refused anything.

February 1, 1839.

I understand the Duke and Lyndhurst are in high spirits. Sir Robert arrived this morning. They talk of amendments on the Address. Brougham cannot be held in; last session he said they felt the weight of his 'little finger, let them now prepare for the double fist.' 'Not two hours, not one hour, not half an hour, shall pass after the meeting' but he will be into them. *On dit*, he intends to bring forward the state of Ireland. All this gossip from Forester.

On the night of the 29th, Lord Grey standing in his room, in his dressing-gown, a large picture fell and crushed him. After remaining under it a considerable time, he contrived to crawl out and pull the bell. He was found in a state of half-stupor and has narrowly escaped a concussion of the brain; the skull is laid open to the depth of an inch and a half. This I just heard from Saurin.—Your loving

D.

February 10, 1839.

Brougham is very rich on the subject of Durham. There are four points which he mentioned as indefensible: the appointment of Wakefield to a place of trust, the Hegira or flight, the proclamation, the discrepancies in the answers to the different addresses. But even on the flight he says something may be urged in extenuation. The Lord High Commissioner took out two uniforms, a field-marshal's and a vice-admiral's; but when the fighting was to commence, he appears to have put on the vice-admiral's by mistake and got on board; a mistake that well might naturally, even innocently, be made by a noble lord unused to fighting clothes.

The question of Ireland he is determined to take up, as a scandal to Christendom, and England especially, that in the nineteenth century life, and the means of life, property, should not be worth four-and-twenty hours' purchase, &c. Brougham denies the letter to the Queen. Croker, ostensibly writing to him on some literary point, but really to extract some opinion from him on the subject of the letter, put in a postscript, 'Have you seen the letter to the Queen? They give it to you.' Brougham answered, in a postscript also, 'I have seen the letter to the Queen. It was lent to me.'

I understand the trousseau of Julia McDonald surpassed in fancy and splendour all late exhibitions, which, considering that her family collectively have not a sou, is surprising. She was married in white velvet with three flounces of point lace, and departed in a white silk costume with border trimming of birds of paradise feathers. But the most wonderful thing was D'Orsay's present to the bridegroom—a white silk waistcoat, brodé in gold, from Paris; the design by the Count, who was at the wedding. I shall go and call on him to-morrow. I chatted this morning an hour with Lyndhurst, who looks younger and brisker than ever. I hear that Lord Glenelg[1] has just resigned in the House of Lords. They have kept the secret close. I see the Duke of Buckingham very often; nothing can be kinder than he is.

D.

February, 1839.

There has been a row at Crockford's and Ude dismissed. He told the committee he was worth 10,000*l.* a year. Their new man is quite a failure; so I think the great artist may yet return from Elba. He told Wombwell that in spite of his 10,000*l.* a year he was miserable in retirement; that he sat all day with his hands before him doing nothing. Wombwell suggested the exercise of his art, for the gratification of his own appetite. 'Bah!' he said, 'I have not been into my kitchen once, I hate the sight of my kitchen; I dine on roast mutton dressed by a cookmaid.' He shed tears, and said he had only been twice in St. James's Street since his retirement (which was in September), and that he made it a rule never to walk on the same side as the club-house. 'Ah, I love that club, though they are *ingrats*. Do not be offended, Mr. Wombwell, if I do not take off my hat when we meet; but I have made a vow I will never take my hat off to a member of the committee.' 'I shall always take my hat off to you, Mr. Ude,' was the rejoinder. —Yours,

D.

February, 1839.

I went up with the Duke of Buckingham, Praed, Fremantle, Christopher, Blackstone, and a host of Horwoods, Brickhills, &c., as a deputation to Lord Melbourne on the Corn Laws, which was very amusing. Melbourne, frank and rollicking, evidently in his heart a thorough Tory and agriculturist, rubbed his hands and laughed; when the evil consequences insisted on, agreed to everything. 'And, my lord,' said some Horwood from Ely, 'will not the fundholder be endangered?' 'Oh, of course,' said the Prime Minister.

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[1] Colonial Secretary, and succeeded by the Marquis of Normanby.

I breakfasted at Milnes' to meet Alfred de Vigny, a very pleasing personage; but I met a M. le Riou, who also spoke English, and is the most astounding *littèrateur* I ever encountered. He is at the Athenæum, and anxious to know my father, and his original but just and profound views on English literature I reserve for another time. He says that Bishop Ken was the Fénelon of England, and that the 'Oxford Tracts' are a mere revival of his works; it is the non-jurors again.

I have been to the Speaker's levée. Lord Fitz-Alan, who was sent to Greece because he would marry Miss Pitt, has returned engaged to Miss Lyons, daughter of our minister there. It is said that he escaped 'from the Pit to fall into the Lion's mouth.'—Love to all,

D.

February, 1839.

Dined at Wombwell's the other day, with Gibsons and Duke of Leeds: more noise than wit. A charming little party at the Londonderrys'—the Salisburys, Lyndhurst, George Bentinck, and H. Liddell. Nothing could be more delightful. Lyndhurst rich with fun and redolent of humour; but the debate in the Lords broke us up earlier than we liked. Tommy Duncombe told me that he should bring the actresses on the stage again about Thursday. I wish you would look into the books and let me know something about the matter. Is it 'ecclesiastical polity' or is it a puritanic innovation? If the latter I would justify my vote. How was it in James I.'s time and Elizabeth? Payne Collier, what says he? Find out what you can and let me have it on Thursday morning; that will give you a couple of days' research.

I dined last week at Peel's and came late, having mistaken the hour. I found some twenty-five gentlemen grubbing in solemn silence. I threw a shot over the table and set them going, and in time they became even noisy. Peel, I think, was quite pleased that I broke the awful stillness, as he talked to me a good deal though we were far removed, he sitting in the middle of the table. I had Sir Robert Inglis on my right hand, whose mind I somewhat opened. He requested permission to ask after my father, and whether he was at Bradenham. The dinner was curiously sumptuous—'every delicacy of the season;' and the second course, of dried salmon, olives, caviare, woodcock pie, foie gras, and every combination of cured herring, &c., was really remarkable. The drawing-rooms and picture gallery were lit up with good effect.

Lord Carrington, whom I met the other night at Lady B.'s, talked to me a great deal. He will be at the head of the county, not the head of a party in the county. Will make no tradesmen magistrates, and no clergymen but from *necessitate rei.* Duke of Wellington does the same. Very civil and conservative, and asked me to call on him, &c. Yesterday was a day of rumours. It began by giving the Duke of Wellington a fit and ended by burning down Clumber; but I believe they are both very safe.

D.

February 28, 1839.

A thousand thanks, you are a library and a librarian both. I paired for Scrope's dinner till 10.30, anticipating debate on Mexico; found Mexico put off, and Tommy about to jump up. Never heard a more entertaining debate; Duncombe's drollery inimitable.[2] Though I had not intended to speak, and had not even your notes in my pocket, it animated me, and though full-figged in costume, I rose with

[2] Tom Duncombe's motion on theatrical amusements in Lent.

several men at the same time; but the House called for me, and I spoke with great effect, amid loud cheering and laughter. Supposed to have settled the question, which, to the disgust of Government, was carried by a majority of twenty. Never saw Johnny in a greater rage. He sent for Alfred Paget, who was going to vote for us, and insisted that he shouldn't. I was glad Dungannon, an ultra-Churchman, took the same side. Chandos is delighted with the result, and should, he says, certainly have voted against the Government.

D.

March 9, 1839.

Bulwer's play[3] is very successful, but as a composition, I hear, poor stuff. It is in fact written by Macready, who has left out all the author's poetry which is not verse, and philosophy which is not prose. The scenery and costumes unprecedentedly gorgeous and *correct*; the acting very good. My last speech[4] was very successful, the best *coup* I have yet made. And it was no easy task, for I spoke against the Government, the great mass of the Conservative party, and even took a different view from the small minority itself. I was listened to in silence and the utmost attention. Peel especially complimented me, sore as he was at the Conservative schism, and said, 'Disraeli, you took the only proper line of opposition to the bill;' and Hardinge, a sharp critic, said I had entirely got the ear of the House, and overcome everything. The dilemma as to O'Connell was perfect, and made a sensation. He would have replied, but Peel caught the Speaker's eye, and after him young O'Connell took the cue, and attempted to answer me. The Duke of Buckingham talks of nothing but 'Buckinghamshire Lays.'—Love to all.

D.

March 22, 1839.

I spoke last night,[5] but without any preparation, as I was not even aware that Hume's motion was coming on. I made some telling hits, being a *réchauffé* of some of the chief points in the 'Vindication of the English Constitution.' The Radicals were flustered, and as Henry Ward, who followed, succeeded in making no answer to me, were obliged to stir up O'Connell, who was inclined to be *malin*, but cautious. Hume was in a great rage because I said he did not know what representation and taxation really meant. On the whole it was very amusing. The House, though so early, very full, from an idea that the Ministry are going to announce their resignation ! . . .

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[3] *Richelieu.*

[4] Municipal Corporation, Ireland.

[5] On Household Suffrage.

The excitement is at the highest ; the galleries filled at noon, the lobbies and passages lined, strangers in the streets appealing to you for orders ; every preparation for a great battle, which will after all turn out a X. The game is in Peel's hands ; but he evidently has resolved that the Ministers shall resign and not be turned out. The Radicals clamour against him for not permitting them to assist him. However, all is bustle, and 500 members at prayers, in order to secure places. This is just one of those occasions in old days when I used to feel so mortified at not being an M.P. *Assisting*, as the French say, at such a 'crisis' has considerable fascination, and all must feel it though they can't and won't confess. One cannot walk down Parliament Street under such circumstances without some degree of exultation.

June 4, 1839.

A great day of hubbub. The Lord Chamberlain resigned on Saturday, and the Speaker[6] to-day ; he holds the chair, however, till Whitsuntide. Spring-Rice is the Government candidate ; but there will be a battle. The Grand Duke of Russia rides, the 'Morning Post' says, *à la Russe*, which means, I take it, a Mamelouk gallop. I met him at this pace to-day down Regent Street, poor Lord Torrington riding after him, and no joke, it being his own horse, and mopping his official countenance in a most unofficial manner.

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[6] Abercromby : succeeded by Shaw-Lefevre.

The Chartists are uneasy. Old Wynn has placed himself at the head of his county and the troops, and done wonders at Llanidloes, where he has recovered the town and routed the rebels. Fine old fellow !

Dined *en famille* with the Duke of Buckingham, to eat venison ; a regular Bucks party. Sir East and a widow daughter, enthusiastically blue, and boring Chandos about my genius, who seemed quite puzzled and proud at having an author for his friend. I believe Lady Anna has not been allowed to read the tragedy ('Alarcos'), therefore she hopes it will be acted. She is great fun. I hope your voyage was prosperous, and my father better. My love to him and my mother.—Yours,

D.

June 8, 1839.

The debate [7] wanted variety last night, as it may almost be said to have consisted only of two speeches, taking up more than five hours between them. I don't think either was very successful. Lord John is generally feeble in a studied harangue and tells better in a sharp reply. Peel was overlaboured and, though partially produced great effect, hung fire towards the end ; besides, by rising directly, which he was obliged, after Johnny, the House had not dined, and were so famished before he had concluded, that the cheering was not as hearty as usual, but indicated somewhat of the faintness of their systems. I am afraid there is no chance of a division to-night. The result as to numbers is very doubtful. Bonham puts the majority from 15 to 18 ; I put it 22.

Douro's marriage has taken place : a great concourse and much cheering in the streets, and would have been in the church had not the Dean of Carlisle with apostolic *naïveté* preliminarily warned the audience. The church crowded ; three or four ladies in pulpit ; pews engaged weeks before. I have not seen the lady, but, according to

[7] Fleetwood's motion for giving votes to county 10*l.* householders.

Douro, she weighs 11 stone 5 lbs. I hear a beautiful face, and came out last year. They were married before twelve, and at four o'clock he was riding in the park. . . . These, I suppose, as Sir Hugh says, are affectations. They drove off at 5.30 to Strathfieldsaye. The Duke walked into the church star and gartered, and walked home much cheered: the mob wanted to take the horses out of the carriage and draw the new marchioness.

Dined at the Duke of Buckingham's; the new dining-room opened for the first time. I was the only commoner except Sir W. Fremantle. Lady Mahon full of the sonnet,[8] never having before had an opportunity of speaking her mind, which I don't think particularly pleased my lord.

D.

June, 1839.

I hear that eight new peers are to be made. I was at Madame Montefiore, *née* De Rothschild, as she says at court: a most magnificent concert. Two royal princes (Sussex and Cambridge) and the Duke of Wellington gartered and fleeced. Grisi and Persiani sang a duet, and the supper very splendid. The weather is at length charming, and I think you must really look after my summer costume. Eight Radicals go against the Government, and if our own men can be kept together, instead of thirty majority as they talk of, they would not have ten. Peel made one of his great speeches; the rest very dull. I did not rise, as the only opportunity I had was after Hume, and I did not like to speak after a man who opposed the Government and really did it very well. Lord John has published his letter to his constituents and thrown over the Government. The fate of the Whigs is sealed, but the moment of their break-up depends of course on circumstances.

Social London is rather dull, in contradistinction to political London; indeed no one thinks of anything but politics. I send you a very good thing in the shape of Theodore Hook's epitaph on Lord de Ros—'Here lies Henry, 17th Baron de Ros, in joyful expectation of the last Trump.' I am reading the Indian papers, which are the most amusing thing I have met with since the 'Arabian Nights.'

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[8] Written by Mr. Disraeli on Lady Mahon's portrait, in the *Book of Beauty*.

D.

June 23, 1839.

I didn't get home till half-past five on Friday morning, and had only time yesterday before post to receive the congratulations of my friends, which came thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa. How strange that nearly in despair at the end of the session I should have made by universal consent the best speech [9] on our side on the most important party question. After listening to Ewart as long as he replied or attempted to reply, which was about ten minutes or so, I thought the moment he began to repeat by rote I might retire, and I went to the Carlton. The rumour of my success had preceded me. Canterbury was very warm; he has always taken an interest in my Parliamentary career. It was Charles Buller who told him it was one of the best speeches. I had touched up Charley a little, though with courtesy. He is erroneously represented in the papers as not being in the House, whereas the 'laugh' which you may observe in the report was occasioned by his taking off his hat and making me a bow. Two of my old foes, Lord Lincoln and Lord Ashley, tendered me their congratulations with extended hands. As for 'Alarcos,' Colburn, on the strength of the speech I suppose, advertises it this morning as 'Mr. Disraeli's Tragedy.'

D.

July 3, 1839.

I dined at Greenwich with the Duke of Buckingham on Saturday. A large party embarked at Whitehall in a steamer, but I went by land with Lyndhurst. A sumptuous banquet, and Brougham made nearly fifty speeches full of comic humour and fierce slashing of Whigs; declared it was impossible to turn them out of power, to Chandos's blank despair, because they were not *in* power, to Chandos's chuckling relief. Lyndhurst was also capital. I dined with him yesterday to meet Webster,[1] who is, I believe, considered a very refined and *spirituel* Yankee, but seemed to me a complete Brother Jonathan—a remarkable twang, as '*ty*rannical' and all that; he also goes to the *levēē.* A fine brow, lofty, broad, and beetled deep-set eyes, and swarthy complexion. He is said when warmed to be their greatest orator. Strangford was there, very airy and sparkling; all the rest Americans and principally relatives. A good story and true. Brougham asked Webster verbally to dine with him, and sent him a card the next day headed 'To remind.' Webster immediately answered by another card headed 'To acknowledge'—very American, don't you think?

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[9] June 21, on National Education.

The great storm here was very grand, and blended with Lyndhurst's banquet. Strangford said it reminded him of 'Alarcos;' he and 'George' think it by far the finest thing I have written, but don't like the comic parts. Wakley says it is the finest play since Shakespeare. There! Sidney Herbert quoted a long passage; just been reading it to a lady. I said I was surprised anyone could look at a tragedy not acted; he said, *au contraire*, it was very much read and talked about.

D.

July 13, 1839.

I made a capital speech last night on Chartism, of which the 'Times' gives a fair report. It was made under every disadvantage, for the Tories, supposing Chartism would be only a squabble between the Whigs and Radicals, were all away, while the Ministerial benches were crowded

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[1] The American statesman.

—all the Ministers, all the Whigs, and all the Radicals. Peel, however, was in the House, having come down on the Penny Postage. It was a very damaging and disagreeable speech to the Government, and they didn't like it.

I dine to-day at the Newspaper Press dinner. I go with Lyndhurst, who is in the chair. Powerscourt raves about 'Alarcos,' and literally knows it by heart. Milnes, the poet, is astonished that I didn't give it Macready, as 'it would have made his fortune.'

I went down to Rosebank to a *petit bal* given by the Londonderrys, after a dinner to the Duchess of Cambridge on her birthday. The place itself is but a beautiful cottage, but there is a grand conservatory more than sixty feet long, lofty and broad in proportion, and, adorned with festoons of flowers, formed a charming ball-room, and I met a great many of my friends. In reality, the brilliant moon, the lamplit gardens, the terraces, the river, the music, the sylvan ball-room, and the bright revellers, made a scene like a festa in one of George Sand's novels.—Love to all.

D.

August 13, 1839.

I dined at Burdett's yesterday. Dinner at seven o'clock precisely; everything stately and old-fashioned, but agreeable. The house charming; the dining-room looking into delightful gardens, with much old timber, beyond St. James's Park. I got away by 9.30, and went down to the House, which I found dozing in committee, but I made a speech. Unfortunately, as generally happens on long committee nights, there was scarcely a reporter in the gallery. I analysed all the evidence of the Constabulary Report. It made great effect, quoting all the pages and names without any document. The complete command of the House I now have is remarkable, and nothing can describe to you the mute silence which immediately ensued as I rose, broken only by members hurrying to their places to listen. On Monday I was more than four hours at Lord Palmerston's private residence on business of no slight importance. Prince Esterhazy, who came into the dining-room whilst I was waiting, said, 'I have come to introduce myself to Mr. Disraeli. I have long wished to know you; I read your speeches with admiration.'

I understand the Cabinet is to be reconstructed soon after the prorogation, which is to take place on Tuesday. Our marriage [2] is fixed for Wednesday. I shall write to you every day, however briefly. . . .

My particular love to my mother, and all.

D.

Kentish Hotel, Tunbridge Wells: September 4.

Your welcome letter reached me yesterday. We have had unceasing rain, and have therefore not left our rooms, which we find very agreeable, except to drive to Bayham amid squalls, and an excursion to Penshurst yesterday amidst showers. De Lisle was out shooting, but we saw the children, whom we found quite charming. Mr. Sidney, aged thirteen, had gone to school that morning—Temple Grove to wit, but no longer kept by that wretched Pinkney. The three daughters and their governess received us. Miss Sidney, about fourteen, a most interesting girl, though not pretty; her little sisters very much so. I have only been on the Pantiles once, and have met Lord Monteagle, with whom I am very good friends, notwithstanding our skirmishing. There is scarcely anybody here that we know, or care to know. The Thomonds arrived at this hotel on Monday, and have called on us—the first visit we have received. Thank Tita for his congratulations.

D.

Ship Inn, Dover: September 7.

We quitted the Wells rather suddenly, resolved to take advantage of the fine weather; travelled yesterday with our own horses to Ashford, by a cross road, through the Weald of Kent. At Ashford this morning I met Knatchbull, who was about to attend a justice meeting at our inn. He came upstairs and was introduced to Mary Anne. His place is in the vicinity, a deer park, and then comes Deedes. Ashford Church is quite a minster in appearance. There is a small chapel lately and richly renovated by Lord Strangford; very beautiful, full of the tombs of the Smythes. He has repurchased part of the family estate in the neighbourhood. He has inlaid in the wall a bold brazen tripartite tablet, one side containing an inscription to the memory of his wife, who died at Constantinople, the other to his eldest son, and the centre left blank for himself. From Ashford through Hythe we reached Dover to-day, and intend to cross to Calais to-morrow. Write to me, Poste Restante, Baden-Baden.

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[2] Married Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, August 28, 1839.

D.

Baden-Baden: September 19.

Our movements have been so rapid since we quitted England, that I have had no opportunity of writing before, with any definite idea of our progress or purposes. A rough but very rapid passage carried us to Calais, only two hours and twenty minutes, but Mary Anne suffered dreadfully, as indeed all the passengers except myself. However, we got off the evening of our arrival, and slept at Dunkerque; arrived at Ostende the next day, just as the train was about to start for Brussels; got our carriage hoisted on and reached that place at 8.30. Very hungry, for we had not dined; we drove in despair to the Bellevue and all the great hotels in turn, finding them all full; at last got lodged in an *entresol* at the Britannique, grateful even for this wretched shelter. From Brussels reached Liège, through Antwerp by a railroad, then posted the next day through Aix-la-Chapelle, which like every town in Belgium is wonderfully improved in external appearance since my early visit. We arrived at Cologne two hours before the steamer set off. Completed the whole passage to Pforzheim without leaving the boat, sleeping very comfortably in our carriage, and on Monday found ourselves quartered in the Baden Hof. Such are the revolutions of modern travel!

This is the most picturesque, agreeable, lounging sort of place you can imagine. A bright little river winding about green hills, with a white sparkling town of some dozen palaces called hotels, and some lodging-houses, like the side scenes of a melodrama, and an old ruined castle or two on woody heights. I don't think we shall stay more than a week. Mary Anne says it is not much better than Cheltenham—public dinners, balls, promenades, pumps, music and gambling. The dining at the *table d'hôte*, an invariable custom, is amusing and cheap. We think of going from here to Munich, only about 150 or 200 miles; it would be a result. I shall arrange that any letter you have already directed here shall follow me; in the meantime direct to Munich. I got a sight of English papers and 'Galignani' at the library here, which was of course welcome.

Yours ever affectionately,

D.

Munich: October 2.

We have been so constantly on the wing since we left Baden, that it has been impossible for me to write to you before. We travelled from Baden to Stuttgart, through the Black Forest for two days—a region of uninterrupted interest, most savage and picturesque, though rich from its vegetation and occasional valleys of pasture. We travelled for a whole day through an almost impenetrable forest of black pines, occasionally cleared for a few miles, and offering most charming views of villages watered by rushing streams, and backed by villages, valleys, and amphitheatres of hill over hill, all covered with the black pine; the weather cloudless and very hot. Stuttgart a very handsome town of the Turin school, modern but improving; but the Grecian villa of the king in the park is charming, and most tastefully furnished. We fell upon great *fêtes*, which pleased us much. The king, surrounded by a brilliant court, sat in a pavilion in the midst of a beautiful mead, which was enclosed by tiers of covered seats, and distributed prizes to the Wurtemburg peasants for oxen, horses, &c. 'Twas much finer than the tournament. More than 20,000 persons I should think present; the peasantry in rich and bright dresses, dark velvets with many large silver buttons, vivid vests, and three-cornered cocked hats. It was fine to see a family leading a bull crowned with roses, rams worthy of the antique garlanded for altars. After this races, which were not very good, though the passion of the king is for horses, and his stables are, I believe, the finest in Europe. The whole scene was very patriarchal, though her Majesty came in half-a-dozen blue carriages with scarlet liveries. The king rode a fine barb, followed by grooms, &c., in scarlet.

We visited the studio of Dannecker, and I insisted on seeing the artist, whom I found a hale old man, more than eighty, but with a disorder in his throat which prevents him from speaking. He was much affected by our wishing to see him, and when we drove off opened the window of his room, waved his hand, and managed to say, 'Viva, viva!'

I have read enough of Hallam to make me thirst for literary history in detail. He takes of all things a comprehensive view, and handles them with a vigorous grasp, but is more strong in the legal division than in others. A mere general view is all he can take of any subject. I think it will revive and restore the taste for literary history, which all able works thereon inevitably must. I don't think his English literature his strongest point. He is very meagre and unjust—on Sir Thomas Browne for instance. Compare Hallam with Coleridge hereon. He never notices the extraordinary imagination of B. In general, I see in Hallam a dash of German affectation in his style, which he has imbibed of late years. My paper is full.—Thousand loves to all.

D.

Munich: October 14, 1839.

After a fortnight's residence in this city, I find it difficult to convey to you an idea of it. Since Pericles no one has done so much for the arts as the King of Bavaria. Galleries of painting and sculpture, Grecian temples, Gothic and Byzantine churches, obelisks of bronze, equestrian statues of brass, theatres and arcades painted in fresco, are but some of the features of splendour and tasteful invention which on every side solicit the eye, and which I can only allude to. The Royal chapel has the most astonishing interior in Europe; entirely painted in fresco on a rich gold ground. This art of fresco painting he has entirely revived. His painted glass equals the most vivid of the old windows. His patronage has produced a first-rate architect in Klenze, and the most remarkable sculptor in Europe in Schwanthaler, a pupil once of Thorwaldsen, and with much of his style, though he combines with classic taste feudal genius. Our days have passed in a round of sightseeing, and Munich is not yet exhausted. The king returned, after a long absence, four days back, since which the city has been very gay: reviews, a new statue opened, an installation of the Knights of St. Max, races, the Queen's birthday, &c. We have seen the king several times, tall, meagre, and German—a poet, which accounts for Munich, for a poet on a throne can realise his dreams.

D.

Hôtel de l'Europe, Rue Rivoli, Paris: November 4.

We arrived here on Saturday very well; and your very welcome letters reached me instantly. October until the last two days presented to us a cloudless sky, which rendered our travelling from Munich to Frankfort very agreeable. We visited Ratisbon, a very ancient Gothic city. Walhalla, a height on the Danube, crowned with a Grecian temple larger than the Parthenon, but of beauty not less eminent, raised to the genius of Germany by the King of Bavaria; Nuremberg, a city which retains all its olden character, the Pompeii of the middle ages, and Wurtzburg-on-the-Maine, once the capital of a princely prelate who sojourned in a much nobler palace than our sovereigns. So to Frankfort, where after a few days we crossed the Rhine, having travelled in our tour by the waters not only of that river, but of the Neckar, the Danube, and the Maine: the four principal rivers of Germany. The Neckar and the Maine are charming, though not as famous as the Rhine, nor offering at one point such an aggregate of beauties as are clustered together between Bingen and Coblentz. The famous Danube is but an uncouth stream; its bed is far too considerable for its volume, so that it presents a shallow, shoaly look, with vast patches of sand and shingle in the midst of its course.

Henry Bulwer, who is now a great man, called on us on Sunday, and we met afterwards at dinner at the Charles Gores. The Goulburns left this place this morning, and the Brinsley Sheridans are also here.

'Galignani' meets me every morning on the breakfast-table, which is very pleasant. I have contrived to keep pretty *au fait* with what has gone on, so that I shall not be a stranger when I return, which I suppose will be about the end of the month. I have got Rogers' rooms here, who quitted Paris with his sister and old Mr. and Mrs. Fonblanque on Monday. I hope my father has made progress. I think Hallam provokes the appetite for a continuous history full of biographical detail. His style is very careless at times, and often ungrammatical, but that is better than his Germanisms; but he is vigorous and comprehensive. 'Tis a review article in four volumes, not a history.

D.

Paris: November 22, 1839.

I hope to reach England in a week, and shall be very glad to find myself there again. The political horizon is cloudy and disturbed, but the serious illness of the Duke of Wellington, which has just reached our Embassy, may yet assist the Whigs on their last legs. I always hold that no one is ever missed, but he is so great a man that the world will perhaps fancy his loss irreparable. I have received all my letters from the Carlton and Grosvenor Gate through Henry Bulwer's kindness. We have been very gay in Paris and our friends very kind to us, having been invited to the Embassy, Canterburys, Sheridans, &c. One day we dined at a complete party of English Catholics, friends of Mary Anne, at a Mr. Nangle's, who married a Miss Tichborne, daughter of Sir Henry and sister of Lady Dormer, to meet John Bennett, eldest son of Bennett of Wilts, who has just married a Tichborne, also very young and pretty and now travelling. All of them very agreeable people, but our host after dinner called up his son to introduce to me, 'Chidiock Tichborne Nangle,' so named in consequence of the paper in the 'Curiosities of Literature.' He said the Tichborne family would shed tears over that article. Mary Anne is particularly well, and in her new costumes looks like Madame de Pompadour, who is at present the model of Paris—at least in dress. We have been to the Grand Opera to see the 'Fairy Lake' of Auber, and to the 'Proscrit,' a new play at a small theatre, by Eugène Soulié, very Gallic and effective, *i.e.* affected and affecting. Paris is very much changed since my first visit; there are *trottoirs* in every street, and in the most ordinary corners you find shops which Regent Street cannot equal. But their efforts in the higher arts, of which they talk so much, will not pass muster after Munich. We hope to meet my father quite himself again.

D.

Grosvenor Gate: November.

Your letter would have made me very happy had it brought more satisfactory tidings of my father. I had persuaded myself from your account that the enfeebled vision[5] merely arose from bodily health, sedentary habits, &c. We are very uneasy and unhappy about him, and we would take great care of him if he would come up for advice. Everything is very flat, and we live in the midst of perpetual fog, and shall be glad when business will let us find ourselves at Bradenham.

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[5] This was the commencement of the blindness from which he never recovered.

In spite of all the Cabinet Councils, the day for the meeting of Parliament seems as yet uncertain. The deficit in the Post Office in London this morning (*i.e.* London alone) was 800*l.* The Government are chagrined; but Maberly told a friend of mine that though it[4] was certain to fail they must go on, that the existence of the Government depended on it. Brougham has written to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn to request that his daughter may be buried there, as he has always intended that his own ashes should repose in their sanctuary. Granted *nem. con.*; the first woman that has ever been interred in an inn of court.

D.

December 18, 1839.

DEAREST,

Alexander has just left us; he seems to think with skill and care my father ought to recover his sight. There is no news otherwise, except my father thinks me looking very well, which makes me fear he is really blind, as this is the first time in his life he ever thought so. Last week we dined *en famille* with Mrs. Montefiore to meet Antony Rothschild, who is to marry one of the Montefiores, Charlotte. There were Rothschilds, Montefiores, Alberts, and Disraelis—not a Christian name, but Mary Anne bears it like a philosopher.

D'Orsay sent on his horse to Wycombe Abbey, as Bob Smith has none 'worth riding,' but he could not get out of the house the whole time he was there, even to pay you a visit. It was so foggy he was obliged to give it up. They had a roaring, robustious, romping party, of which he gave very amusing details. Playing hide-and-seek, they got into the roof, and Albert Conyngham fell through the ceiling of one of the rooms. An immense long leg dangling out, Carrington came to look at it with his eye-glass, but took it very good-humouredly. Great regrets on his part that I was not at Bradenham.

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[4] The new Penny Post.

Parliament fixed for January 16.

D.

1840.

Penny post—Fear of Chartists—Visit to Stowe—First political dinner—Queen's marriage fixed—Debate on non-confidence—Prince Albert—Privilege—Visit to sheriffs in prison—Address to Queen on her marriage—Good speech—'Shuckboro' correspondence—Speaker's levée—Brighton—Death of Lady Cork—Meets Rogers—Prince Albert at Exeter Hall—Ministers defeated—Scene in House—Crockford retires—Two speeches—Ball at Stowe to Queen Dowager—Fiasco of Louis Napoleon—Wolbeding—Breakfast with Horace Walpole—Beyrout taken—Death of Lord Holland—Deepdene—Cambridge Election for High Steward—Excitement—Lyndhurst returned with triumph—Birth of Princess Royal—Spanish pudding—Christmas party at Deepdene.

January 15, 1840.

DEAREST,

This new penny post is hateful, as one must write so early. It closes at five o'clock, and news is never heard till that hour. The other night all the town was terrified with expected risings of the Chartists. The troops ordered to be ready, the police in all directions, and the fire-engines all full, as incendiarism was to break out in several quarters. They say the news came to the Government from St. Katharine's Docks; some smell a hoax, and say that the Ministers were only informed that the Chartists were going to set the Thames on fire.

The Landgravine is dead; *on dit* she is to be buried at Windsor. The Duke of Sussex very ill. We enjoyed our visit to Stowe; went to the Buckingham Ball. The exterior of the mansion realises all I expected; the interior in some respects falls short. The library is good, and the library of MSS. most rich and rare, the prints still more so. The illustrated Grainger must have cost thousands; Horace

Walpole's letters, illustrated, are in twenty elephantine folios, in a cabinet to themselves.

D.

January 21, 1840.

The parliamentary campaign begins fiercely—war to the knife. Tuesday week will, I suppose, decide the fate of the session. The Duke moved an amendment unexpectedly; but we were not prepared in the Commons to second him, having been told our presence would not be necessary; and a bad division would have thrown a damper over the impending struggle. Peel congratulated me very warmly on my marriage. . . . Stockdale's affair[1] gets every hour more embroiled. Yesterday I gave my first male dinner party. Everything went off capitally; Lyndhurst, Strangford, Powerscourt, Ossulston, D'Orsay, Sir R. Grant, and Sir L. Bulwer, &c. I rather think Leader will vote with us, but he is of little use alone. Grote has gone to Paris, and Molesworth has not yet come up; all the rest of the Radicals are bribed, except old Fielden, who, I believe, votes with us. I dare say they will have 12 to 15 majority. I have been introduced at last formally to the Duke of Wellington at Lyndhurst's; he accorded me a most gracious and friendly reception, and looked right hearty. The Queen is to be married February 10th.

D.

January 31, 1840.

DEAREST,

Here is a hurried sketch of our debate.[2] Sir Yarde Buller was very bad, but not much less effective than Acland last year in a similar position, but more stupid, the difference being—Sir Tom only stuttered, Sir John stuck. Sir George Grey made a dashing House of Commons speech, which I should like to have answered, but as he concluded about eight, and I had not dined, it was impossible. I had no intention of speaking the first night, for although I said some good things, and was very well received, I was debarred by circumstances from making the speech I had intended. The fact is the Government put up Gisborne, who is sometimes a wonderful rhetorician, and produces great effects in a crowded house, but uncertain. There had been a general rumour he was to make a great display, and when he got up Fremantle came to me and asked me to reply to him. He began very well, but after some little time regularly broke down, was silent for some moments, sent for oranges, coughed, stuck again and again, and finally pleaded 'some physical inability' which had suddenly deprived him of his voice, sank overwhelmed with his own exposure. We thought he was drunk, but the Whigs say the fault was he was not; and that when he is tipsy, and is not prepared, he is very good. I found, however, I had a lame bird to kill, or rather a dying one; and though I made a somewhat brilliant guerilla operation, there was not that solid practical movement that I had originally contemplated. The next night we had it all our own way, Howick making the most extraordinary announcement, which you have read, and alone justifies the debate. Graham very vigorous and malignant, and Macaulay plunging into the most irretrievable slough of failure you can possibly conceive. Nothing could be worse —manner, matter, and spirit; ludicrously elaborate, and perfectly inappropriate. The Speaker with difficulty preserved order, and it was clear to everyone that in future Macaulay will no longer command the House on such an occasion. Yesterday we again had it all our own way; Stanley being very effective. The debate is with us, but the division will, I apprehend, be very seedy.

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[1] Question of privilege.

[2] Debate on non-confidence.

D.

February 12, 1840.

I did at last succeed in seeing Prince Albert. He is very good-looking, and they are now enjoying themselves on the slopes of Windsor. The Duke of Bucks has dined with me; he was really quite gay and seemed delighted with everything, which with him is very rare, as society bores him. I have asked sixty M.P.'s to dine with me, and forty have come. I shall now rest upon my oars. We are in great confusion with Stockdale. He bore his examination with great coolness, without being audacious, and unbroken presence of mind. The sheriffs and under-sheriffs have been under examination, but the House only gets deeper in the mire, and I think the result is that they must commit the sheriffs, which will occasion a riot, and eventually the judges, which will cause a rebellion. If Follett had not misled Peel originally, the Whigs would have been crushed. We inflicted a tremendous blow on the Government yesterday, practically more than if we had carried the non-confidence vote. Herries' speech, of its kind, was a masterpiece; perspicuous, poignant, polished, and never failing in a single point. I had no idea of his calibre. Labouchere broke down, the Chancellor of the Exchequer only floundered.

February 16.

I have been to see the sheriffs in prison. They really think themselves martyrs. I told them they would 'live in history,' and they answered 'No doubt of it.'... When do you come to town?—Yours,

D.

February 18, 1840.

I went up with our House,[3] very strong in numbers, and very brilliant in costume, and it was generally agreed that *I* am never to wear any other but a Court costume; being, according to Ossulston, a very Charles II. The Peers preceding our procession by only half an hour, the golden carriages of the Chancellor and the Speaker were almost blended in the same crowd, and the quantity of personages of note, to say nothing of courtiers, gentlemen-at-arms, and beef-eaters, was very fine. All our men were costumed but Scholefield and Muntz, and a few Rads, including, to my surprise, O'Connell *en bourgeois.* The Speaker, with John Russell on his right and Peel on his left, both in the Windsor uniform, marched up to the throne in good style; we followed somewhat tumultuously. The Queen looked well; the Prince on her left in high military fig, very handsome, and the presence was altogether effective. Always having heard the palace abused, I was rather agreeably surprised. The hall is low, but the staircase is not ineffective, and I was amused, for the scene was busy and brilliant.

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[3] Address to the Queen on her marriage.

I have received nothing but congratulations about my speech,[4] and it is impossible to give you any account of all the compliments, congratulations, and shaking of hands, &c., which occurred in the lobby during the division. Continued cheering, the House very full about half-past ten, when I sat down a prime hour, and *every* man of distinction there. I hope my father improves.—Love to all.

D.

March, 1840.

All the world of late has been talking of the 'Shuckboro' correspondence,[5] which will be sent you, therefore I need

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[4] On question of privilege.

[5] These letters were published in the papers at the time. The Lady Seymour was the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton tournament.

LETTER I.

'Lady Seymour presents her compliments to Lady Shuckborough, and would be obliged to her for the character of Mary Stedman, who states that she has lived twelve months and still is in Lady Shuckborough's establishment. Can Mary Stedman cook plain dishes well, make bread, and is she honest, good-tempered, sober, willing, and cleanly? Lady Seymour would like to know the reason why she leaves Lady Shuckborough's service. Direct under cover to Lord Seymour.

'Maiden Bradley.'

LETTER II.

'Lady Shuckborough presents her compliments to Lady Seymour. Her Ladyship's note, dated Oct. 28, only reached her yesterday, Nov. 3. Lady Shuckborough was unacquainted with the name of the kitchenmaid until mentioned by Lady Seymour, as it is her custom neither to apply for or to not describe it. A strange medley of witty vulgarity on the part of Lady Seymour, and purse-proud ostentation on that of her correspondent. It will make you laugh, I think. To-night we are to beat the Government—*re* Newport job. It will be a sporting debate, and worth listening to. I went to the Speaker's levée, which was very full, though not a leading man on either side visible.

D.

give characters of the under-servants, this being always done by the housekeeper, Mrs. Couch, and this was well known to the young woman. Therefore Lady Shuckborough is surprised at her referring any lady to her for a character. Lady Shuckborough having a professed cook as well as a housekeeper in her establishment, it is not very likely she herself should know anything of abilities or merits of the under-servants; therefore she is unable to answer Lady Seymour's note. Lady Shuckborough cannot imagine Mary Stedman to be capable of cooking for any but the servants' hall.

'Pavilion, Hans Place.'

LETTER III.

'Lady Seymour presents her compliments to Lady Shuckborough, and begs she will order her housekeeper, Mrs. Pouch, to send the girl's character; otherwise another young woman will be sought for elsewhere, as Lady Seymour's children cannot remain without their dinner because Lady Shuckborough, keeping "a professed cook and housekeeper," thinks a knowledge of the details of her establishment beneath her notice. Lady Seymour understood from Stedman that, in addition to her other talents, she was actually capable of dressing food for the little Shuckboroughs to partake of when hungry.' [To this letter was added a clever pen and ink sketch of the little Shuckboroughs seated at a round table, eating voraciously and scrambling for mutton chops, dressed by Stedman, who is seen looking on with satisfaction, Lady Shuckborough appearing in the distance, utterly dismayed.]

LETTER IV.

'Madam,—Lady Shuckborough has directed me to acquaint you she declines answering your note, the vulgarity of which is beneath contempt; and although it may be the characteristic of the Sheridans to be vulgar and witty, it is not that of a "lady," unless she happens to have been born in a garret and bred in the kitchen. Mary Stedman informs me that you only require a girl who can cook a mutton chop; if so I apprehend that Mary Stedman or any other scullion will be found fully equal to cook for, or manage the establishment of, the Queen of Beauty.—I am your Ladyship's, &c.,

'ELIZABETH COUCH
'(*not* POUCH).'

York Hotel, Brighton: April 20.

We have found this place pleasant enough, the weather being very fine. I have eaten a great many shrimps, which are the only things that have reminded me I am on the margin of the ocean; for it has been a dead calm the whole week, and I have not seen a wave or heard the break of the tide. There are a good many birds of passage here, like ourselves. I had a long stroll with the Speaker,[6] who is the most amiable of men and not one of the least agreeable, fresh as a child and enjoying his holidays.

I think the volume of miscellanies charming in appearance, and its contents most inviting. I cannot doubt of its extreme popularity when known. I hope you will give me a good bulletin of all in Half-Moon Street. I long to see you all.

D.

June 1, 1840.

No news, except *on dit* Lowther or his son-in-law, Broadwood, have bought the opera-house and, I suppose, all the dancers besides.

After all, poor Lady Cork did not die of old age; she was arranging her plants in a new fashion and caught cold. On Saturday at Hope's I sat next to Rogers, and he made one or two efforts at conversation which I did not encourage; but after the second course (Rogers having eaten an immense dinner), both of us in despair of our neighbours, we could no longer refrain from falling into talk, and it ended by a close alliance, the details and consequences of which are so amusing that I must reserve them for our visit.

All the world has been this morning to Exeter Hall to see Prince Albert in the chair. Peel moved one of the resolutions, and produced a great effect on his Highness.

June 12, 1840.

The political world is convulsive; the Government, by extraordinary efforts and pledging themselves that if in a minority they would resign, hardly induced Howick and all the malcontents and shufflers to return to their allegiance, came to a pitched battle again last night, and were, to our surprise as much as to their own consternation, ignobly defeated. After this occurred a scene which only could be compared to Donnybrook fair. O'Connell insanely savage; the floor covered with members in tumultuous groups; Stratford Canning, pale as a spectre, with outstretched and arraigning arm; hooting, cheering, groaning, and exclamations from unknown voices in the senatorial crowd. Maidstone, in full dress fresh from the Clarendon, re-enacting the part of the English Marcellus, and Norreys with a catcall.

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[6] Shaw-Lefevre, now Viscount Eversley.

Fancy Gordon falling asleep over his despatches in the Speaker's private room! What a droll casuality! Old Gore Langton 'lost his way.' He is eighty-five. We never have a single man absent.

One great resignation has occurred. Last night Crockford sent in a letter announcing his retirement. 'Tis a thunderbolt, and nothing else is talked of; 'tis the greatest shock to domestic credit since Howard and Gibbs. Some members are twelve years in arrear of subscriptions. One man owes 700*l.* to the coffee-room; all must now be booked up. The consternation is general. Moors that were hired are given up, and yachts destined to the Mediterranean must now lie in harbour.

D.

July 15, 1840.

These last days I have been so pressed with various affairs that I have not been able to summon spirit enough for correspondence, though I have found two occasions to make speeches. Last night I massacred Dr. Bowring. The only report that gives you the least idea of what I said is in the 'Morning Chronicle,' for the debate came on late, unexpectedly, and in committee, when reporters are generally slack and absent, expecting nothing but conversation.

I answered the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was replied to by the President of the Board of Trade, who, however, had nothing to say for himself, and was obliged to take refuge in mere assertions. My facts flabbergasted him, as well as Bowring's champion, Hume, who was ludicrously floored. His speech is not in the least reported, but convulsed the House when he said the 'hon. and *learned* member for Maidstone' had taken him by surprise, quoting authors he had never read, &c. &c. Peel most gallantly came to the rescue of his 'hon. friend the member for Maidstone,' and gave me immense *kudos.*

D.

July 21, 1840.

I spoke again[7] last Friday—fairly reported in the 'Times,' but being of an ironical vein was difficult to see under. Bowring has written me a letter of Christian mildness. He has only confirmed the two points of which I was not certain. He is ruined by my oration, and is to be employed no more. This is a fact. The other point was nothing, as he is no longer in Parliament; but everybody thought he was very learned and all that.

We had a pleasant dinner at the Horace Twisses, and Theodore Hook among the number. He was very amusing, and would not join the ladies: 'We are very comfortable here,' &c. At last a pompous butler flounced in to announce '*Coffee*' (Mrs. Horace having an evening party, and being in despair at our delay). 'Sir,' said Theodore, staring the astonished butler out of countenance, 'my name is *Tea* Hook.'

August 7, 1840.

I am anxious to hear news of you all from Beaumaris; this charming weather is doubly agreeable when I remember how much it must contribute to your pleasure, and I rejoice that you should see some picturesque scenery under such advantages. For us we are to go to Buckingham on Tuesday, preliminary to the ball the next night. Henry

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[7] Factory Bill.

Smith gives us shelter, as lodgings are not to be obtained. I look forward to it all with anticipatory disgust. A Queen Dowager seems to me as uninteresting a personage as can well be imagined—no power, and, in the present instance, no society, for she has not a court, although we pay for it. The Lyndhursts have gone to Stowe to-day grumbling.

I saw Lord Carrington at the opera, but I am not clear the lady with him was his bride; she had a gracious appearance. He was married to-day, the lady in dress of Bucks lace. All Foresters asked, but no Smiths, except Gardener.

The morning papers publish two editions, and Louis Napoleon, who last year at Bulwer's nearly drowned us by his bad rowing, has now upset himself at Boulogne. Never was anything so rash and crude to all appearances as this 'invasion,' for he was joined by no one. A fine house in Carlton Gardens, his Arabian horses, and excellent cook was hardly worse than his present situation.—Yours,

D.

August 15, 1840.

We have returned from our Buckingham festivities. I understand the outdoor part, as far as triumphal arches, processions, crowds in the gardens, &c., was very successful. Nothing could be more dull than the indoor portion; by all accounts, and from my own observation, nothing more completely a failure than the ball itself. A party of visitors with the Queen Dowager and the Archbishop of Canterbury for principal guests was certainly not very promising, and Lyndhurst shook his head when we met with an expression which spoke volumes. There was a temporary room for the ball, which was in itself a blunder, as anybody can guingettise, and princes give balls because they have palaces. But the booth was of colossal dimensions, of immense height, and capable of holding 1,500 to 2,000 people. There were not 400, and these included the scrapings of the county and so many priests that it had the character of the

Archbishop's levée. The supper was gorgeous from the display of plate, but rather scanty in provisions. The only Whig was Verney. The Duke gave his arm to Mary Anne, and took her up to the Duchess in grandiose style. The High Sheriff sent her home in his carriage, there being some mistake about ours. Dering, with a lady in a diamond tiara under his arm, is something too rich! I scribble in sad haste, but hope you will catch an idea.

D.

Wolbeding: September 7, 1840.

We are staying a few days with the Maxses. There is no one here except Tom Duncombe; but, as you know, the place is very beautiful, a paradise of flowers and conservatories, fountains and vases, in the greenest valley with the prettiest river in the world. This was a former temple of Whiggery. Charles Fox's statue and portrait may be seen in every nook and every chamber, a sort of rural Brooks's.

September, 1840.

Walpole went to dine yesterday with the Miss Berrys, who now live at Richmond; the party consisting of Miss Montague, Guizot, and Pollington—very *recherché* and 'Strawberry Hillish.' The old ladies a little in love with the Horace Walpole of the nineteenth century, who, by the bye, is more elegant, fantastical, and interesting than ever, and talks of changing his name, retiring to Parma or Cremona, or some city equally decayed and unvisited. Venice too vulgar, with Monckton Milnes writing sonnets in every gondola, and making every bridge 'a bridge of sighs.' I breakfasted with him to-day, and he really was divine. I never met anything like him—such a stream of humour, fancy, philosophy, and quotation, in every language. When last in Egypt he met Botta, who talked of me much.

Peace, peace is the order of the day, and French funds have risen 5 per cent. in one day. The Princess Augusta still lives, but everybody else in London seems dead. I have not read the trial of Madame Lafarge with any attention, which I regret, but it seemed to me that the French do not acknowledge any of our principles of the law of evidence. The mysteries of Orfila and the cadaverous smell remind one of a *procès* in the middle ages. I met a lady a few days back who knew Madame—not pretty, but *très gentille* in her appearance. There is a portrait of her in the 'Charivari,' which bears an arsenic look, taken in court. Walpole has no doubt of her guilt, and thinks she took the idea of the white powder from 'Vivian Grey.'—Thousand loves,

D.

October 15, 1840.

The King of Holland has abdicated, and Beyrout, after a bombardment of nine hours, has been taken by the English. The Cabinet have decided on 'carrying out' the treaty of July to the letter, with only four dissentients. *On dit* that even Lord Holland, that old Gallomaniac, ratted to Palmerston, who is quite triumphant. Great panic exists here, and even the knowing ones, who from their confidence in Louis Philippe have all along been sanguine of peace, look very pale and blue. Alas! that a Bourbon dynasty, even of Orleans, should absolutely depend for its existence on a Guizot or a Thiers, a professeur and a rédacteur. My domestic ministry, which is as troublesome as the French, is provisionally formed.

October 22, 1840.

Lord Holland was found dead in his bed this morning. This though not considered as yet a very significant event, is in my eyes not unimportant. It breaks up an old clique of pure Whiggery, and the death of a single Minister, by causing Cabinet reconstruction, is always of some weight. The Whigs say that Lyndhurst will be beaten at Cambridge;[8] but affairs have not yet developed themselves, so we may hope.

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[8] Election for High Steward.

We have had a delightful visit to Deepdene. In the midst of romantic grounds and picturesque park Hope has built, or rather is still building, a perfect Italian palace, full of balconies adorned with busts. On the front a terraced garden, and within a hall of tesselated pavement of mosaics, which is to hold his choicest marbles. We found there Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Hope, and Harness, now grown an oldish gentleman, but still juvenile in spirits, and even ready to act charades and spout poetry. Mrs. Adrian is French, a child of nature—never heard of Sir R. Peel. She is the daughter of the famous General Rapp. . . . My heart is with you all, though my letters are but brief.—Yours,

D.

November 6, 1840.

That latitudinarian trimmer, the Bishop of London, thinking he could at the same time please the Whigs and not mortify Peel, and thus make a hedge of Canterbury, has given in his adhesion to Lyttelton. 'Est-it possible?' as the Prince of Denmark said. The best thing is, that the same post brought a letter from Peel of the most extraordinary warmth for Lyndhurst, offering a subscription and his unlimited services in canvassing for him, a copy of which has been sent to the Bishop with the compliments of Lyndhurst's committee. The secret history of all this movement is, that the gentlemen of Trinity were tired of waiting for loaves and fishes, and knowing that Lyndhurst was abroad, and taking it for granted that none of his friends would incur the responsibility of bringing him forward, thought it was a fine opportunity to open a book with the Government. The Duke of Wellington is canvassing, and all are now active. The absence of Lyndhurst and his ignorance of the contest is at least dignified, if injurious; but I don't think the latter.

November 8, 1840.

Lyndhurst has arrived, looking younger than ever; he goes to Cambridge to-morrow. He is perfectly safe; indeed, I have heard from a Lyttelton quarter that they could only count 600 promises, and L. has 1,500 or thereabouts.

Lyndhurst visited Metternich, who was fortunately at his Bohemian castle, where he had not been for seven years. He was very hospitable, courteous, and charming, and pledged him freely in his own Johannisberg. Lyndhurst saw a good deal of Lord Beauvale, who is a most agreeable companion; but physically, mentally, and morally the perfect double of his brother Melbourne—his very chuckle, and the same manner and expression and view of men and affairs.

November 12, 1840.

Lyndhurst's election looks safe. Nothing can exceed the rancour of the Whigs, except their efforts to crush him. It was agreed that the candidates should not go down without fair notice to each other. Lyttelton's committee at half-past twelve on Tuesday night sent a note marked 'Immediate' to Sir J. Beckett, who had gone to bed, informing him that Lord Lyttelton had just gone down to Cambridge. They knocked up Lyndhurst at half-past two, who was off at eight o'clock. Lyttelton gained little by this ruse; he appeared in the Senate when nothing was going on, and everything thin, cold, and scanty. Lyndhurst entered at three o'clock, the Senate crowded and the breeze in his favour; the tumultuous cheering of the undergraduates lasted *twenty* minutes. Nothing can exceed the enthusiastic popularity of our friend. Old Miss Hatch opens her mansion, beds and all, to voters for Lyndhurst; the new Tory mayor equally hospitable. Fat old Barnes, of the 'Times,' waddled up to give his vote; he was recognised, and the undergraduates mightily cheered the Thunderer, to his infinite satisfaction. . . .

November 13.

In haste I write another line to tell you the close of the poll by express.

Lyndhurst	973
Lyttelton	487

It is considered one of the greatest triumphs ; the other side are in despair. The 'Chronicle' says 'one of the most foolish and timid contests on Lord Lyttelton's part on record,' &c., 'on Lord Lyndhurst's all enthusiasm.' Other papers say Lyttelton was betrayed by 'Dons,' his soi-disant friends, &c. I saw Peel yesterday ; most friendly, and very warm to Lyndhurst.

D.

November 21, 1840.

The Queen was safely and rather suddenly delivered of a princess at ten minutes to two o'clock this afternoon. She is doing well, and I believe the child. I write in haste and hurry. I have just seen Sir Charles Wetherell from Hanover ; pleased with his fortnight's visit to the King, who is well and content, 'as comfortable as Kew.' . . . There is no doubt that Acre has fallen, and therefore the matter is settled. What was the poor Pacha to do against all Europe? He has been infamously misled by that rascal Thiers, a thorough representative of the *gaminerie* of Paris. In the meantime, the Liberals are infinitely disgusted with Palmerston's triumph, and quarrel among themselves in much the same fashion as Monsieur Thiers.

The Lyndhursts have taken Turville Park unfurnished for a term ; they called on us to-day. I had not seen the conqueror before since his triumph.

We intend spending Christmas at Deepdene, and from thence to Bradenham. We had the Lyndhursts and Tankervilles, with Cis Forester and Hope, to dinner the other day, when we had a perfect *Spanish pudding*. Lyndhurst recognised his old Bradenham friend. Tankerville's French cook, he tells me to-day, has been trying his ''prentice hand' at it, but a fiasco. He says he finds a French cook can never execute out of his school, and Cis wants the receipt for the mess, but Mary Anne won't give it.—Yours,

D.

Deepdene: December 26, 1840.

We arrived here a week ago, with our host and Adrian Hopes. Then came Mr. Mitchell, very amusing; Baron and Baroness de Cetto, Walpole, Lord de Lisle, Sir A. Grant, and Lord and Lady Ernest Bruce; two days after came Baron Gersdorf, Sir Hume Campbell; and these formed our Christmas party, with the addition of the delectable Mr. Hayward. . . . Our party very merry and agreeable, and we have had many Christmas gambols, charades, and ghosts; and our princely host made all the ladies a Christmas box; to Mary Anne two beautiful specimens of Dresden china, a little gentleman in cocked hat and full dress, and a most charming little lady covered with lace. A thousand loves, and good wishes for a real happy Christmas and New Year. God grant it may turn out so for all of us.

D.

1841.

Interest in impending division—'Cecil'—Lord Jocelyn's book—Speech on Sugar Duties—Dinner at Peel's—Peel's speech—Prepared for a dissolution—Canvass at Shrewsbury—Returned—Triumph—Elections successful—Marriage of Peel's daughter—Election of Speaker—Bernal Osborne.

February 23, 1841.

ALL interest is concentrated in the impending division,[1] so closely run. 'Tis supposed that the casualties of each day affect almost vitally the numbers, and the general opinion is the Ministers will have five majority. Lord Lowther has not arrived from France, nor young Miles from New York. Not a day has passed without more than one member on each side being put *hors de combat.* The Government, however, will make a fearful struggle, and have promised the long-sought peerage to the Heathcotes, who both showed last night. The Whigs had last week two hunting accidents; but Lord Charles Russell, though he put his collar-bone out, and we refused to pair him, showed last night. Jack Dundas, with a compound fracture in Yorkshire, will however be absent.

I am spoken of with great *kudos* in 'Cecil' (*le livre du jour*), which indeed was given to me for some time and is an imitation of the 'Vivian Grey' school. But Lord Howden is now universally understood to be the author, with the exception of myself, for I am not credulous, and think the writer is nearer home;[2] but I shan't whisper my suspicions. Lord Jocelyn's book[3] also makes a noise, from its complete inanity; his excuse is curious and satisfactory. Lord Melbourne cut out the politics, Lord Hill the warlike details, and Lord Minto the naval, previous to their conceding an *imprimatur*.

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[1] Irish Registration Bill.

[2] Mrs. Charles Gore.

[3] *About China.*

D.

May 15, 1841.

I spoke with great effect last night in the House,[4] the best speech on our side; it even drew 'iron tears down Pluto's cheek,' *alias*, applause and words of praise from Peel. A full House about 9.30, and all the Ministers there. The times are terribly agitating, and I can give you no clue to what may happen. The Ministers from a technical difficulty cannot dissolve Parliament at a moment's notice, so we must at all events have the warning of ten days. Our party at Peel's was, like all such male gatherings, dull enough. I had hopes of at least eating a good dinner, for our host entertains well; but that chatterbox Milnes would sit next me, and I had not even the consolation of a silent stuff.

May 20.

The debate on Tuesday was powerful and exciting.[5] I dined with the Guests, but regained my post behind Sir Robert by ten o'clock, a few minutes before he rose. He spoke for three and a quarter hours, equally divided between commerce, finance, and the conduct of the Government; the latter division very happy and powerful. I think it will end in dissolution, but I am prepared for it, as, from all I can learn, Shrewsbury seems perfectly secure.[6]

Lion Inn, Shrewsbury: June 21, 1841.

The canvassing here is most severe, from eight o'clock in the morn to sunset, scarcely with half an hour's bait. I think all looks very well indeed; all I fear is over-confidence. The gentry have all called on us and very hospitable in their offers, but which at present I cannot venture to accept.

D.

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[4] Sugar Duties.
[5] Continuation of debate on Sugar Duties.
[6] Parliament dissolved, June 23.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Carlton Club: July 7, 1841.

Here I am again, having been only five days out of Parliament! We had a sharp contest, but never for a moment doubtful. They did against me, and said against me, and wrote against me all they could find or invent; but I licked them, and the result is that we now know the worst; and I really think that their assaults in the long run did me good, and will do me good. After the chairing, which was gorgeous and fatiguing, after quaffing the triumphal cup at forty different spots in Salop—a dinner and a speech—we went and stayed till Monday at Loton Park, Sir Baldwin Leighton's, one of the most charming old English halls, and filled with a family in their way as perfect. A complete old English gentleman, whom I first met at Stamboul, a most agreeable wife, the finest amateur artist I know, and children lovelier than the dawn. We stayed an hour at Shrewsbury on Monday to witness the chairing of the county members; slept at Birmingham, were lionised the next morning by George Whately; and arrived home last night to receive the congratulations of our friends. All in excellent spirits, and certain of sixty majority at the least, perhaps more.

Are there any strawberries left, or will there be in a week? We mean to run down by rail to see you.—Thousand loves.

D.

July 15, 1841.

The elections have gone admirably in Ireland, far beyond our hopes; but the non-intrusion question has prevented our gains in Scotland from being as considerable as they otherwise might have been. We have got rid, however, of many bores, specially Briscoe, Gillon a ruffian, that scamp Bob Stewart. Hume is going to Switzerland; Morpeth intends also to travel, the game being up at present. They have subscribed, I am told, amply in the city for a scrutiny, and will unseat Lord John, the only one of the Whig chieftains who has escaped unscathed; even O'Connell beaten. Yesterday Lord Villiers was married to Peel's daughter;

the church crammed, and at the breakfast Prince George proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. Peel acknowledged the toast, and spoke shortly, but so pathetically that Lord Jersey burst into violent tears. During his sketch of the character of a *good* man, Wilton was seen gradually to grow redder and redder, till at length the personal allusions overcame him, and he also audibly wept. T—— told me this, who was there. . . .

D.

August 20, 1841.

The only event that has occurred since our return has been the election of the Speaker. . . . The speech was successful. Bernal Osborne made a *brioche*, which I was delighted at, as he malignantly attacked me, and his manner was most flippant and audacious. After the first minute he commenced, 'Gentlemen,' as if on the hustings—cries of order. 'Well, I suppose you are gentlemen'—cries of disgust. After this he five times made the same blunder, in fact lost his head.

August 31.

There is no news of any kind; all about appointments[7] in the papers moonshine. We are frightened about the harvest, but as the glass has been gradually rising for some days, I do not despair, and if the sun ever shine again, we shall get down to Bradenham I hope.

D.

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[7] Lord Melbourne having resigned, Sir Robert Peel had been sent for.

1842.

Resignation of Duke of Bucks—Visit to Strawberry Hill—Fired a successful shot—Shrewsbury petition withdrawn—Peel's review of session—Paris—Lablache—'The great Mr. Candy'—Society in Paris—De Grammont family—Déjazet—Thiers—Sorbonne—St. Cloud—Louis Philippe—Court in mourning—Thierry—Guizot—British Embassy—Second visit to St. Cloud—Académie Française—Luxembourg—Dinner at the Tuileries—King's kindness.

February 2, 1842.

A THUNDERBOLT in a summer sky could not have produced a greater sensation than the resignation of the Duke of Bucks. All is confusion. I had a long conversation with him the other day. 'He has only one course—to be honest.' I am sorry to say I hear he has taken the Garter. . . . Peel seems to have pleased no party, but I suppose the necessity of things will force his measure[1] through. Christopher has given notice to-night for a 25*s*. duty, and Lord John for a fixed. I think affairs may yet simmer up into foam and bubble, and there may be a row.

D.

April, 1842.

The horses are at the door, and we are going with the living Horace Walpole to visit for the last time Strawberry Hill. Last night, after going to the city, I fired a most effective shot in the debate—cheered by Peel and all the Ministers. Hardinge, giving me his arm, said, 'You know what I told you years ago, you would become one of the clearest and most forcible speakers in the House;' and

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[1] Sliding scale of Corn Duties.

Sir J. Graham remarked, 'Never was a party pinned more effectively; the pin was pushed into the middle, and to the very head.' Just at this moment, when he was unbuttoning his heart, a thick-headed alderman (Copeland) forced himself upon us and spoilt all.

The Shrewsbury petition is withdrawn. This great *coup*, almost, in the present state of affairs, as great as my return, was effected in the most happy manner by my agent, Bailey, of Gloucester, without any interference and knowledge of either of the great parties. On his own responsibility he paired off Shrewsbury against Gloucester. The committees work so ill, under the new system, that I really despaired sometimes of keeping my seat, and was convinced that the Shrewsbury people would proceed. But the Gloucester Whigs prevailed upon them to sacrifice themselves for the extrication of their neighbours. . . . In the 'Journal des Débats' there is a long article on the highly interesting debate on 'Affairs in the English Chamber.' M. Disraeli is said to have pinned Lord Palmerston respecting his belief in the insincerity of Russia.

D.

August 11, 1842.

This delicious weather makes one sigh for country air, but we are still prisoners. Peel made a most effective speech last night. He crushed Palmerston,[2] who on the last night, like an excited player, lost on one dashing stake all his hard won winnings of the last month. I was in the leash to speak, but the effect of Peel's speech was so overwhelming that all the Whigs (Vernon Smith, Charley Buller, Hawes, &c.) took refuge in silence, and Cobden, seizing the opportunity, attempted, to an impatient and excited House, to foist off his intended speech of the night before, and turned the whole course of the debate, or rather burked it, being followed by Hume, Ewart & Co. in an American corn vein. Palmerston looked overwhelmed, being mortified by the turn of the debate, which rendered his position still more ludicrous —most ludicrous, however, when Philip Howard, the butt of the House, and who pours forth endless *niaiseries*, rose to vindicate 'his noble friend,' which he did with agonising detail, till Peel went away, the House nearly emptied, and Palmerston bound to remain, even refrained from replying, for which he had prepared. By the bye, he quoted me very courteously at his commencement, and indeed 'went off' with me, which produced an effect in the House. I sigh for news from Bradenham. As soon as we have paid you a visit we shall cross the Channel.

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[2] Review of the session.

D.

Hôtel de l'Europe, Rue de Rivoli: September 26.

Here we are at our old quarters, and well placed. We have taken a suite looking on the Tuileries for three months, and get all the sun which is to be had. Our passage was favourable, so we gained nothing in suffering by starting from the Tower, and much of convenience. Lablache was one of our fellow-travellers, and was a charming companion. He beguiled the time with his agreeable and polished conversation, and seems even fonder of pictures than of music. Also 'the great Mr. Candy,' as he was described by the captain of the vessel, with his travelling chariot, lady, children, servants, &c.; the lady reclining on cushions, the children in various silken cloaks, continually changed and adjusted, and Candy himself in the height of fashion, florid and frank, with new kid gloves, gold-headed cane, and occasionally changing his hat for a tartan silk cap with a silver thistle badge. On inquiry, he turned out to be a silk dealer, or warehouseman, or something, and was a source of infinite amusement. He knew me.

I see by the London papers that a new farce, 'Curiosities of Literature,' is announced at the Haymarket. I hope the 'Cologne Review' did not incommode Ralph. Baron Orten said at Crockford's the Sunday before we left that the King furnished them (the English officers) with a table daily at which 300 sat down, not less than a guinea per head. '*Quel restaurateur!*' exclaimed D'Orsay.—Love to mother and all.

D.

Hôtel de l'Europe: October 16.

For the last ten days we have been having the most beautiful weather here, which will, they say, last during the month. We have found agreeable acquaintances in the De Grammont family. The Duchess, Count d'Orsay's sister, is like him in petticoats. She receives three times a week, and the few people in Paris may be found in her little house in the Faubourg St. Honoré, crammed with pretty furniture, old cabinets, and pictures of the De Grammonts. The Duc, as well as his spouse, extremely good-looking, and brother of Lady Tankerville, who is also here, and very kind to us. The Duc when Duc de Guiche was an officer in our 10th Hussars, in the days of Lord Worcester, Pembroke, and George Wombwell. One of the three sons, the Visconte de Grammont, is with them, and their two daughters, on the point of coming out, and the first considered very pretty, and celebrated in the novels of Eugene Sue, the only literature admitted into 'fashionable society' here. We see these Mdlles. de Grammont in the evening, when they are trying their wings, previous to a formal *début*, and kiss their mother at ten o'clock and go to bed. Of English here, are the Adrain Hopes (who have arrived from Normandy), Henry Hope, Smythe, Cochrane, Lord Pembroke, Antony de Rothschild, Mrs. Montefiore. Antony succeeds the Duke of Orleans in his patronage of the turf, and gives costly cups, which his horses always win.

Through Goldsmith I have made the acquaintance of Mauguin, whom I see much of and like, and Odilon-Barrot, the leader of the Opposition, called on me yesterday. Thiers is in the country, as is almost every other leading man, but they will soon cluster in. He frequents the salon of the Duchess, and seems in favour with the Carlists. We also meet there Princes de Beaufremont, Counts de Chambellan, Duchesses de Marmier. What names ! but where are their territories? There are only one hundred men in France who have 10,000*l.* per annum. Henry Hope and De Rothschild could buy them all!—Love to the parents.

D.

Paris: November 9.

Our English friends have nearly all departed, and the serious illness of the Duc de Grammont has put a stop to the pleasant réunions at their house. We have dined with Lord and Lady Cowley: a very pleasant dinner. Lord Pembroke, Lady Aldboro', H. Bulwer, the Lawrence Peels, some attachés, Greville, Heneage, &c. The ambassador is very like the Duke, but much taller. Lady Cowley has the most polished yet natural manners, very well-informed and rather clever. Paris is very empty of notables, though some few are stealing in. The season will be late and sombre, owing to the death of the Prince Royal, and the non-consequent autumn meeting of the Chambers, which will not now reassemble till the middle of January. We have passed an evening at Madame Baudraud's, the wife of the general and aide-de-camp of the King, and friend. She is an Englishwoman, and young enough to be his daughter. We also met her friend, Miss Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who remembered dining with me seven or eight years ago at Bulwer's. Many Frenchmen have English wives—Madame Lamartine, Odilon-Barrot, and De Tocqueville.

We went to see Déjazet, and I was much disappointed and disgusted. She is hideous, and no ability can compensate for such a physique, nor has she grace. But the Parisians are still enthusiastic in her favour. She produced I suppose on me the same effect as Vestris on the Americans. Great revolution in caps and bonnets, but no change as yet in dresses. The cardinal capes are universal. I have not ventured to ask about my father, but your mentioning a visit to town and Tyrrell[3] reanimates us. Pray give us news hereon and write to

Your affectionate

D.

Paris: November 23.

I think when I wrote last I was on the eve of paying a visit to Thiers, whom I found in a very handsome house, and in his cabinet, or sanctum, a long gallery-room, full of works of art; at the end, his desks and tables covered with materials, maps, and books and papers for the life of Napoleon, or rather the history of the Consulate and Empire. I stayed with him two hours—a very little man, but well-proportioned, not dwarfish, with a face full of intelligence, and an eye full of fire. Madame Thiers receiving every evening, Mary Anne and myself paid our respects to her a few nights after. We met there Mignet, Count Walewski, whom we knew, and others. Madame Thiers pretty: her mother, Madame Dorne, there, and I believe the house, which is very handsome, belongs to Monsieur Dorne the father-in-law. Next day to the Sorbonne, where I paid a visit to the celebrated Cousin, late Minister of Instruction, and now Dean of the University: great power of elocution, he delivered a lecture, which lasted an hour and a half, very perspicuous and precise; dogmatic, but not a pedant. I have seen also Dupin, who is rich and lives in a very handsome hotel. I also made a visit to the prince of journalists, Monsieur Bertin de Vaux; an ox who lives in a fat pasture, manured by others. He dwells in a fine hotel, and lives like a noble; indeed, few have such a rich estate as the 'Journal des Débats.'

Yesterday, however, was my most distinguished visit: like a skilful general I kept my great gun for the last. On Sunday night I received a letter from the royal aide-de-camp in service to inform me that the King would receive me in a private audience at St. Cloud on the morrow at 11.30. I was with his majesty nearly two hours alone, the conversation solely political, but of the most unreserved and interesting kind. He was frank, courteous, and kind. In taking my leave, which of course I could not do until he arose, he said he hoped my visit to St. Cloud had made as favourable an impression on me as mine had on him, that he hoped to see me in the evenings at the palace, when he should have the pleasure of presenting me to the Queen. There is no Court of any kind at this moment, and therefore Mary Anne cannot be presented, and we hear that the poor Queen is still dreadfully depressed. After my audience had concluded, General Baudraud, whom I rejoined in the ante-chamber, took me over the palace.

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[3] The oculist.

I ought to tell you that while, previous to the audience, I was sitting in the chamber of the aides-de-camp, one of the courtiers brought me from the King, by his majesty's express order, a despatch just received, and which he had not himself read, containing the news of the conquest of Cabul and the release of the prisoners. His majesty said afterwards he was happy that our meeting took place on a day which had brought such good news for England.

Be very particular and minute in your information about my father's eyes. Scarcely a day passes without some inquiry being made after him here, especially by the *hommes de lettres*. His works are universally known here, and Buchon, Ste.-Beuve, Bertin de Vaux, &c., are familiar with every page he has written.—Yours,

D.

Paris: December 2.

Since I last wrote I have made a visit to Augustin Thierry, or rather a pilgrimage. He is only forty-five, but paralysed to his centre, and quite blind, but he entirely retains his faculties, and with the aid of an amanuensis continues his composition, and even researches. He sent many messages to my father. Thierry is married, and his wife is very worthy and devoted, but she takes the words out of his mouth a little too much. Afterwards I made my *début* at the Comtesse de Castellane's, a charming woman of the highest fashion, and who smiles on M. Molé, a grand seigneur, and once prime minister. I was presented to her by Henry Bulwer, and have since presented Mary Anne. On Tuesday I dined with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, his first dinner of the season, and given only to the great personages, even the Cabinet Ministers only appeared at the soirée. The guests were the English Ambassador and Austrian (Count Apponyi), the Prussian Minister, Duc Decazes (Grand Referendary of France), Count de Chabot, Alexander Humboldt, General Sebastiani (Governor of Paris), Baron Regnier (the Chancellor of France), Rothschild and myself, and Colonel Fox. Guizot, his mother, very old, his sister-in-law, who heads his establishment, and his private secretary made up the party. All was sumptuous, and guests with every ribbon of the rainbow. Sat between Sebastiani and Rothschild, whom I met for the first time. He spoke to me without ceremony, 'I believe you know my nephew.'

On Wednesday we went to a grand rout at the British Embassy, where we saw every diplomatic character in Paris, including the fat nuncio of the pope, and the Greek Minister in native costume. Returning home I found a note from General Baudraud, saying the King wished to present me to the Queen, and accordingly last night I was obliged to go off to St. Cloud, and arrived about nine o'clock. I passed, for the first time of my life, an evening in the domesticity of a Court. When I arrived the Royal Family were still in the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans. A few courtiers, and one or two visitors, my friend Count Arnim, the Prussian Minister, loitering in the saloon, and three ladies sitting at a table working. In a quarter of an hour the Court was announced, and his majesty entered with the Queen, followed by Madame Adelaide, the Princesse Clémentine, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, and some attendants. We formed a distant circle. The Queen and the ladies, all in deep mourning, seated themselves round a large round table working. Ices were handed, and the King commenced speaking a few words to each. He was very gracious when he observed me, and, after expressing his pleasure that I had arrived, called to a courtier to present me to the Queen. Her majesty asked me six questions, to which I replied. She is tall and sad, with white hair—a dignified graceful phantom. Then I was presented to Madame Adelaide, who is lively, like her brother. In the course of the evening the King conversed with me a long time. I doubtless owe to his good word my grand dinner with M. Guizot, who told me the King had observed to him 'he had had a most interesting conversation with me.'

D.

Paris: December 21.

Many thanks for your 'happy returns' received this morning.[4] . . . We were at a brilliant assembly at Countess Apponyi's the other night. Among others the Turkish Ambassador, with two little boys about six and eight years of age, in costume, whose diamond tassels to their red caps and large melancholy eyes captivated the ladies.

We attended a meeting of the Académie Française for the reception of a new member, the celebrated Baron Pasquier, Chancellor of France, who made a long eulogium on Fassinous, the late Bishop of Heranopolis, and was replied to by the president of the day, M. Mignet, in a speech of considerable ability. The grand hall of the institute was crowded, all the genius and fashion of Paris present. My ticket was given me by Comte Molé, Mary Anne's by Guizot. Afterwards I dined at a grand party at the Luxembourg, with the Duc Decazes, and sat next his Duchess, a daughter of St.-Aulaire, the French ambassador at our Court. In the evening a reception at Madame de Castellane's to celebrate the election of Pasquier, the hero being there himself, and many celebrities. I was introduced to Barante, President of the Society of French History, of which I have been elected a member.

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[4] The writer's birthday.

Last week I received a command to dine at the Tuileries at six o'clock. I was ushered, through a suite of about twenty illuminated rooms, to the chamber of reception, where I formed one of the circle, and where I found seated the Queen of Sardinia, at present a guest, and her ladies. Soon after the Court entered and went round the grand circle. I was the only stranger among sixty guests. Dinner was immediately announced, the King leading out the Queen of Sardinia, and there were so many ladies that an Italian princess, duchess, or countess fell to my share. We dined in the gallery of Diana, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Louis XVI. In the evening the King personally showed the Tuileries to the Queen of Sardinia, and the first lady in waiting invited me, and so did the King, to join the party, *only eight.* It is rare to make the tour of a palace with a king for the cicerone. In the evening there was a reception of a few individuals, but I should have withdrawn had not the King addressed me and maintained a long conversation. He walked into an adjoining room, and motioned me to seat myself on the same sofa. While we conversed the chamberlain occasionally entered and announced guests, 'S. A. le Prince de Ligne,' the new ambassador of Belgium. 'J'arrive,' responded his majesty very impatiently, but he never moved. At last even majesty was obliged to move, but he signified his wish that I should attend the palace in the evenings. I am the *only* stranger who has been received at Court. There is no Court at present, on account of the death of the Duke of Orleans; and the Ailesburys, Stanhopes, and Russian princes cannot obtain a reception. The King speaks of me to many with great *kudos*; we go very often to the Grammonts and the Baudrauds.—Yours,

D.

1843.

Opening of the Chambers—Dinner with Odilon-Barrot—Reschid Pacha—Hôtel de Ville—Masque ball at Opera House—Dinner with Molé—Return to England—Speech—'Velveteen' correspondence—Peel frigid—Speech on Boundary Question—Visit to Shrewsbury—Ball and races—King of Hanover's visit to London—Daily fêtes—Speech on Ireland and Servia—Deepdene—Bradenham.

Paris: January 16.

THE uncertainty of our movements and the great pressure of business and pleasure have daily made me delay writing. Our life goes on the same, only more bustling. I have been a great deal at Court; had the honour of drinking tea with the Queen and Madame Adelaide alone, and one evening was sent for to the King's cabinet. I am in personal as well as political favour there. We had tickets from the household to witness the opening of the Chambers and to hear the King's speech, which was extremely interesting. The splendid staff of a hundred general officers and the marshals of France, in their gorgeous uniforms, seated on one bench, very fine. We have been also to the Chamber of Peers, worthy of the Roman Senate; to the Luxembourg, to a concert given by the Duchess Decazes, and we were the only English there. One of our most amusing parties was a strictly French dinner, to which we were invited by the Odilon-Barrots. A capital dinner, and surrounded by names long familiar to me, Lamartine, Tocqueville, Gustave de Beaumont; the first tall and distinguished in appearance, all intelligent. In the evening a *soirée*, in which all the Opposition figured. By the bye, the Turkish Ambassador dined at Barrot's; I happened to praise some dish which I remembered eating in Turkey; and on Sunday his cook brought one as an offering to Mary Anne. Reschid Pacha is his name, a great celebrity. I went by invitation one evening to talk Eastern politics and smoke a chibouque, which he offered me, brilliant with diamonds. He told me then that since we last met he had been recalled, 'a simple *rappel.*' He knew not whether he was to be disgraced, or to be made Prime Minister; but I suspect the latter will be his destiny.

Another day we went to an assembly at the Hôtel de Ville, given by the wife of the Prefect of the Seine—costly beyond description, in the style of the Renaissance; and after it, where do you think we went at half-past twelve at night, M. and Madame Adolphe Barrot, ourselves, and Odilon? To the masqued ball at the Opera. They had an admirable box, the scene indescribable. Between three and four thousand *devils* dancing and masquerading beyond fancy. A thorough Carnival; the *salle* of the Grand Opera formed into one immense Belshazzar's hall with a hundred streaming lustres. The grand galoppe, five hundred figures whirling like a witches' sabbath, truly infernal. The contrast, too, between the bright fantastic scene below and the boxes filled with ladies in black dominoes and masks, very striking, and made the scene altogether Eblisian. Fancy me walking about in such a dissolute devilry, with Odilon-Barrot of all men in the world, who, though an excellent fellow, is as severe as a *vieux parlementaire* of the time of the Fronde. I have omitted much more than I have told; but you must manage to pay your visit to town immediately after our arrival.—Ever yours,

D.

Grosvenor Gate: February.

We have arrived, crossing to the Tower. A good passage, with Lord Brougham for an agreeable companion; but I have been so pressed since our return that I have not had a moment to write. I can give you no news; all at present uncertain and unsatisfactory; Peel frigid and feeble, I think, and general grumbling. . . .

Our latter days at Paris were very brilliant. The principal features, the ball at the English Embassy, a thousand guests, and orange trees springing from the supper table; my farewell audience with his majesty; a grand dinner at Molé's, I sat between Humboldt and Tocqueville, and was surrounded with celebrities, Mignet, Victor Hugo, Cousin, &c. But above all spectacles was the ball at Baron Solomon de Rothschild's; an hotel in decoration surpassing the palaces at Munich; a great retinue of servants, in liveries more gorgeous than the Tuileries, and pineapples plentiful as blackberries. I saw Hahnemann at Paris, very hale and active, and eighty-eight!—Yours.

D.

February 17, 1843.

I have at last made a great speech[1] at a late hour, in a full House, and sat down amid general cheering. . . .

Last night also was lively. Baring's touch at 'the velveteen correspondence'[2] made all sides and sections split.

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[1] Motion for papers on Lord Ellenborough's proclamation regarding the gates of Somnauth.

[2] A correspondence which appeared in the papers relative to some velveteen manufactured by a Mr. Barlow, of Ancoats Vale Works, Lancashire, gave rise to considerable amusement. It is described in a Manchester paper. 'The cloth is entirely cotton, but so beautifully dressed as to appear like silk; the design represents a stalk and ears of wheat grouped together very tastefully, with a small scroll peeping from beneath, bearing the word "Free."' Mr. Barlow presented two pieces of it to Sir Robert Peel, who in accepting the New Year's gift returned Mr. Barlow the following handsome letter:—

'Drayton Manor: Dec. 31.

'Sir,—I am much obliged by your kind attention in sending a specimen of the beautiful manufacture which accompanied your letter. Lady Peel admires it so much that she will convert one of the pieces into a cloak for her own wearing; the other I will apply to my own use.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

'ROBERT PEEL.'

A few days afterwards the Premier again addressed Mr. Barlow.

'Drayton Manor: Jan. 7, 1843.

'Sir,—I was not aware until to-day that the specimens of manufacture which you requested me to accept bore any allusion to matters which are

Peel, I hear, very savage. Almost every speaker last night referred to my speech, among others Z. in an elaborate panegyric, which I rejoice to find was not reported. Lord Ashburton wished an earldom; they want to job him off with a viscounty and the red ribbon, but he kicks. Strangford says 'he has had enough of *broad red lines*.' You twig, as Sam Weller says, Franklin's map. I receive invitations every day, three for to-morrow, but hope to escape them all. I dine at the House of Commons, over a couple of mutton chops and cayenne pepper.

D.

House of Commons: March 21.
Nottingham Election Committee.

Our election committee has received a blow to-day, which I hope is ominous of its speedy decease. It is very hard work, and has sadly deranged my studies for the debate on the Boundary Question to-night, which Palmerston brings forward in a couple of hours. . . .

Grosvenor Gate: May 12, 1843.

We were very glad to receive such a good bulletin of my father's eyes as we were stepping into the carriage homeward bound yesterday morning. We left Shrewsbury after break-

the subject of public controversy. No mention of this was made in the letter you addressed to me, and I thought it would be ungracious to reject what appeared to be a pure act of civility on your part. I must beg leave to return to you that which I accepted under an erroneous impression.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

'ROBERT PEEL.'

In reply Mr. Barlow expresses his regret for an act of inadvertence, and adds, 'When I took the liberty of sending you the printed velveteen I did so without the slightest intention of connecting your acceptance of the gift with any subject of public controversy, and I now most unequivocally disclaim any such intention. I am not attached to any political party here, and the paragraph which appeared in the "Manchester Guardian" was inserted at my request, solely with a desire to call the attention of the public to what I conceived to be a new and interesting manufacture, and at the same time to exhibit an act of kind consideration on your part.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

'W. BARLOW.'

fast, and arrived at home for dinner. For the provinces I think my speech was a great effect. Nothing could equal the enthusiasm of my auditors or be stronger than my position there. We did not arrive at Shrewsbury till ten at night, by which we lost a triumphant entrance, the streets having been filled with the expectation of our immediate arrival from six to eight o'clock; guns on the bridge ready to be fired and frighten our horses, and deputations at the column. After the dinner we went to the Bachelors' Ball, which was very gay and well attended. Mary Anne, who never looked so well, was the grand lady of the evening, and led into supper by the mayor. The next day we went to the races; saw Retriever win the Tankerville—an excellent race—and shook hands with a great many friends. Lord Newport[3] was our travelling companion up to town, and very agreeable; a shrewd, tall, fair, unaffected, very young man. I was at the House last night and received many compliments about my speech and Shrewsbury campaign. . . . I hear Ben Stanley, who never praised friend or foe, said the other day that my Boundary speech was the crack one of the session. . . .

D.

July 17.

London, that a little while ago seemed so dull that the shopkeepers were in despair, is suddenly favoured by the most animated season, for which exchange they are indebted to the King of Hanover, now the most popular man in town, for the first time in his life. Grand fêtes every day and apparently interminable. On Thursday the Duchess of Buckingham, after a banquet, held an assembly, extremely brilliant and well arranged. The band of the Life Guards in the galleries of the grand staircase. Every guest welcomed with a martial flourish, and the effect was stirring. The Duchess of Gloucester and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and his intended father-in-law were there, as well as his majesty of Hanover. On Friday Lady Lyndhurst had a reception after a royal dinner. We formed a Court circle, and the King went round. I was presented and received gracious compliments from his majesty; he even shook hands with me, the second king who has shaken hands with me in six months!

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[3] Now Earl of Bradford.

Lady Peel has asked us to a grand rout and royal reception on the 21st, and the following week the St.-Aulaires to a ball. A delightful fête at Gunnersbury, Madame de Rothschild *mère*. A beautiful park and a villa worthy of an Italian prince. The bright morning unfortunately ended in a dingy afternoon, which threw us much on the resources of indoor nature, notwithstanding the military bands and beautiful grounds, temples and illuminated walks. However, we had a charming concert, a banquet, and at the end a ball. All the world present—Ernest I., the Cambridges, Duchess of Gloucester, &c. I got well waited on by our old friend Amy, who brought me some capital turtle, which otherwise I should have missed. I suppose in a fortnight the interesting business of Parliament will have ceased. . . .

August 7.

I have been waiting to write with the hope of being able to say something definite about our movements, but I am cruising for two subjects on which I wish to speak, Ireland[4] and Servia.[5] I was in hopes that to-night and to-morrow would have disposed of both, but an amendment of Ewart on the committee of supply will, I fear, hinder the third reading of the Arms Bill, and to-morrow, if Servia, I fear we shall be favoured with Mr. Roebuck on Scinde. Directly we get rid of these two debates we shall be anxious to leave town and come to you. Londonderry's flare-up has cut the Government in the wind; they could not believe it possible. He had threatened to hold aloof, but at a certain hour, finding Purvis would possibly be returned, he made all his men vote for Bright![6] Oh, for fifty Durhams!

D.

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[4] August 9.

[5] August 15.

[6] John Bright returned for Durham, July, 1843.

September, 1843.

We returned from Deepdene this morning, after a most agreeable visit, with beautiful weather. One night I sat next to Mrs. Evelyn of Wotton, a widow; her son, the present squire, there also; a young Oxonian and full of Young England. We are going to Manchester and Liverpool—a rapid visit which I must make—and after a respite of forty-eight hours for business we should like to come to Bradenham for as long as you will have us. I am writing and want a workroom; therefore, if it does not inconvenience anybody, let me have my old writing-room next to your room. The journals daily descant on the 'new party' that has arisen to give a new colour to modern politics, &c. I hope my mother has quite recovered and that you receive good accounts from Ralph in Ireland and that he has enjoyed himself. A thousand loves.—Yours,

D.

1844.

'Coningsby'—Reviews—Sydney Smith—Manchester—Literary meeting—Fatiguing visit to Shrewsbury—Return to Bradenham.

May, 1844.

LORD PONSONBY is so enchanted with 'Sidonia,' that we are all to dine together at the Lionels' *en petit comité* on Sunday. There is no particular news except that Bradshaw, the last of the school of Brummell, has read a book—and it is called 'Coningsby'—twice in one evening. John Manners has told me there is a capital review in a Puseyite periodical, published by Burns, 'The Christian Remembrancer.' A most unexpectedly friendly article in 'Ainsworth.' I have not yet seen 'Hood,' where there is an article supposed by Milnes. . . . We dined with Baring Wall, and had a most exquisite dinner, with charming society. I sat next to Sydney Smith, who was delightful. We had besides Lady Morley and Luttrell, Labouchere and George Smythe, Punch Greville and Lord Melbourne. The party sprang from 'Coningsby,' and from Sydney Smith's wish to make my acquaintance. The demand for the book is steady, and we are preparing for a third edition. It is wonderfully popular with the ladies; but even old Britton 'the antiquary' has written me a letter full of enthusiasm. . . .

August 30, 1844.

Manchester has invited me to take the chair at their literary meeting, and Bucks to commemorate the majority of Chandos.[1] The 'Revue des deux Mondes' contains a most elaborate and interesting article on 'Coningsby.' I shall try and bring down to you also the 'Westminster.' I have had three fatiguing days of triumph at Shrewsbury. People seem frightened about war ; but though I see six weeks or two months of agitation and fluctuation, I retain my opinion that peace will continue, though perhaps at the expense of Monsieur Guizot, even of Ministers in other countries. Three thousand loves, and great delight at the prospect of our speedy union. Dinner at seven, tell my mother, with my love.—Your affectionate

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[1] The present Duke of Buckingham.

D.

1845.

Visit to meet Her Majesty at Stowe—Dinner at Stationers' Hall—'Vestiges of Natural History'—Spread of Young England—Scene in House—'Sybil'—Cassel—Description—Paris—Audience of the King—Conversation with St.-Aulaire—Confusion in the Cabinet.

January 20, 1845.

YOU have heard of our sudden expedition to Stowe, and its brilliant success; Her Majesty, Peel, Aberdeen, and all equally distinguishing us by their courtesy. The whole scene sumptuous and a great success for the Duke. The Wednesday before I kept my engagement at Stationers' Hall, where I sat on the right hand of the master, and had to make a speech, which was rather ridiculous, as there were only thirty or forty citizens, grubbing like boys, a table of delicacies; but I seemed to please them, and all came up to be presented in turn to the great man. Most present were of the time of the first red sandstone, and before Mercury or Venus were created.

'Vestiges of Natural History of Creation,' one small volume, is convulsing the world, anonymous, and from an unknown publisher; 3,000 copies have already been sold, and it will soon form an epoch.

February 6, 1845.

I write a line very tired; Gladstone's address was involved and ineffective.[1] He may have an *avenir*, but I hardly think it. With Stanley and Follett gone, Peel will have a weak Treasury bench for debate; but this is not the age for non-confidence, and I don't see much trouble before him. The storms rise in Parliament, like squalls in the Mediterranean, in a moment.

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[1] On his retirement as President of the Board of Trade. This opinion is curiously confirmed by Greville in his Memoirs, where he says, 'I went to the House of Commons to hear Gladstone's explanation. His explanation was ludicrous. Everybody said that he succeeded in showing that his explanation was quite uncalled for.'

Lord Campbell came to me in the lobby to congratulate me on the great spread of 'Young England,' and asked my opinion of affairs. I said I thought we were in the third year of the Walpole administration. He looked rather blue. Cochrane is ill with a fever; Milnes still at Berlin. John Manners and George Smythe here, and very hearty.

House of Commons: March 21, 1845.

I much regretted not getting out on Saturday to send you a line from myself as to the great scene in the Commons the night before, from which that respectable assembly has not yet recovered.[2] There never was an instance of a trip being succeeded by such a leap; and the only thing I have read which can give you an idea of it is a sketch by Horace Walpole of a sudden ebullition by the elder Pitt in a drowsy House. As for Peel, he was stunned and stupefied, lost his head and, vacillating between silence and spleen, spoke much and weakly. Never was a greater failure! Assuring me that I had not hurt his feelings, that he would never reciprocate personalities again, having no venom, &c. &c.

The bell rings.

D.

May-day, 1845.

'Sybil' was finished yesterday; I thought it never would be; the printers were on my heels, and have been for the last month, but I don't think it can be published till the middle of the month. I can't send the rough sheets, they would spoil the illusion. I have never been through such a four months, and hope never again. What with the House of Commons, which was itself quite enough for a man, and writing 600 pages, I thought sometimes my head must turn. I have never had a day, until this, that I have felt, as it were, home for the holidays.

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[2] On motion for application of surplus revenue to relief of agricultural interest.

D.

Cassel: September 17, 1845.

We are here without having had the slightest intention of coming. But hearing that the place had beauty and seclusion, we agreed to pitch our tent here, if we could find any sort of accommodation. This was difficult, as it is an extremely savage place; few of the inhabitants, and none of the humbler classes, talk French. There is no library, bookseller's shop, nor newspaper of any sort; they never heard of 'Galignani,' and I hardly know whether the majority of the people are conscious of the three glorious days. It is quite French Flanders; their provisions come from Holland; the Hôtel de Ville was built by the Spaniards, and religion is supreme. The country around is rich, and the landscape a vast panorama, and as the place is high, we conclude it is healthy. We have taken a house for a month and have hired a Flemish cook, who, Mary Anne desires me to tell my mother, stews pigeons in the most delicious way: eggs, cloves and onions, ending in a red brown sauce, a dish of the time of the Duke of Alva. Fruit and poultry plentiful and cheap. Six fowls for 5 francs, meat 6*d.* per lb. We crossed from Dover to Boulogne, a very rough passage. Our first walk at Boulogne we found 'Sybil' *affiched* in a large placard, 'Disraeli's New Novel,' in every window. We travelled from Boulogne *en voiturier* to this place, sleeping the first night at St Omer.

. . . .

Cassel: October 26, 1845.

The tragedy of Ely Cathedral has shaken me to the centre. It is vain to speak of such a catastrophe: impossible not to think of it. Since the death of the Duke of Orleans, no sudden end has been more terrible.[3]

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[3] The architect, Mr. George Basevi, fell through the scaffolding, and died instantaneously.

I get up at half-past five, and don't find it difficult, going to bed by nine. The effort was great at first, and the house very unmanageable. You cannot expect any news from us; we know no one and hear nothing, except from you. I have been able to write very regularly and made better progress than usual, which is encouraging. Your life is as secluded as our own, yet you always make your letters interesting. We have a pretty garden, which gives us mignonnette and Alpine strawberries; and the autumn there is mellow, fine and mild, though we live on the top of a mountain. We look upon a most charming landscape, and can see thirty or forty miles ahead, and the sea, on a clear day. We now see 'Galignani' regularly, and an unknown Englishwoman—Miss King, as I observe by the direction of her paper—sends me the 'Illustrated Times,' and another unknown, 'Bell's Life.'

D.

Hôtel de l'Europe, Paris: December 6, 1845.

We received your last letter just before leaving Cassel for this place, where we have our old rooms. I have been to St. Cloud, and had a most gracious reception from the whole Court. There were many visitors and Ministers requiring audiences of the King, but I was bid to stay, and remained two hours. He looks as well as ever, though seventy-three, much interested and excited about English politics, whether the Government would stand, and the Oregon question. The Queen very kind. St. Cloud is certainly the most brilliant of the palaces, more finished and complete than the Tuileries and Versailles. At General Baudraud's, besides Washington Irving, whom I think vulgar and stupid, I met Lamennais;[4] extremely able and interesting, talks admirably, without the slightest effort or affectation; indeed, simplicity his characteristic; he is not taller than Tom Moore, very delicate, and advanced in life, for which I was not prepared. Not so old as Baron de Cetto's father, whom he has just left at his castle near Ratisbon, aged ninty-five, and quite hale. The Court has quitted St. Cloud for the Tuileries, and this morning I received an invitation to dinner. I had a long conversation with St.-Aulaire, who seemed to hope that Gladstone might come forward and save the country. We are here all in doubt, the impression being last night that the Whigs cannot come forward. What exciting times! All agree that though Peel[5] may return, he has lost his prestige. Cobden and the 'Times' will alone triumph.—Love to all.

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[4] Catholic abbé, writer and philosopher.

D.

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[5] Peel resuming the Government, Gladstone became Colonial Secretary, *vice* Lord Stanley resigned.

1846.

Belvoir.

Belvoir Castle: August 10, 1846.

MY DEAREST SA,

I thought you would like to have a line from Beaumanoir, though it is not in the least like Beaumanoir, but Coningsby Castle to the very life; gorgeous, Gothic of a quarter of a century past, and slopes and shrubberies like Windsor; the general view, however, notwithstanding the absence of the Thames, much finer. Granby and myself arrived here in a fly on Thursday, and were received by two rows of servants, bowing as we passed, which very much reminded me of the arrival of Coningsby himself. Nothing can be more amiable than the family here, agreeable and accomplished besides. George Bentinck went off this morning at dawn, the Duke of Richmond on Saturday. On that day we rode over to Harlaxton Manor, a château of François I.'s time, now erecting by a Mr. Gregory. Yesterday, after the private chapel, we lionised the castle, which I prefer to Windsor, as the rooms, in proportion to the general edifice, are larger and more magnificent. Afterwards to the Belvoir kennel, which itself required a day. . . .—Yours,

D.

[There are no more letters in this and the following year except those of a strictly private character.—R. D.]

1848.

Speech on finance—Anxious times—Mob in possession of Vienna—Visit from Guizot—State of Paris alarming—Interview with Metternich—Summary of session—Visit to Claremont—Erlestoke—Quarter Sessions at Aylesbury—New edition of 'Curiosities.'

Carlton: February 18, 1848.

I MADE a very successful speech[1] last night; one of my best, though not well reported in the 'Times.' After the first two columns and a half, it is for nearly a column really nonsense—a new hand. In the 'Chronicle' all this, however, is accurate enough, and so between them the thing may be made out. I never knew a better sustained debate. Lord George very vigorous and masterly—Wilson very good, and Tom Baring a masterpiece. On the whole, this is by far the most sustained debate which has occurred since the formation of our party, and, singular enough, the three speakers who did it all are the three members of the party who voted for the Jews! I don't know what they will do without us!—Yours,

D.

March 8, 1848.

What will happen in these times of unprecedented horrors![2] I know not whether I am standing on my head or my heels. There is a proclamation against meetings in Trafalgar Square, &c. I don't much fear all this, but I can't but believe that a national bankruptcy in France is inevitable—and what then? Amid all this confusion, there is to be another ecclesiastical *émeute*. On Thursday, I think, the

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[1] Lord John Russell's financial scheme as Premier.

[2] French Revolution, flight and abdication of Louis Philippe.

Archbishop of Canterbury is going to be tried for heresy again at Bow Church.[3]

March 13.

McGregor[4] has just made his reply in unintelligible *patois*—all we could make out was that he denied the statement in the Glasgow paper, which he said was opposed to him, it being well known that it was in his service, and the very number which contained the report being full of his praises.

. . . The news from France seems more reassuring. Lionel Rothschild has just returned from Paris and in much better spirits. He says the Communists have no power whatever, and the only real trouble are the unemployed workmen, but there are remarkable opportunities at present to occupy them. . . .

March 20.

The mob are in possession of Vienna, and Metternich, they say, almost as badly off as Louis Philippe. Guizot called on me on Saturday, and I was fortunately at home. He is unchanged, and has taken a house in Pelham Terrace, Brompton, at 20*l.* per annum. The last time I saw him he was starred, ribboned, and golden fleeced, and surrounded by ambassadors and grand personages! Affairs are very bad, but in my opinion will be much worse. All one can hope for now is to put one's house in order during the temporary lull—if there be one. It seems to me impossible for the Rothschilds even to stand the storm. They must lose everything everywhere except here. Austria has tumbled to pieces, Naples has lost Sicily, and France must be bankrupt, and these are their three principal debtors. They will also confiscate the Great Northern Railroad of France for certain, the workmen having announced that they will have one franc a day increase of wages, and *half* the profit of the line. If they don't give up to the workmen the State will seize all. . . .—Yours,

D.

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[3] On occasion of the confirmation of Bishop Hampden.

[4] In Committee, on the Income Tax.

May 30.

Moxon has undertaken to see the 'Curiosities' through the press, but if you have any wish on the subject write to him. Pray remember to get me all the dates as to publications, &c., all details, &c., in case I am ever destined to write the memoir[5] I contemplated.

The state of Paris is most threatening, and a general explosion there is hourly expected. I have seen Metternich twice at great length. He talks very much and is very kind. . . .

Carlton: August 30, 1848.

I have sent you a 'Times,' in which you will find a good report of my summary of the session, which went off, as they say, with great *éclat*, especially for August 16. The attendance was quite marvellous, such is the virtue of special trains. I have no cause to complain of reporters; the version of the 'Times,' which now sells 40,000 copies a day, is almost verbatim, six first-rate shorthand writers having been employed. The 'Chronicle' is hardly inferior, though it only sells 4,000; the 'Herald' 5,000. . . .

We paid a visit of farewell to the King and Queen at Claremont by appointment. We sat with them for one hour and a half. I found the King extremely agreeable; though softened and depressed, his intellectual power is not in the least impaired. In the park we met the Prince de Condé, with his nurse, a most graceful and pretty child, very lively, though only two years old or so. . . . We dined at Boyle Farm, and had an agreeable summer drive home.—Yours,

D.

December 29, 1848.

We came from Erlestoke on Wednesday. It's a very fine place, belonging to Watson Taylor, of whom Sir John Hobhouse rents it. I never saw a park so full of deer, or one in which ground was more picturesquely thrown about; the mansion stone and modern, about eighty years, a fine stud, a pack of hounds, a first-rate cook, and all on the high scale. We caught a glimpse of the Van de Weyers, Bancrofts, and Charles Villiers. There were a good many of the family, and almost all agreeable; among them a silent and solitary Miss Fane, a niece. . . .

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[5] Of his father, who died February, 1848.

I go to Aylesbury on the 2nd for Quarter Sessions. The new edition of the 'Curiosities,' the first stone in the monument, will appear directly. It is an expensive book, and Moxon looks grave. He likes the 'Memoir,' but complains it is too short. I think, however, he is wrong. I depend upon its helping the subsequent *livraisons*. . . .

D.

1849.

Leadership of the party—Stanley advised—Speech on landed interest—Henry Bulwer's dinner—Guizot—Congratulations on speech—Good divisions—Exciting scene—Good debate—Metternich—Richmond—Dinners—State banquet at the Guildhall—Speech—Sussex dinner—Lola Montes—Business overpowering—Ministerial fish dinner—Farewell to Metternich—Reception—Hughenden—Work—Dropmore—Burnham Beeches—Castle Hedingham—McCulloch's library—Meeting at Newport Pagnell—' Lives of the Lord Chief Justices'—Peel's letter.

Coventry House: January 10, 1849.

IT is the great question of the leadership that has kept me, though I will say nothing, and wish to keep out of the way. The Duke of Newcastle sent a pressing despatch, entreating me to advance, and offering his most cordial support. I understand that Lord Granby has written to Lord Stanley to the same effect. Since the French Presidency we have not had such an election, but I think it is just as well that I should be out of the way. . . .

Grosvenor Gate: January 20.

I am sent for again about the great business, and arrived here this afternoon. I am inclined to think the office will be mine, though it is an awful responsibility. Bankes and Miles have written to Stanley their opinion that I should be the man. There is a meeting to-day in town of some of the notables, but I don't think the question can be definitely settled for a week or so. . . .

January 26.

I am so busy that I can't write, but the enclosed letter will throw light upon circumstances. Since this correspondence, Bankes, Miles, the Duke of Richmond, and many others have written to Lord Stanley, urging an application to me. I hold back. The only awkward thing now is Stanley's position, in consequence of his first rash letter. Return the documents to me at the Carlton, marked 'Private.' They say Peel will never get over my appointment. . . .

February 22, 1849.

Things publicly look very well. After much struggling, I am fairly the leader, and gave notice to-night, amid the cheers of the squires, of a grand motion, which I hope will rally all the farmers to my standard. On the whole I think the party have behaved extremely well. Did you see the 'Standard' published its manifesto of recantation in my regard, which is amusing? . . .

March 7, 1849.

I ought to have acknowledged your affectionate letter, but in addition to all my troubles, perhaps in consequence of them, I have had for the last fortnight one of my worst attacks of low fever, so that till to-day I have never had an hour to prepare for the speech[1] of to-morrow, from which so much is expected. The country is up in arms about my motion. I have received between forty and fifty letters every day, from every county indeed, except Bucks. The meeting of the farmers at Willis's Rooms was remarkable, and my name received, Lord Malmesbury told me, with the greatest cheering he ever heard. . . .

March 11.

We dined the other day at Henry Bulwer's; Guizot was there. He had his red ribbon on and also his golden fleece. He talked of returning to Paris immediately, and perhaps intends to be Minister to Louis Napoleon. He seems quite insensible to the catastrophe, and referred to it frequently with the greatest *sangfroid*, as if it had been a change of Ministry. It was tolerably bold and cool to wear the fleece, still more so to go in the evening, where we met him again, at the Palmerstons'. Mahon and Delane were at the dinner. The latter is of Higgins's opinion, that we shall be in, in two years or less; wants to know the *personnel* of my Government, as I cannot be two Secretaries of State at the same time. Whether they were gingered up by the articles in the 'Times' or not I can't say, but the congratulations we received at Lady Palmerston's far exceeded old days, even when I turned out Peel. H——, who is always communicative after dinner, told Mary Anne in confidence what Lord John had written to the Queen about the speech—great praise as to its power of argument, thought, and rhetoric. Palmerston was still warmer, and Lord Malmesbury told me that Stanley, 'who never pays compliments, you know, that's not his way,' said it was one of the best things that was ever done. For my own part, I see many deficiencies and omissions, but they may be supplied, if not by my colleagues, by myself in reply.—Ever yours,

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[1] In favour of the landed interest.

D.

March 16.

A splendid division last night, which, following that on the Navigation, tells very much. It was nearly half-past one o'clock when I spoke[2] last night, having been in my seat since five o'clock watching the debate. Our men were really enthusiastic. If we only had half a dozen men in the Commons for Cabinet Ministers, and thirty or forty more capable of taking the inferior places, one might do, but, like India, there is a terrible want of officers. I must now go down to a heavy evening's work; nevertheless, one can do a good deal when one is winning.

D.

House of Commons: March 26.

Last Friday was most important, but quite burked in the 'Times,' probably from being in committee, when nothing

[2] On taxation of real property.

is expected and little reported, yet there is a capital report of the affair in the 'Morning Post,' which I have sent you; the men returning to the House when it was breaking up; Gladstone and Labouchere both standing, while the cheers after I had sat down resounded, &c., all very animated. Palmerston said he never remembered a more amusing scene; the way I brought the men back, as if I said, 'Hullo! you fellows, come back there.'

The Whigs will go out if the Lords throw out the Navigation Bill, and I think from present appearances the Lords will. I have had several conferences with Stanley as to our future and consequent movements, and the Cabinet is in embryo! He says I must be chief Minister in the Commons. I confess myself that I think this a little bit too strong, and would willingly find a substitute. I hope John Manners is safe for South Notts, which will be a help to me. . . .—Yours,

D.

April 24, 1849.

I am well satisfied with the division[3] last night, as we virtually held our own, notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of the Government during the recess to reduce our majority. What annoys me is the arrival just now of a body of blundering Irishmen, Conolly, Verner, James Hamilton, Taylor, and Napier, who chose to assume that the division was to-night. This is vexatious. The debate was nearly the best I ever heard, except old Robinson (when I dined), not an ordinary speaker, and admirably sustained by the Protectionists, by Herries, Walpole, and Tom Baring. My speech considered very good, full of real reply and smashing to Graham, who, after a long, very dull and very stupid speech, made a venomous attack on Stanley and the future Government. But I settled the disciple of 'Progress.' I have not had time to read a paper, having been on the Ceylon Committee this morning, where, through the support of Sir R. Peel, I beat the Government. What will the Lords do? According to Bright, swallow it, 'for though they are convinced it will destroy the commerce and navy of England, they deem such results comparative blessings compared with Stanley being Minister.'—Yours,

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[3] Third reading of the Navigation Bill.

D.

May 2, 1849.

. . . I have been to see Metternich. He lives on Richmond Green, in the most charming house in the world, called the Old Palace—long library, gardens, everything worthy of him. I met there the Duchess of Cambridge and the Colloredos. I am enchanted with Richmond Green, which, strange to say, I don't recollect ever having visited before, often as I have been to Richmond. I should like to let my house and live there. It seems exactly the place for you, and I strongly recommend you to think seriously of it. It is still and sweet, charming alike in summer and winter. . . .

Hughenden: May 28.

I came down here very indifferent, having dined out the three preceding days running: Tuesday at the Jolliffes'; Wednesday, Lady Braye; Thursday at Lord Brougham's All the parties should have been agreeable, as there were wits and beauties at each; but, notwithstanding the Maidstones, the Bishop of Oxford, and John Manners at the Jolliffes', Howden and Rogers at Lady Braye's, Brougham's was the only amusing party, and it was very agreeable. The Douros, who were there, however, scarcely contributed to it, but our host is a host in himself. His women, Lady Malet and Mrs. Spalding, both lively; young Stanley,[4] very interesting; and a young Wellesley, a son of Mornington, but as unlike his father as imaginable, for he was most interesting, thoughtful, highly cultivated, and seemed to me a genius. He had sent me a French book which he had

[4] Present Earl of Derby.

written, and which, remembering his father's boring *brochure*, I had never acknowledged, and I felt a pang.

It is settled that there is to be no coalition between the Peelites and the Whigs, and therefore I conclude that after a decent interval the old Conservative party will be reconstructed under Stanley, and of course without Peel. If the distress continues after the next harvest, Graham & Co. must give up progress, and swallow a little moderate reaction; if it abide, we cannot pretend to disturb *un fait accompli*. I think, therefore, that this time year all may be well, if one can stand the storm till then. . . .

June 22, 1849.

I have been so pressed with affairs, and have been, though much better, so poorly, that I have been unable to write you a line. To-morrow we have to go in state to dine with the Lord Mayor, who gives a banquet to our party. Lord Stanley is to return thanks for the House of Lords and I for the House of Commons. Henry Bentinck refused, never going to Court and those sort of things, and not understanding the nature of the meeting; but when Trollope told him that he was to see me make a speech in the Egyptian Hall in a red coat, as leader of the party in the House of Commons, he begged leave to recall his refusal, and is going to appear in a court dress, which I believe belonged to the old Duke of Bulstrode.[5] . . .

July 8, 1849.

. . . . My speech[6] last night was at 2.30, and consequently not a semblance of a report in the journals, but my friends in the lobby during the division were very enthusiastic, and said it made up for the numbers. Our division was not so good as it should have been. It came on at four-and-twenty hours' notice, after a public declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Wednesday (in the absence of Lord John) that it was positively impossible for the Government to give another day; so, as Hume was obstinate, our friends went out of town. The debate was very well sustained; Peel elaborate in his courtesies to me, and talked of the 'respect due to my abilities and *station*,' which my fellows cheered immensely. . . . The Chancellor of the Exchequer, notwithstanding the red tape, was much pleased with my reply. Nothing annoys him so much as Peel lecturing the House on political economy, as the very arguments he now uses are those which Lord Grey and Charles Wood used to receive his undisguised contumely for ten years ago, amid the cheers of the House.

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[5] Bulstrode Park, Bucks, formerly the property of the Duke of Portland, now of the Duke of Somerset.

[6] On state of the nation.

John Manners is a little awkward about the Rothschilds, as he had dined with them on the preceding Wednesday, and their salt sticks in his throat; but I consoled him by the suggestion that Lionel's majority would induce him to take a Christian view of Johnny's conduct. Miss Copley (Sa) is going to be married to a Mr. Selwyn, whom they have only known for a fortnight, eldest son of a young Essex squire. . . . I give it to you as told me at the Coventry, thinking it would interest you. . . .

July, 1849.

I dined with Sir Charles Burrell the other day, with the county of Sussex, in the shape of the Duke of Richmond, Lord March, &c. Sir John Buller represented Devon and I Bucks, and there was Herries. The best guests, however, were turtle, whitebait, venison, and burgundy. Our host very courteous and courtly.

Lola Montes' marriage makes a sensation. I believe he[7] has only 3,000*l.* per annum, not 13,000*l.* It was an affair of a few days. She sent to ask the refusal of his dog, which she understood was for sale. Of course it wasn't, being very beautiful, but he sent it as a present; she rejoined, he called, and they were married in a week. He is only twenty-one, and wished to be distinguished. Their dinner invitations are already out I am told. She quite convinced him previously that she was not Mrs. James, and as for the King of Bavaria (who, by the bye, allows her 1,500*l.* a year, and to whom she really writes every day), that was only a *malheureuse passion*. . . . I am very tired, having been working five hours on the Ceylon Committee, which is very interesting. . . .

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[7] Lieutenant Heald, of the 2nd Life Guards.

D.

August 1, 1849.

I suppose in a few days we shall go to Hughenden, though, when I remember the business which must be done, I don't very clearly see how. Parliament was prorogued to-day, by commission. I was not there, having done and seen enough. As far as I am personally concerned, the session has been a satisfactory one; and a great deal may be done next September, if I am alive, as I shall have time to prepare some measures, and shall lead a party who, I believe, as far as I am concerned, are by no means dissatisfied with their leader.

Last Saturday we dined with Sir Montague and Lady Georgina C. Our host the most amusing present; a child of nature and of course called mad—extremely absent. He was not present when we arrived, though we were late. Then he came in, quite dark, trod on everybody's toes, guessing people by their voices, and seeming quite surprised they were there. Dinner announced, he rushed out of the room with Lady Antrim, the wrong woman, and put himself at the head of the table, instead of the bottom, and then laughed immensely when he found it out, but kept there. The imperturbable Lady Georgina, handsome as a sphinx, bearing it all unruffled, and taking her place at the end. . . .

Saturday was the fish dinner; a steamboat hired and ready to start at five o'clock to take down the Ministers, but the Ceylon debate, &c., kept them in the Commons to past seven. All this time the Lord President and his colleagues walking up and down for two hours, in an obscure river street out of the Strand, wondering why their colleagues and co-mates did not come. However, they all showed at Lady Palmerston's, though some in frock coats. . . . We went rather unexpectedly to a somewhat curious *soirée*, Mrs. Dyce Sombre at the Clarendon, living there with her father. The company small but *recherché*, and she singing ballads between the Duke of Wellington and Rogers. . . .

August 11, 1849.

. . . Last Sunday we paid our farewell visit to the Metternichs, to whom I had behaved shamefully. We found the Princess in her saloon with the Russian Minister (Brunow), no longer under the trees with her birds, working still at making lint for the Austrian soldiers. We had not been there five minutes when the Duchess of Cambridge and the Grand Duchess were announced; we were not permitted to go away. Metternich then appeared. I had not seen him since his illness, a swoon they say only; he is altered and much thinner, but the mind the same. He was most kind, and after kissing the Duchess' hand took me aside for a moment, and then begged me to join the circle. Nothing could exceed the graciousness of the Cambridges. I sat next the Grand Duchess (Mecklenburgh), who, like her mother, is a woman of great intelligence and culture; a charming countenance, and much improved in figure since her marriage. Then came Kielmansegge,[8] the conversation for half an hour most animated and interesting, very political; their Royal Highnesses making lint all the time. The Red Republican Canino, Bunsen especially much abused, and of course Palmerston. In the midst of all this the groom of the chambers announced *Lord and Lady Palmerston*! In the stir we rose and met the Palmerstons in the ante-chamber, exchanged smiles, 'hunting in the same cover.' Getting into the carriage we stumbled over a still newer arrival,

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[8] Hanoverian Minister.

Baroness Delmar. So you see the *levées* of the Metternichs are no ordinary *réunions*. . . .

D.

Hughenden: August 25, 1849.

I have been enjoying this fine weather and beautiful scene very much, but sick at heart at the mass of papers and arrears of correspondence on my table; put off till I was in the country, and now again postponed till the summer is over. The consecration of Prestwood Church will not be just yet, for there are difficulties about the presentation, &c. I think I shall write to Soapy Sam, and ask him to come to Hughenden. It is but decent, particularly as we are a sort of allies. The alterations here seem very successful. It is quite another place, and of far more pretension and effect. It is really a park now. The library also is arranged; it took me several days, and I think you will like it. It has quite lost the circulating-library look which you noticed. Did I tell you Sir W. Molesworth had presented me with a copy of his 'Hobbes,' eighteen vols.? This is an accession, and I got it through that impudent friend of mine, Bernal Osborne, which makes it more amusing. . . .

I have never been out of the place till yesterday, when, after justiceising, I went to Dropmore to see the flowers; but it is no model, being rather a museum of flowers than a garden. I could not resist stealing on two short miles to Burnham Beeches, which I had not seen so many years, and saw again under such different circumstances, being their representative.[9] They did not disappoint me, which is saying much.

D.

Hughenden: October 13, 1849.

We are still here, and I shall go to Quarter Sessions on Monday, as county business now commences the first day. . . . I think the Essex move[1] is successful; it must, however, be followed up without loss of time by a great move in Bucks, and all this is very harassing. I was much pleased with your old friend Ashhurst Majendie, my host of Castle Hedingham. The place very good, a real manorial residence and squire's seat, very pretty ; the country green and undulating, and well clad; the castle ruin superb and imposing. The modern house of the time of George I. I suppose, with portraits of the *fundator*, a Lord Mayor of that age, one Ashhurst and his wife, and all very good. . . . The Surrey election was a *coup* for me ; I should have been vexed if Evelyn had been defeated, particularly after Barclay's speech.

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[9] Elected M.P. for Bucks, July, 1847.

[1] Great banquet in ruined keep of Hedingham Castle.

I called on McCulloch, the great political economist, the other day, at his official residence in Westminster. It is impossible to convey to you an idea of the beauty of his library ; I never saw books in such condition, or such exquisite bindings, surpassing all my experience or conception. He said that, like Adam Smith, he was 'a bear with his books ;' an amiable and very sensible man.

Metternich wrote me a beautiful and affecting farewell letter. I received it in time to embrace him, exactly half an hour before he left England : 'Ce bon et beau pays,' as he calls it. . . .

Hughenden : November 4, 1849.

We dined at Hampden to meet the Bishop the day before the consecration,[2] and on the day of the consecration there was a general dinner to the black coats, all clergymen I believe, except Philip Rose. I like 'Lochiel' very well indeed. The Bishop is always good company.

I was not at all pleased myself with the Aylesbury meeting, though on the whole the world has not taken so ill a view of it. I thought it was a shabby concern. It has, I think, however, been productive of some little good, though for my part I give up the attempt of rousing the agricultural interest to any decided demonstration. They are puzzled and sluggish perhaps; when they are a little more pinched they may stir themselves. . . . After the Cork triumph it will be almost impossible to hold the Protectionists in; the pear is not yet ripe, and it will be a pity to spoil the flavour of such fine fruit by greedy picking. . . .

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[2] Prestwood Church.

December 11, 1849.

I am not in a writing humour, but nevertheless send you a line. The meeting at Newport Pagnell was more than good, both in quantity and quality. It surprised everyone by its numbers; nearly 300 and a great acreage. I spoke to my satisfaction, and I think, from all I hear and read, have quite managed the malcontents. Chester came from Malvern purposely to take the chair. We had young Praed there, too; Knapp, who was my host at Little Linford; Farrer of Brafield, called the Imperial Farrer; and many real yeomen, the chief of whom is William Levi of Woughton House, who farms his own lands and follows the hounds.

Lord Campbell sent me his new work, 'Lives of the Lord Chief Justices,' with a very pretty letter. I read the life of Lord Mansfield the other night, and was much pleased. . . . I don't believe there is the slightest foundation for the rumours that there has been any discussion in the Cabinet as to a duty on corn. On the contrary, the Whigs are in high spirits with their thriving foreign trade and Consols rising 100. . . . Nevertheless we get all the elections. . . .—Adieu,

D.

December 29, 1849.

I have no news to tell you, but will send you, nevertheless, the compliments of the season! I think your move was very judicious, for whether my feelings are peculiarly gloomy and uncomfortable or not, I certainly find this a most severe and unamiable Christmas. Give my best regards to your companions. I wish I were with them. . .

Peel's letter is at once pompous and trite. He succeeds in conveying an impression that his estate is in a very bad condition; recommends drainage as if it were a universal specific, though in truth a very partial one; and although he says nothing which might not have been said if the Corn Laws had not been repealed, somehow manages to write as if he were conscious he had got his friends into a hopeless scrape.

1850.

Aylesbury meeting—Belvoir—Large party—Burghley—State rooms—Siberian scene—Political situation—Defeat of Ministers—Turkish Embassy—Danish Embassy—Thackeray—The cold—Lyndhurst—Academy dinner—American Minister—Peabody—Professor Aytoun—'Sin and Sorrow'—Knebworth—Hudson—'Bentinck Papers'—Writing—Beauty of Hughenden Woods—John Russell's scrape—Stanley ill—Conference delayed.

Hughenden: January 1, 1850.

I HAVE just returned from a great meet at Aylesbury. We all dined at the White Hart, even Chandos, between whom and Verney I sat. I like V. very much. Malmesbury has asked me to Heron Court, but I have refused. . . . Read the last article in the new 'Blackwood.' I think it has knocked up Scotch high farming, the last imposition. John Manners prepared me for this some time ago, and I mentioned it at the Aylesbury meeting in October. . . .

Belvoir Castle: January 21, 1850.

I leave this for Burghley to-day. Belvoir presents a very different scene to the limited summer circle which I found here three years ago with poor Lord George. We live in the state rooms, brilliantly illuminated at night, and at all times deliciously warm, even in this severe winter. A military band plays while we are at dinner, and occasionally throughout the evening. Dinner is announced to the air of the 'Roast Beef of Old England.' The party here is very large, but chiefly the family, a Christmas gathering. The Drummonds, Lord Forester, Lord Charles, the Lumleys, &c.; in addition ourselves, Lord and Lady William Poulett, the Count and Countess Rossi (Sontag), the latter most agreeable and amiable, singing a great deal. Almost all the gentlemen being members of the famous Belvoir hunt, of which Lord Forester is master, wear scarlet coats in the evening, which adds greatly to the gaiety and brilliancy of the scene. The frost has stopped the hunting for many weeks; but there are shooting parties every day, and advanced as the Duke is, he is never away from them. I never met a man at his time of life so cheerful and, indeed, so vivacious. We had an agreeable companion in the train down—Jem Macdonald, going to Lord Wilton's at Melton. . . .

Burghley House: January 24, 1850.

The exterior of Burghley is faultless, so vast and so fantastic, and in such fine condition that the masonry seems but of yesterday. In the midst of a vast park, ancient timber in profusion, gigantic oaks of the days of the Lord Treasurer, and an extensive lake. The plate marvellous. The history of England in the golden presents from every sovereign, from Elizabeth and James I. to Victoria and Albert—shields, vases, tankards, &c. Our host shy, but very courteous; Lady Exeter tall, still handsome, engaging, and very pious. Great battues every day; five hundred head slaughtered as a matter of course. The interior not equal to Belvoir; the state rooms, lofty and painted by sprawling Verrio, open one into each other by small side doors, like a French palace or Hampton Court, and so a want of consecutive effect. There is, however, a hall as large as a college hall, and otherwise very striking. But the family live in a suite of rooms fit only for a squire of degree, and yet the most comfortable in the world. . . .

Hughenden: March 31, 1850.

I arrived here late on Tuesday, a trying journey, but on the whole I bore it much better than I could have expected. It was a morning of some promise; but a snow-storm at Gerrard's Cross, where we stopped two hours, and a Siberian scene when we arrived. The weather has been very un-genial ever since, and constant east winds, which I cannot face; my progress has therefore been rather slow.

Never was the political position more complicated, difficult, and urgent. I hope, but dare not determine, to be in my place on the 8th. If I cannot lead the party after the holidays I had better retire altogether. There will be a fierce and eventful session. The Whigs could be turned out in a week if we were ready. I don't think my absence as yet has been productive of any serious harm, the great before Easter result having been obtained.

The Londonderrys have gone to Paris. French affairs are very critical. There are no elements of government in the country.

D.

Hughenden: April 5, 1850.

I go to town to-morrow to catch a council with Stanley, flitting between Whittlebury and Goodwood. The political position is interesting, and I should not be surprised if our troops are brought into line immediately. They will be so if my plans are adopted; but there are so many people to consult and to persuade, that it is like commanding an army in Italy under the Aulic Council at Vienna. However, I have not much cause to complain, as they are sufficiently docile; but there are moments which require rapidity of decision and execution. I am sorry I could not stay here a few days more; this north-west breeze renovates me wonderfully, and I am quite myself again.

D.

House of Commons: April 18, 1850.

The great victory on Monday[1] quite redeemed the Friday check.[2] I hardly know what the Government will do—anything but go out. The Radicals so frightened at what they have almost unwittingly done, that Tuesday night, the moment I announced my intention to support the repeal of the excise on paper, they fled the House in confusion, or voted with the Government. By these means the division was not good ; but their tactics have had this among other effects : destroyed the Radicals' monopoly of liberal propositions, which they will take care no longer to make now there is a chance of their being carried.

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[1] Defeat of Ministers on Stamp Act.

[2] Committee of inquiry into diplomatic salaries, &c.

Yesterday we dined at the Turkish Ambassador's ; the best dinner and the best served, and, rather strange to say, the wines were really delicious. The guests very miscellaneous ; but the Ambassador himself, the most favourable specimen of the Turk, extremely good-looking, high-bred, and gracious.

The Royal Academy have asked me to their annual banquet in May. One gets into a great many good things (at least what people think good things) by being leader of the Opposition ; which, according to Sir Charles Wood, if you are not a Minister, is 'the next best thing.' . . .—Yours,

D.

House of Commons : April 26, 1850.

I have little to say, my life being passed in this House of which you are furnished daily in the journals. The Government have saved themselves from a crushing defeat to-night, on the Stamp Act, by an ignominious surrender at discretion yesterday : but they have troubles enough before them. . . .

We dined at the 'Danes' on Tuesday. I sat next to the French Ambassadress, a rather pretty and a very agreeable and clever person. Sir Wynn, our envoy at Copenhagen ; Sir Ralph and Lady Howard, Hope, the Mathisons, &c., were the rest, and an agreeable party. In the evening, being out, I went in for five minutes to Lady Yarde Buller's, being the wife of our greatest squire. M. A. dined yesterday, but I did not, at a banquet at the Antony Rothschilds', given in honour of the impending fate of a brother-in-law, Montefiore, and a daughter of Baron de Goldsmid. The Hebrew aristocracy assembled in great force and numbers, mitigated by the Dowager of Morley, Charles Villiers, Abel Smiths, and Thackeray! I think he will sketch them in the last number of 'Pendennis.' . . .

House of Commons: May 3, 1850.

The visit to the Jolliffes was very agreeable, notwithstanding a north-east wind that really cut me in two. The country not as beautiful as Albury or the Deepdene, but Sir William is compensated for that by the superior soil. A beautiful home, and a still more beautiful family, of all ages from twenty to three, and all equally good-looking. A pleasant circle, and had the weather been propitious, it would have been a renovating visit; but notwithstanding a blazing sun, I was obliged to keep in the conservatory, only venturing out in my bearskin coat. I hardly know what has happened since, I have been so busy; but I think only politics. Yesterday the Government received another apoplectic stroke; they are drifting, but I suppose, and perhaps hope, they may escape the breakers this year. I sat an hour with Lord Lyndhurst to-day; in good spirits after a day of darkness, but when the weather is warmer, it is hoped the operation will tell. . . .

Ceylon Committee Room: May 13, 1850.

I am so much occupied, that I must try and send you a line in the midst of the hubbub of this never-ending committee. The Academy dinner was very agreeable, though they took me out of the wits, among whom I sat last year, and which were represented this by Rogers, Hallam, Milman, Thackeray, Lockhart, and placed me among the statesmen. I sat within two of Peel, and between Gladstone and Sidney Herbert. A leader of Opposition, who has no rank, is so rare, if not unprecedented an animal, that the R.A.s were puzzled how to place me; and though they seem to have made somewhat of a blunder, it went off very well, Gladstone being particularly agreeable. Afterwards to the first assembly of Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, the wife of the American Minister; he is a very good specimen of the New World—opulent, good-looking, cordial, and well-bred—a high Protectionist. I had heard much of him from John Manners, as he stayed a week at Belvoir, and they were all much pleased with him. There were a good many Americans, among them the Peabody family—great people. As Mrs. Lawrence says, 'the Peabodys are the Howards of America.' The chief Peabody was presented to me, and he remarked of the Duke of Wellington, who was near, 'The two hemispheres can't show a man like that, sir.'

I received Professor Aytoun to breakfast on Saturday, for he had called on me several times, and written often, and as I could not ask him to dinner, it was the only thing left. I got John Manners and young Stanley, Boo Lennox, Mandeville, and Lord Naas to meet him. It is the fashion now to fête him, in gratitude for the Protection articles in 'Blackwood,' of which he is the author.

Lady Blandford, next whom I sat the other day at dinner, told me she had heard that 'Sin and Sorrow' was the joint production of George Smythe and Lady Sligo. I think if I saw it I should find him out. I suppose he supplied the sin and his sister the rest. . . .

Carlton: August 8, 1850.

. . . I cannot tell you how delighted I am with your residence. We returned by Richmond, which I find is much the nearest way; in fact your villa is in the heart of the greenland, which I have so long admired, and wished to dwell in. I think you will be very happy there, and I shall probably end my days as your neighbour.

I forgot to tell you that I had an invitation from Lytton to Knebworth, and mean to go. He is a Protectionist, and I believe is to be returned for Lincoln under the patronage of Sibthorp.

Hudson[3] goes about saying he has recovered his character (by some trial at York, which he lost) and that he means to resume his position ; though plundered by the committee of investigation, he has been supported by his conscience, and has sent to Lord Londesborough to offer him 10,000*l.* to buy back the estate. . . .

September 10, 1850.

. . . I shall be glad to get to Hughenden to-morrow, having before me enormous labour, which nothing but solitude, study, and abstinence can beat down, if indeed they can. . . . Two immense chests of George Bentinck's papers from the Duke of Portland—materials for a memoir, long contemplated. . . .

Bulwer asked very much after you when we were at Knebworth, and particularly approves of Richmond as a retreat : 'No place like it.' He is a real Baron, though he will, I think, be the first, not the last, of his race. . . .

When you are quite settled, and have subscribed to the London Library, get Menzel's 'History of German Literature,' not his 'History of Germany'—a very different book. The former will suit you and I strongly recommend it, though not very new. . . .

Hughenden : October 28, 1850.

It is a long time since I wrote to you, but my life here is uneventful. I am getting on pretty well with my work, though tired of this life of everlasting labour. This is a beautiful autumn, and the tints are very fine and various, though the russet beech predominates. These colours, however, are no compensation for the loss of long days. I get up at seven, but they are fearfully short, and I cannot, as you know, work at night. . . .

Lady Londonderry writes to me that Urisk is dead, for thirteen years her fond and faithful companion. He was blind and deaf, but seemed always to see and hear her. I told her that I had named your dog Urisk, and that Urisk therefore for me still lived. . . . I had a letter from young Stanley at Paris, and he was going to Madrid. He had seen the President, who received him very kindly, having been a brother special constable with him on the famous 10th of April, when they traversed the Haymarket together for a couple of hours. . . .

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[3] The Railway King.

November 15, 1850.

. . . I think John Russell is in a scrape. I understand his party are furious with him; as great a blunder as the Edinburgh letter.[4] The Irish are frantic. I think he wants to hark back, and the silence of the 'Times,' after all its agitation, is very suspicious. If he goes on with the Protestant movement, he will be thrown over by the Papists; if he shuffles with the Protestants, their blood is too high to be silent now, and they will come to us. I think Johnny is checkmated. The Dean of St. Paul's told my informant that he had seen the letter Lord John wrote to the Bishop of London a week before his letter to the Bishop of Durham, and it was quite on a contrary tack. . . .

Hughenden: November 16, 1850.

What did you think of my letter? I had no idea of Lord John's riding the high Protestant horse, and making the poor devils of Puseyites the scapegoats, when he, after all, is the greater culprit. Unfortunately, by a singular chance, I did not read his letter till Friday afternoon, and I felt that unless the check were in Saturday's papers, and were delayed till Monday, the effect would be very injurious. I therefore had only half an hour before I had to send my messenger off to town. I now feel how much more I might have done had I had time, but the opportune is sometimes preferable to the excellent, and the letters I have received this morning make me believe that it has told. . . .

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[4] The famous No-Popery letter.

Hughenden: December 22, 1850.

. . . Stanley has never yet been able to have his bed made, so severe has been the attack, and so severe it continues. I have heard from Inglis, who no longer believes that John Russell is ready to go to the block for the Protestant faith. My own opinion is that the Cabinet have dispersed without settling anything, though I assume that at all events they will now meet Parliament. If after the holidays they agree to some limited and partial measure, I think it must end in their utter confusion. They had better do nothing, in which the House would probably support them, though not very strongly. Gladstone at Naples remains, and will not be at the meeting of Parliament I hear. He avoids the storm. . . .

The illness of Stanley arrests all arrangements for our pre-parliamentary meeting, but if he gets better, it will be, I should think, at Burghley. . . . I am in time to wish you a 'Merrie Christmas,' unless, as John Manners adds, 'that be too Popish.'—Adieu.

D.

1851.

Quarter Sessions—Arrears of correspondence—Young Stanley's visit to Hughenden—Walks—Efforts to form a Conservative Government—Croker—Anxiety—Dr. Bethell—Speech—Rally of party too late—Close of campaign—Secessions—Gaiety of early season—Monsieur Soyer—Literary market—The Oaks—Jules Janin—Whiteside—State of Wycombe—Rural visitors to Exhibition—Catastrophe at Lady Jersey's—Aylesbury speech—Bad report—Bucks Agricultural Association—Visit to Exhibition—Count Reventlow's death—Agricultural problems—Bishop of Oxford's visit—Granby's visit—Farming questions—George Bentinck's life—Hatfield—Duke of Portland—Palmerston turned out of the Ministry.

January 1, 1851.

I WENT on Monday to Quarter Sessions. A great meeting, all the magnates there; the Lord-Lieutenant, three county M.P.'s—Chandos, Verney, and Calvert. The dinner very crowded, even the Carringtons remained to do honour to Sir Thomas Aubrey, who resigns the chair. . . . I find on my table letters from Lyndhurst, Hardwicke, Granby, Henry Bulwer, John Manners, and Lord March, and all, even L.'s, of great length, and some pamphlets; so you see I have enough to do, but cannot reply to-day. Our Parliamentary plans remain all unsettled, in consequence of Stanley's state. Belvoir, Burghley, and Wimpole are contending for the honour of being the seat of the Congress. . . . I wish you a very happy new year.—Yours affectionate,

D.

Hughenden: January 13, 1851.

I find myself very incapable of exertion in this weather, and particularly so of writing letters, which I daily and weekly postpone, till the arrear frightens me. My public correspondence becomes a great tax, as the paper in the country is always damp, ink thick, and pens consequently incompetent. I expect young Stanley to-morrow, and on the 24th we go to Burghley. Lord Stanley wrote me his first letter, proposing to come up to town the 17th to consult; but as the Burghley arrangement had been made, I thought it too great an effort for him to come 500 miles, so I suggested waiving it. I have not the slightest idea what will happen.

The new edition of the 'Curiosities' seems to swim. My father's memory has been kept alive and done justice to, which was the great, indeed sole object. 'Bell's Messenger' says in the review: 'He is still more admired now that he is dead.' . . .

Grosvenor Gate: January 22.

I have been obliged to come up suddenly for some public business. . . . Young Stanley's visit to Hughenden, though hurried, was very agreeable. He seemed charmed with the hill country, after Lancashire, and with everything else. Having no horses, we took long walks together—one day to Hampden, which pleased him much; another to the Abbey, no one there, so we rambled all over the park; the view of Hughenden from the heights is quite marvellous. I had never seen it before, and this must be the view which Stafford was full of in the House of Commons last year, when he returned from staying at the Abbey. We walked to Denner Hill and its sylvan neighbourhood, and on Sunday, after church, we walked on the hills in view of Dashwood's Park, till we got to West Wycombe Church. There is a regular journal for you! The political horizon seems fair, and I never knew a session about to commence with better prospects. . . .

February 26, 1851.

The crisis [1] goes on, but seems very much in our favour. . . . The Speaker is reading the 'Commentaries' [2] with great delight, thinks them quite prophetic, and the chapter on the Genius of the Papacy one of the finest things he knows. Croker met me, and nearly embraced me. I hardly recognised him. He said : 'The speech[3] was the speech of a statesman, and the reply was the reply of a wit.' How very singular !—Adieu.

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[1] Lord Stanley endeavouring to form a Government on Lord John Russell's resignation, but without success.

[2] On the life and reign of Charles I., by Isaac Disraeli.

D.

March 22, 1851.

I can say nothing of public affairs, which are involved in impenetrable clouds, but which cost me great trouble, and harass, and anxiety. The debate[4] will close on Monday, at least I shall speak on that day, and follow, if I can, Gladstone. . . . John Manners is going to be married to Miss Marley, a granddaughter of my old friend Lady Charleville, a very pretty girl. . . . I was officially informed by a letter last night, for, though we have dined together every day, and sat together in the House every night, he could not screw up courage enough for the announcement. . . .

Carlton : April 5, 1851.

I write you a line, though correspondence is very distasteful to me. Ferrand stands for Aylesbury, and is at Hampden ; Cameron, fortunately, being an intimate friend of his. I hope and believe he will win. His opponent is Mr. Bethell,[5] of the Chancery Bar, gone down as the Whig candidate, although still a member of the Carlton Club, of which he will be duly reminded. Yesterday I spoke well in the House, and intend, in the course of the week, to make another great rally of the party ; but I fear it is too late. I hope you are well.—Adieu.

Sunday : April 13, 1851.

I rose so late on Saturday, not having got to bed the previous night till past four o'clock, that I could not write you a line, and give you tidings of the division,[6] which has very much inspirited our friends ; though the truth is, it now turns out that we ought to have won, or at least reduced the majority to an almost infinitesimal quantity. However, our blood is up again, though I fear we shall never regain the occasion so sadly lost. In February the Whigs were prostrate, and even if beaten now, of which I have little or no hope, they will be formidable and well-organised foes. I spoke to my satisfaction, which is rarely the case. We shall go to Hughenden on Tuesday, thus closing a campaign seldom equalled for its events, its excitement, its chagrin and wasted energies. I am sorry, very, that I could not come down to see you before I went away, but independently of the painful absorption of my pursuits, I have had little heart for the expedition. May, perhaps, may bring brighter skies and fortunes, though we cannot complain of fortune, only of our inveterate imbecility, which could not avail itself of her abundant favours.

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[3] Inquiry for relief of agricultural distress.

[4] On second reading of Papal Bill.

[5] Subsequently Lord Westbury and Lord Chancellor.

The religious question will revive with all its fervour after the holidays, and the recent conversions will add fuel to the fire. You have heard of the secession of Manning, the spiritual director of Sidney Herbert ; and of James Hope, the glory of the Scotch bar, and Gladstone's bosom friend—by-the-bye, the son-in-law of Lockhart. . . .

The before Easter season has been very gay, though I have been myself very little about, the House requiring all my time and thought. Lady Salisbury and Lady Glengall have both had regular reception nights, and yesterday there was a great gathering of the Tory party at Lady Eglintoun's. . . .

Grosvenor Gate : April 16, 1851.

We go to Hughenden to-day. Yesterday I made the acquaintance of the great Monsieur Soyer, who is a very clever person, and who is creating out of old Gore House and its gardens a most fantastic paradise of *ginguettes*, which

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[6] Resolutions in favour of the owners and occupiers of land.

I think will astonish and delight the world. Never was such an assemblage of saloons, pavilions, statues, fountains, and all sorts of fanciful creations. Some of the walls are covered with grotesques, in which, among others, your humble servant figures.

The literary market is very bad. Shilling romances, and other books as cheap, and all good, for they are translations, many of them, from the best French writers, have quite knocked up the good old profession, which, established on a discreet foundation of puffing, permitted a fair profit to publisher and scribe.—Yours,

D.

Grosvenor Gate: May 24.

Yesterday our chief won the Oaks, a compensation for his other loss, or, as some think (not I), an omen of recovering it. The day before we met him at the Hardwickes'—a sort of Cabinet dinner (Cabinet of St. Germains), the Malmesburys, Redesdale, Herries, &c. On Wednesday we went to the Great Exhibition. You must contrive to go, if only for once, as I did. Any day you like to come up Mary Anne will go with you, who by that time will know all the points, for one wants a guide. On Sunday I dined at Lumley's, a villa dinner, to meet Jules Janin; there were many foreigners, English, or Irish rather—Clanricarde, Smythe, &c. Many healths in French. I gave 'Her Majesty's Ministers,' upon which the foreigners raised their eyes and cried 'Noble!' 'Ah! c'est grand,' &c. Jules Janin a sort of Maginn.

I met at Stanley's the other day the new Irish M.P., Mr. Whiteside,[7] who promises, which is much more than our political prospects do. I am not in much spirits for writing, but send this line to keep up the chain and show that you are not forgotten. . . .—Yours affectionately,

D.

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[7] Subsequently Chief Justice of Ireland.

Hughenden: August 10, 1851.

. . . Wycombe, I am told, is in a state of great uproar at the arbitrary conduct of the Lord Chancellor, impelled and instigated of course by Lord C., in not nominating even one of the magistrates recommended by the town council. There is to be a deputation to Lord John Russell!

Coles[8] has been to the Exhibition, and the only person equal to it. Was there from 9 to 6 or 7 o'clock to its close. Admires most 'the lady on horseback.' So! and he imitates the Amazon. Redrup there only half an hour, and he went away distressed and puzzled—something like Lady Elizabeth Tollemache's maid, whom I forgot to tell you of. A religious family, and coming in, organ sounding, &c., she looked around, exclaimed 'The Day of Judgment!' and bolted in a fright.

A short letter from Mandeville, from which I infer he is seriously ill. I think I told you about the chandelier falling on his head at Lady Jersey's. Adieu.

D.

Hughenden: September 19, 1851.

I was at Aylesbury on Wednesday, where I dined with the old society, Lowndes of Chesham in the chair. I made a good speech in a difficult position and on a difficult subject; and the meeting seemed in heart. I saw to-day in the 'Times' two columns of incoherent and contradictory nonsense which made me blush, though I ought to be hardened by this time on such subjects. I am only afraid the world will think it all Delphic and diplomatic, and that the wordy obscurity was intentional, whereas I flattered myself I was as terse and simple as suited a farmers' table. The Bishop and his tail, a Chancellor, an Archdeacon, a Chaplain, and a secretary come the beginning of November. The Lord-Lieutenant has bolted to Brighton therefore it was absolutely necessary for me to receive them, in my position. . . .

D.

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[8] The village butcher.

Hughenden: October 4, 1851.

On Tuesday I went to Salt Hill,[9] expecting to find Labouchere in the chair, but he had not returned from Spain, and we had a regular political meeting, though against the rules. It went off well. Harcourt was there, Vyse, R. Clayton, Harvey junior; Irby in the chair, I on his right. I get on very well with my task; if I could only keep it up as well for two months I should see daylight. Yesterday I was obliged to go to town, and having some spare time I went to the Exhibition, last shilling day, to see the millions. Some of the fine things, like the Duchess of Parma's toilettes and the Queen of Spain's jewels, &c., are gone, which I was sorry for, for the multitudes; but there are also some additions, especially an Eve in sculpture by a Belgian, very fine. But there was no music, only on the aristocratic days. This is I think to be deplored. The organs might have a humanising effect on the dog-stealers, cabmen, and coalheavers. I saw some of all, and this want made the whole thing less impressive than before. . . .

I am much shocked by the death of Reventlow.[1] He was one of the best-hearted and most genial beings I ever knew, and clever too; and independent of all this, was my secret agent in the Diplomatic Corps, and I always found him faithful and accurate. It is a great loss to me in every sense.—Yours,

D.

Hughenden: October 17, 1851.

I think you err in what you say as to the price of wheat, 3*s.* per bushel, which would be 24*s.* per quarter. It is still much nearer to 40*s.* per quarter than 24*s.* At this moment, with the exception of wheat, all agricultural produce is as high as the average of the last twenty years: barley, oats, beans, horses and cart colts, cows, sheep, pigs, wool, and hay. It is a question yet difficult to solve, whether wheat is to partake of their elevation, or they to sink to its depreciated level, as former experience has shown these disturbances of the general equilibrium to be but temporary. But circumstances are changed, and former experience may not be any longer a guide in this respect. It is possible that agriculture may flourish without a high price of wheat, and without producing any. There certainly seems to me no reason for its appearance in the Chilterns, unless it fetches a high price. I believe all the farmers in this district, who have decent capital, are much more than making both ends meet.

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[9] Meeting of the Bucks Agricultural Association.

[1] The Danish Minister.

Hughenden: November 14.

I have scarcely left my room, being so much occupied, though this delicious weather tempts one hard. From seven to two o'clock Hughenden looks like summer, but when I get out the owls are stirring. We go to Latimer, but I don't think I shall be able to stay more than a day, as I must go up to town about the book. You must make the exertion of paying us a Christmas visit if you can, that we may be all together. This house is wonderfully warm for a country house, and your room is the prettiest in the world, and the sunniest aspect. . . . The bishop has been; he was very amusing, fresh from Windsor, where there had been a chapter of the Garter. He told me a great many stories, which I have not time to send you; one about the Duke of Wellington, that the Court consulted him as to how he thought things would terminate in France, upon which, after a pause, and in his oracular manner, he said, 'It will come to blows.'

Granby's visit was very short. He stayed long enough, however, to ask Redrup, to whom he paid a visit with me, 'Whether there was any land that had gone out of cultivation in this neighbourhood?' The astonishment of Redrup, who has just sold his barley for 30*s*. per quarter, may be conceived. All my rents are paid. . . .

Grosvenor Gate: December 7, 1851.

I finished the last line of the last chapter[2] last night, and never in my life felt more relieved, not having had a moment's ease the whole autumn. To-morrow we go to Hatfield, and on our return shall probably stay some days in town. If so, I shall come and spend a long day with you at Twickenham and dine, if you will promise to give me only a mutton chop and a glass of sherry. Affairs are very stirring, but how they are to turn out the most prescient can hardly see. There ought, I think, to be a Conservative Government. . . .

Hatfield: December 10.

MY DEAR SA,

We shall be in town to-morrow. This is a splendid place, in the highest state of renovation. There was a ball last night in the great gallery, 500 persons. In the house are the Hardwickes (Lord Royston), Robert Grosvenor (one girl), Rokebys (three girls), and Henry Bulwer, and a multitude of dancing men; also the county member and his wife (Halsey) and the candidate for the county, Sir Lytton.

Lady Salisbury[3] is an admirable hostess and a very pleasing woman; great simplicity, quite a Sackville, with four most beautiful young children—a boy just like a young Cantelupe. . . . There seems a lull in French politics, which I hope will allow people to read English politics. I trust I shall get my book out next Monday. . . .

Hughenden: December 31, 1851.

I wish you a happy new year, though I have nothing particular to tell you. I think the book is well launched (but that is all I know) and makes pretty good head against Napoleon and Palmerston—fearful odds. The Duke of Portland acknowledged the receipt of the volume, 'expressing on behalf of all members of the family their gratitude,' &c. The article in the 'Dublin University' is by Mr. Butt. He happened to be in town when the book was published, read it *en route* to Dublin, and in two days produced the article, notwithstanding the pressure of his profession, and the exigency of the magazine itself. I dare say 'Blackwood' will be a good, elaborate article. The 'Times' was at least a great advertisement. . . . The Palmerston *coup*[4] is very serious. . . .

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[2] *Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography.*

[3] The present Lady Derby.

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[4] His dismissal from the Ministry.

1852.

Burghley—Troubles ahead—Official life—Success—Re-election for Bucks—Great business—Political society—Britton's pension—Militia Bill—Queen's birthday celebrated—Banquets—Audiences with Prince Albert—Remarks—The Court—Prorogation by the Queen in person.

Grosvenor Gate: January 26, 1852.

IT is a long time since I have written, and there have been great events in the interval. We came from Burghley on Saturday night, having there a large party, Derbys, Salisburys, Granby, Herries, Malmesburys, &c. Lord Derby is fortunately very well, much thinner for his illness, but looking perhaps in consequence ten years younger. He is in good heart and sanguine, but I see tremendous troubles ahead; if not breakers, waves mountains high. . . .

John Russell has written me a very charming letter about the political biography. . . .

Downing Street: March 2, 1852.[1]

Having recovered from the horrors of a torpid liver, which has overwhelmed me the last few days, I send you an official letter, to tell you we get on very well. The Court gracious, the Press amiable, and our friends in the country considerate. To-morrow there is a *levée*, Friday a council, and Saturday our first Cabinet. A fortnight in my office without the House of Commons to distract me is a great advantage at starting. My election is fixed for the 12th, the day the House reassembles—rather awkward. . . .

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[1] On the resignation of the Russell Government, February 23, Lord Derby became Prime Minister, and Mr. Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons.

Downing Street: March 17, 1852.

I think we have turned the corner. The public seems with us, and our raw recruits have not made a single blunder. Ralph keeps you somewhat *au fait* with what happens, and, as regards myself, I am very well, but I literally have not time to take my meals. The Lord President, however, gives to-day his first dinner; so business and food may be combined. In the evening Lady Derby has her first reception, which I shall attend, though otherwise I do not attempt to go anywhere. On Monday night Lord Derby did wonders, and I, in the other House, did not disgrace our friends. . . .

Downing Street: April 26.

Your letters are always welcome, and always full of matter. . . . I have given a pension of 75*l.* per annum to Britton [2] in his 81st year, and the author of 86 works; he made the appeal, and I wish I could have gotten him more, but the whole fund for the year was exhausted except 75*l.* . . . I have neither time to feed nor sleep, though pretty well; great debates every night, and the Budget on Friday, for which I have literally not time to prepare. A Drawing-room, too, on Thursday will waste the whole morning. Lord John, after much deliberation, has chosen his own field of battle, and if he get beat to-night,[3] which I think he will, he will have proved himself a very unfortunate, not to say a very unskilful, general. . . .—Ever thine,

D.

House of Commons: May 14.

A hurried line to tell you that, after many vicissitudes, affairs seem pretty well and smooth again, except this morning—Lord Derby has the gout! They say it is light; but he is in bed, and how things are to go on without him baffles my imagination.

Yesterday [4] I feasted my followers in a manner worthy

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[2] Author of the *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England.*

[3] Militia Bill.

[4] Celebration of Queen's birthday.